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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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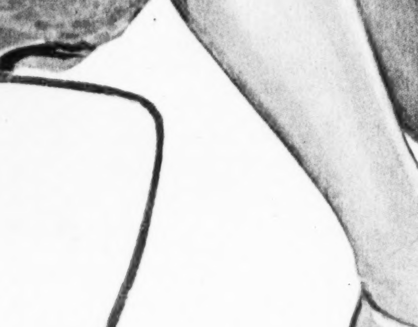

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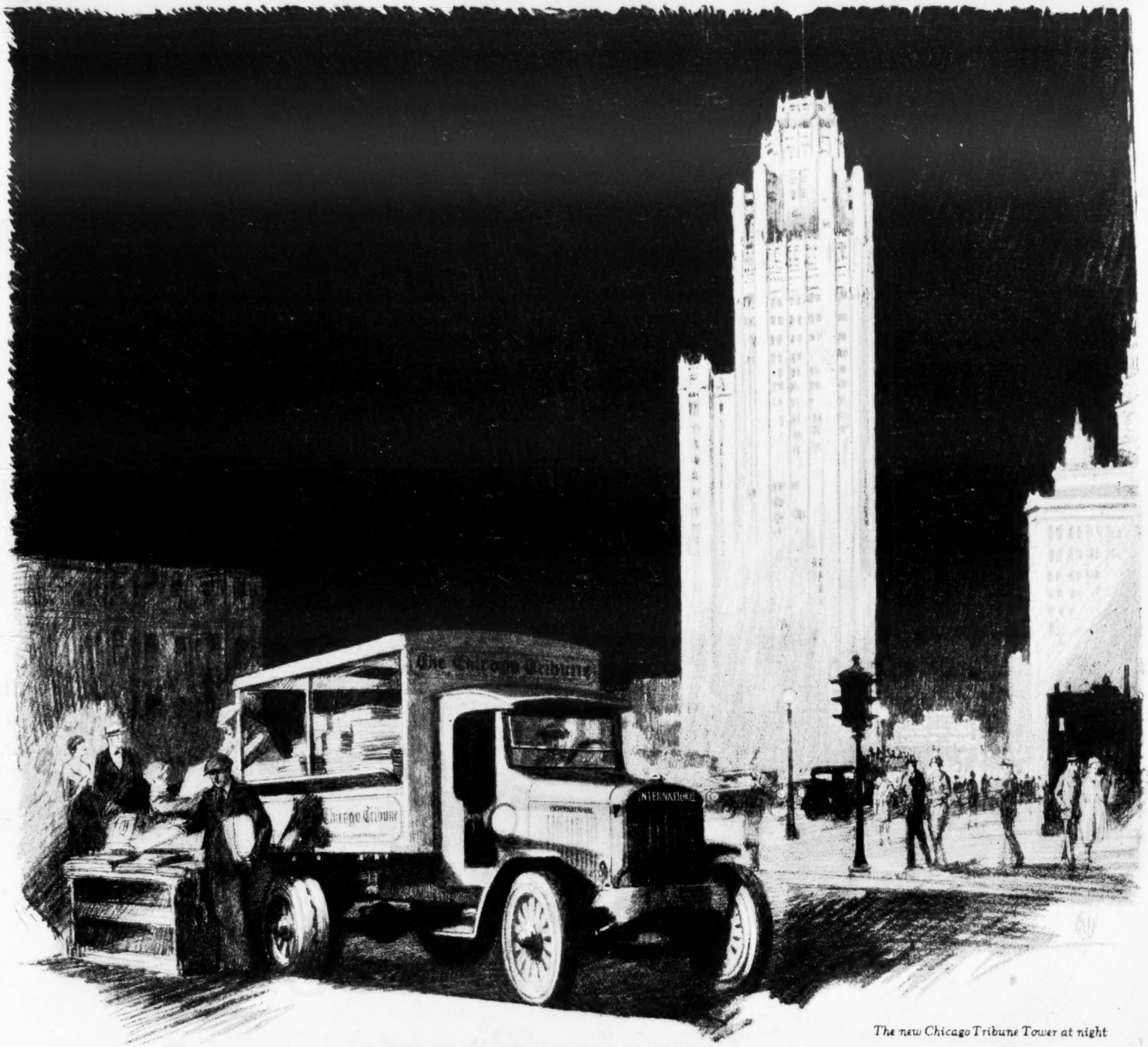

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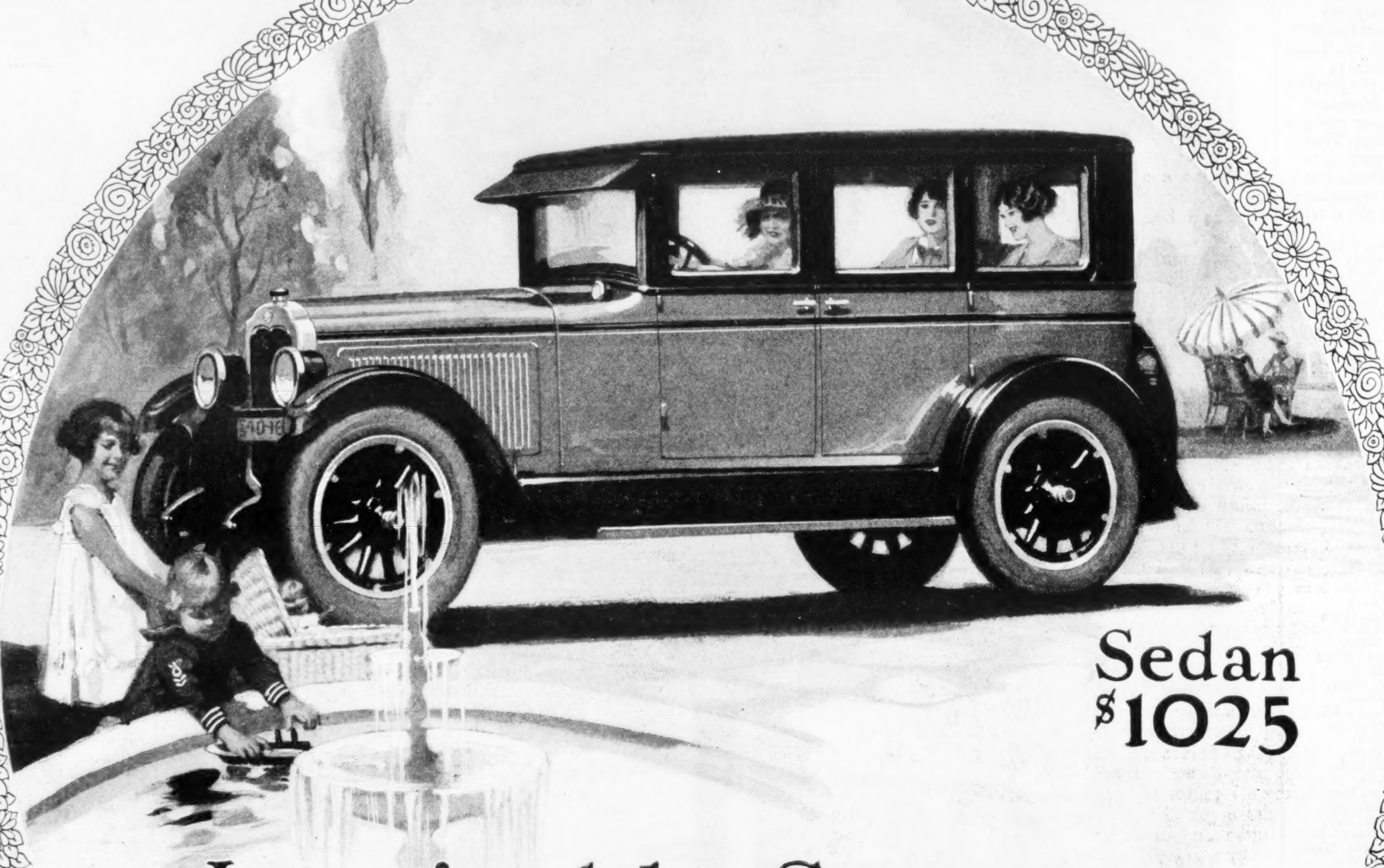

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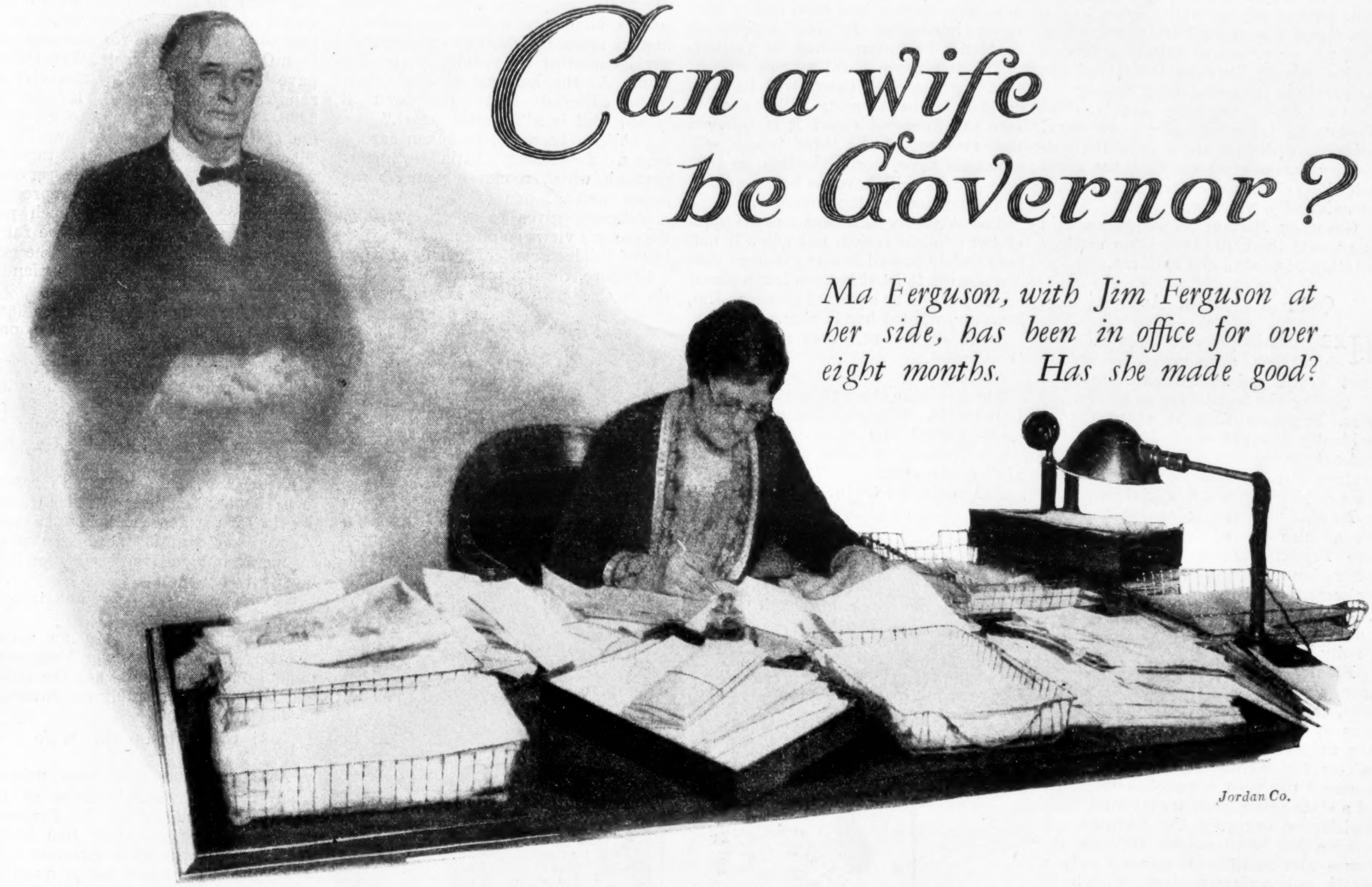
Can a wife be Governor?

Ma Ferguson, with Jim Ferguson at her side, has been in office for over eight months. Has she made good?



Jordan Co.

This Oath Came First—

"I, Miriam, take thee, James, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, to love, cherish and to OBEY until death do us part."

Later She Swore—

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully and impartially discharge and perform all the duties incumbent upon me as governor of Texas, according to the best of my skill and ability, agreeably to the Constitution and laws of the United States and of this state."

Have the two oaths conflicted and has "Ma" Ferguson had to let one override the other? This story by a native Texan tells how the experiment in that state is working out.

By WILLSON WHITMAN

A LOCAL judge in east Texas was reporting on affairs at Austin. The crowd at the "deepo" listened intently.

"He's worried some about his appropriation bill," observed the judge.

Said a bystander: "I notice you say 'he.' You mean Jim Ferguson?"

The judge chuckled at the question. Then he looked a little grave.

"They bother her a lot out there with all that stuff about her being governor," he said, sympathetically. "She don't know no more about it than a rabbit."

But the real question is, no matter what anyone says, has Miriam A. Ferguson, governor of Texas, *acted* independently since taking office?

It would take a Solomon to decide. As far as anybody knows, Governor Ferguson and her husband have always agreed about her acts.

When Ma Ferguson was running for the office she holds she said she was going to be the governor. Jim never contradicted her. He said he would devote his time to "totin' wood and water" for the Executive Mansion.

He and Ma agreed that he was the husband of the governor, and no more. If they thought of a promise she had once made to obey him they didn't mention it.

But Jim pointed out that every governor needs an adviser. It would be natural if Ma sought opinion; and if she didn't have him about she'd have to ask somebody else.

Ma said she would be governor, but she also said:

"I'll show them that the governor of Texas, besides being a woman, is a Ferguson."

She added that she intended taking Jim's advice in financial matters.

As financial adviser alone Jim naturally has had to saw a lot of wood and draw plenty of water, because, when you come to think of it, there is a financial side to almost everything.

For example, the legislature passed a bill for the disposal of iron ore properties in east Texas, and Jim found that, busy as he was, he could sandwich in the job of being chairman of the board of managers. The bill provides that the governor must approve any transaction agreed upon by the board.

Any governor undertaking to pass on that iron ore question needs expert advice; it has proved a gadfly to several administrations. But it is a financial matter, and no doubt the present governor will feel safe in trusting the chairman's judgment.

Governor Ferguson's first message to the legislature recommended a tax on tobacco as a means of raising money. Jim doesn't smoke.

Mrs. Ferguson had said that regarding educational matters she thought she might know more than Jim. But appropriation bills carrying money for schools are financial, most financial.

Texans were on the lookout from the beginning of Ma's administration to see what would be done about the state university. There's a little history behind this:

When Jim Ferguson was governor he said the university spent too much money. Students paraded under his office windows and sang the university song:

The eyes of Texas are upon you
All the livelong day;
The eyes of Texas are upon you—
You cannot get away!
Do not think you can escape them,
From night till early in the morn—
The eyes of Texas are upon you
Till Gabriel blows his horn.

This was tactless of the students, because almost at the hour of the serenading, as later appeared, Governor Jim was engaged in those financial transactions which came to light in his impeachment trial. Dr. Robert E. Vinson, then president of the university, was one of the most effective witnesses at that trial, and three of the ten counts of impeachment dealt with the university.

Considering these things, Governor Jim couldn't be expected to rise and give fifteen 'Rahs for the University of Texas. But "The Eyes of Texas" was sung at the inauguration of Ma Ferguson as a sign that all ill feeling was over.

Well, the legislature thought it had passed a very economical appropriation bill, having shaved and shaved again, but Ma just lopped off $1,243,560. And this cut wiped out of existence several entire schools or departments of the university. It also cut off money for the university summer schools. The Fergusons lay great stress on rural schools. Still and all, it is in the university summer schools that the rural school teachers have their best chance of university training.

Governor Miriam A. Ferguson said she would think for herself on matters relating to women and children.

Quite a Deal of Amnesty

HER administration opposed the child-labor amendment so openly that Texas clubwomen gave up hope of getting the legislature to ratify. If Mrs. Ferguson thought about it she evidently thought with Jim that the federal government has no right to interfere with a man's right to work his own children. It's a financial matter.

Members of the federated clubs of Texas also prayed for the success of the Prison Reform Bill. Every so often, for many years, there have been noisome investigations of the state prison system, bringing to light maladministration, cruel punishments and deadly working conditions.

Finally the women's clubs raised money to conduct one more investigation, carried through with the coöperation of the State Medical Association, the university and the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, and pronounced the most comprehensive study of a state prison system ever made. The legislature endorsed the findings. A reform bill was nursed through the house and senate. It carried only a small appropriation—just enough to begin on—because economy was, of course, the keynote of the administration. There wasn't going to be any risk of the bill getting vetoed on the ground of extravagance.

It wasn't. It was vetoed on the ground that the appropriation, in the view of Governor Miriam A. Ferguson, was insufficient.

This was undoubtedly her sincere conviction. Governor Jim told several people before that veto that it was his conviction, and Texans were prepared to have Mrs. Ferguson share it.

There is a Mr. W. T. Eldridge, who is part owner of some small Texas railways and some large Texas sugar farms. Convict labor is employed on Mr. Eldridge's farms. Mr. Eldridge is thought not to have favored the prison relocation plan provided for in the bill. Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Eldridge have opportunity to discuss such things in a friendly fashion, since Jim is attorney for Mr. Eldridge's railways.

And, anyway, the administration has its own method of solving the prison problem: since Ma's inauguration pardons have been granted at a rate which, it has been calculated, will empty the prisons before her term runs out. But, then, Jim was a pardoning governor and still takes an interest in the matter. A timid woman might hesitate, because one pardoned convict was able in a week's freedom to forge three checks, steal an automobile, marry and desert his wife.

This brings up the subject of Jim's own pardon. There was some doubt how it could be done. After his impeachment and trial, Jim was disqualified from holding office. You will remember that this situation, and this alone, was responsible for Ma's running for governor. As Texans said, Jim had to run in his wife's name.

Ma being elected, the legislature finally passed the Amnesty Bill, restoring Jim's political rights. The attorney general's opinion had been that a governor impeached by one legislature could not be unimpeached by another.

The attorney general may be wrong; that the Supreme Court will have to decide. If the Amnesty Bill comes before the Supreme Court it is believed that two out of the three judges will announce their disqualification, so that new judges will have to be appointed in their places by the governor.

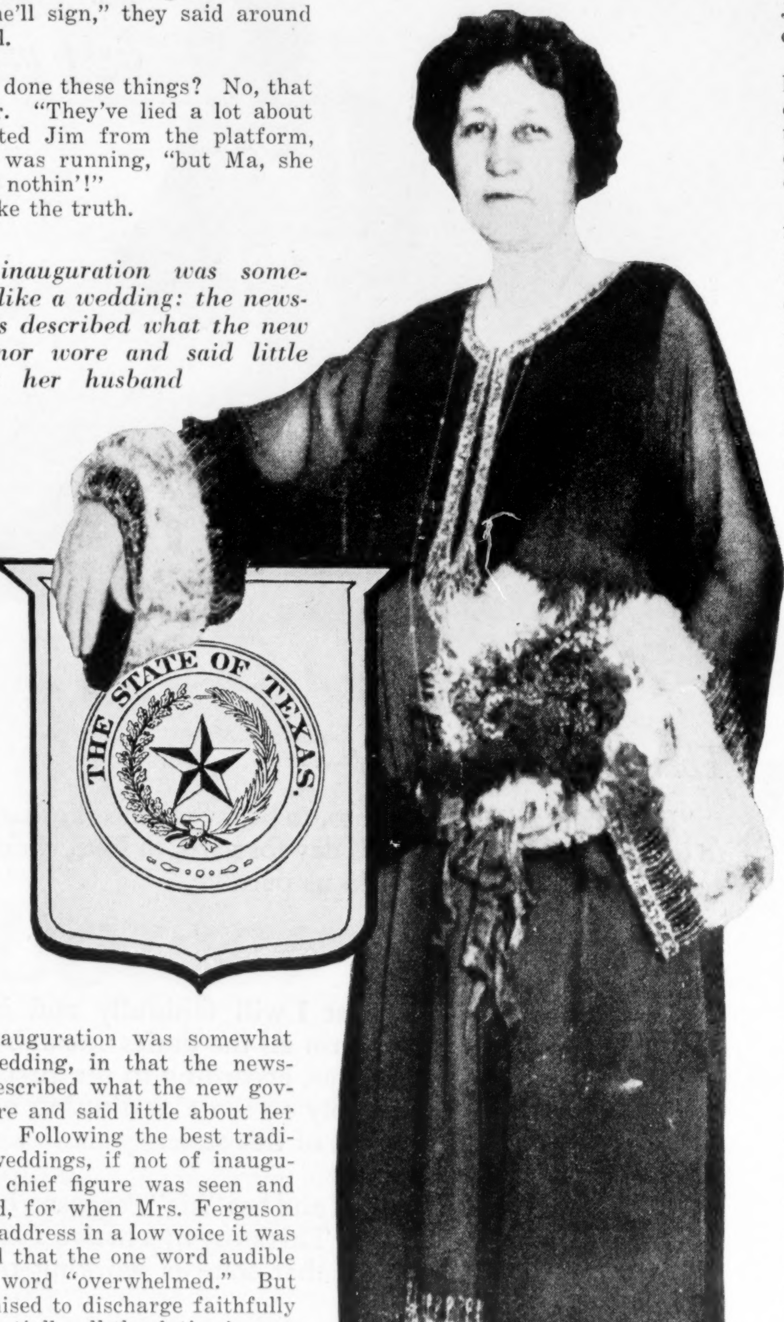
The Amnesty Bill was the triumph of the administration, but after it had been safely passed it was rumored that Ma wanted to let it become law without her signature, as a tactful gesture. Jim, however, wanted her to sign.

"And she'll sign," they said around the Capitol.

She did.

She has done these things? No, that is not fair. "They've lied a lot about me," shouted Jim from the platform, when Ma was running, "but Ma, she ain't done nothin'!"

Jim spoke the truth.



The inauguration was somewhat like a wedding: the newspapers described what the new governor wore and said little about her husband

Wide World

The inauguration was somewhat like a wedding, in that the newspapers described what the new governor wore and said little about her husband. Following the best tradition of weddings, if not of inaugurals, the chief figure was seen and not heard, for when Mrs. Ferguson read her address in a low voice it was remarked that the one word audible was the word "overwhelmed." But she promised to discharge faithfully and impartially all the duties incumbent upon her as governor of Texas.

"We Ain't Givin' Nothin' Away"

AFTER the ceremony the governor settled down to arranging in their places in the Executive Mansion possessions moved out seven years before, while her husband saw callers at the Capitol.

It was natural for the callers to ask for Governor Jim; he'd been there before and they knew him. Mr. Ferguson was cordial, approachable, willing to meet everybody halfway. Just to prove it he got out a special edition of his newspaper, the Ferguson Forum. It was called the "Good Will Edition," and in it the glad hand of fellowship was extended impartially, gaining a response from firms and individuals all over the state who did not ordinarily contribute advertising. Contractors specializing in highway construction, supply houses furnishing road materials, stationery, office supplies; oil companies, banks and utility companies all bought space in which to express their gratification at the results of the election. As the heading of Jim's front page editorial aptly expressed it, "Good Will is a Tangible Asset."

Publicity began to be taken care of by a flourishing little syndicate, through which a clever young newspaper woman, one of the governor's secretaries, gives to the world Mrs. Ferguson's views on marriage, the rearing of children and chickens, and so on.

Suppose, then, a writer goes to Austin to obtain an article about the governor of Texas for a national magazine. He or she asks to see the governor, and sees, first, Governor Jim, who asks what the magazine is willing to pay. If it is explained to him that the governor is not expected to write an article, merely to give an interview—

"I know," says Jim then. "But, you see, we are very busy here, and we have this thing all systematized, with a syndicate of our own. You'd want us to talk to you, and pose for pictures, and then O. K. what you wrote. Well, there'd have to be a satisfactory financial arrangement made first. It cost us $400,000 and many tears to git here, and we ain't givin' nothin' away!"

Once an interviewer had the temerity to suggest that other public servants welcomed contact with press representatives, since only through such personal contact could the truth be fairly learned. "That's right, Jim," the governor said—her first contribution to the conversation.

It was also her last. "Mama," said Jim sternly, at once, "I am your financial agent." That was that.

Ma Ferguson shuns publicity. She has no personal ambition. She stated clearly during her candidacy: "I entered the race for governor only because my husband was denied a place on the ballot."

If she turns a deaf ear to reform measures and the pleas of other women, she does it not as a traitor to the cause of woman's rights, which she never espoused, but in traditional feminine loyalty to one man.

"A woman has to give and take so much in married life."

The sentence occurs in an article syndicated under Governor Ferguson's name. It is not often that the duties of a wife include running for governor.

It Depends on the Wife

AND when you have been ushered into the governor's room at the Capitol, to find James E. Ferguson standing like a guardian lion before the corner in which the governor sits; when you have asked her a question, only to have her lips close tightly, her eyes turn questioningly to Jim's for leave to speak while her hands fumble with the papers on her desk; when, finally, the silence has been broken by the assured masculine tones of her husband, then you believe past peradventure that only as a matter of wifely duty does Miriam A. Ferguson serve her term, a political prisoner in her own office.

A man with political acumen and excellent opportunities for observation of what goes on was asked if, in his opinion, the governor really believes Jim to be right on all points.

"Mrs. Ferguson's got plenty of practical sense," he answered. "She doesn't pretend to understand politics, but she's got good practical sense."

"A sense of right and wrong?" persisted the inquirer. "She wouldn't have to take anybody's word there. A woman ought to be able to judge moral questions for herself."

He shook his head. "I feel sorry for her," he said. "Mighty sorry. She knows—but she doesn't know politics. Jim knows 'em from A to Z; but even if she wanted to act for herself she wouldn't know how to begin. Her hands are tied—she'd just break up her home."

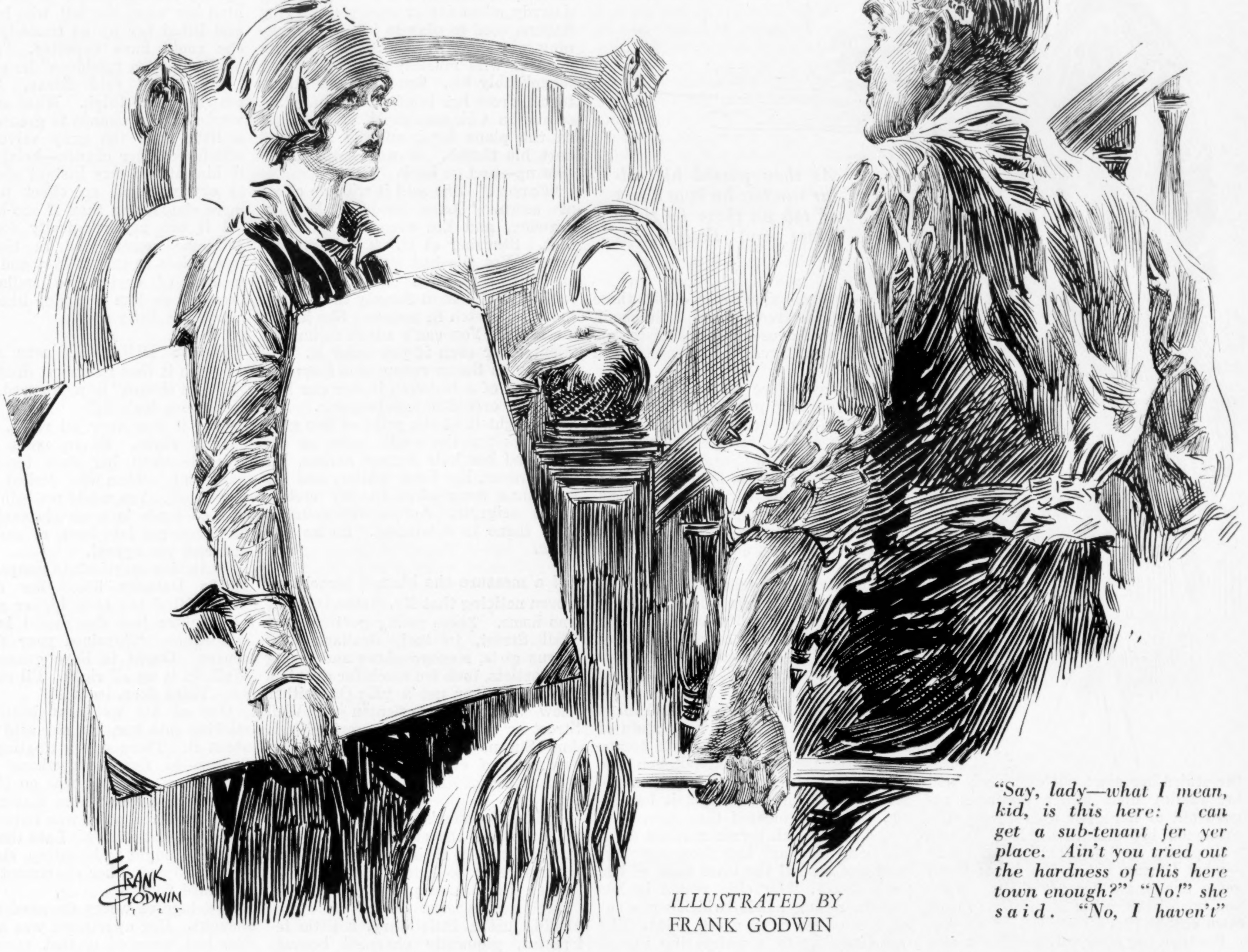
Can a *wife* be governor?

Of course not all wives are like Mrs. Ferguson. It does not follow that a wife elected to office will invariably act as she has acted. That, at least, is the view of another Texan.

"Can a wife be governor?" he repeated. "Well, not Jim Ferguson's wife. But mine could."

A lady in jeopardy

By STEPHEN AVERY



"Say, lady—what I mean, kid, is this here: I can get a sub-tenant fer yer place. Ain't you tried out the hardness of this here town enough?" "No!" she said. "No, I haven't"

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK GODWIN

Both were in danger of the great city; both were in danger of falling in love. It took the combined efforts of a hard-hearted town and a soft-hearted janitor to pull them out

OLD PICKETT was the toughest thing there is, a native-born American mick of the best type, with patchy hair and red rims around his little blue eyes. In the "office," his by virtue of being janitor and local potentate of a Madison Avenue over-shop apartment house, he put his flat feet on a soap box and leaned back in the cast-off swivel chair which was his official throne. He had resigned himself in these latter days to janitorhood and the solacing luxury of philosophy. "New York's a hard place," was the way he put it.

Looking up from this point of vantage through a grated cellar window and watching the world pass by (on Madison Avenue), Pickett made many such mental observations and a few ocular ones. What he meant, being broke as usual, was that New York was a hard place to be broke in, and considering his world career as third-rate prize fighter, stoker, deck hand, soldier without fortune, race-horse rubber, roulette croupier and bigamist (having been deserted by three smart wives), he spoke with emphatic authority. "There ain't enough ground sticks troo this here town," he elaborated. "It's all rock, concrete, cold stone. These here seven million birds oughter go home where they come from or where it ain't so hard."

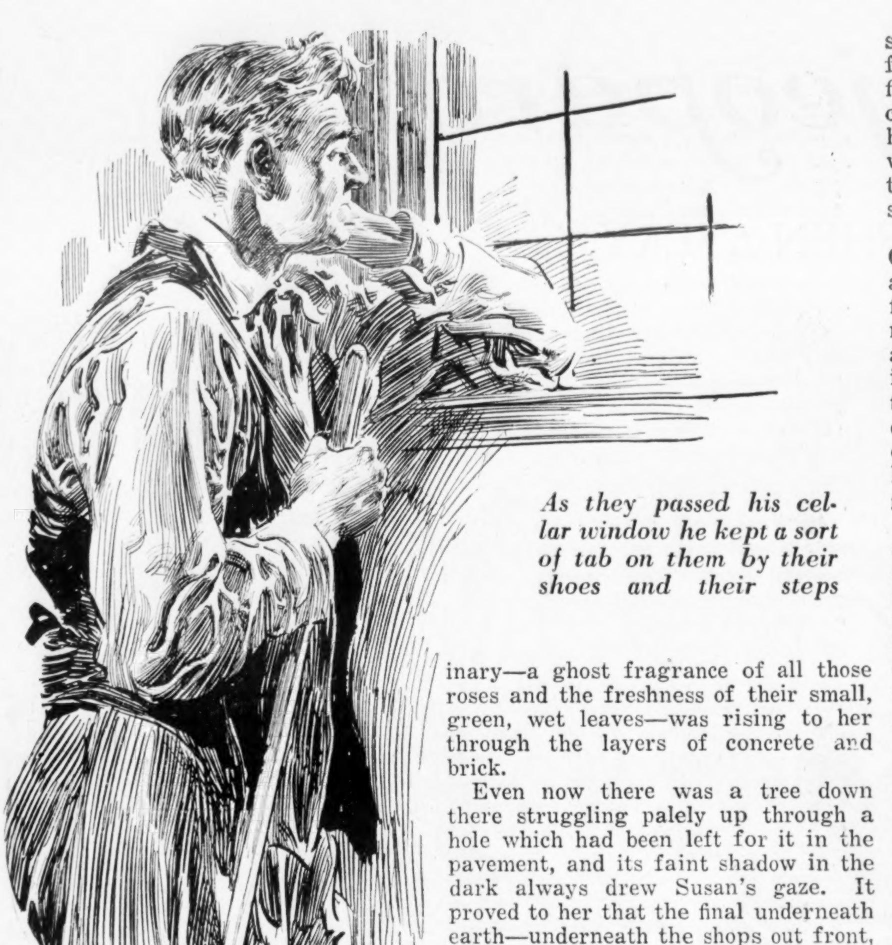
It diverted old Pickett to think that he could guess the home locality of everybody he saw and, as for the dwellers in the domain of his apartment house, he had entire histories worked out for them and much advice to which they were quite welcome. "Marry the bird who's comin' here after ye," he told the top-floor front blonde who could still claim a year or two more of looks. When she demanded to know how dared he, he added, "Well, ye can have the bird if he beats ye. Take a chanct." She was from Columbus, Ohio, he decided, or maybe Toledo. As a matter of fact, she was from Copenhagen, and the "bird" was her divorced husband.

But Pickett's advice was much the same for all, either to "Go back where ye come from an' where it ain't so hard" or to "Take a chanct and marry the bird." As they passed his cellar window before turning into the narrow entrance to the stairs, he kept a sort of tab on them by their shoes and their steps. New shoes and slow steps were all right, and so were old shoes at a quick, sidewalk-spurning gait. It was when old shoes dragged that he felt called upon to advise—because "this here's a hard town."

AT ONE time or another he'd advised nearly all of them: the henna-haired cabaret dancer from, probably, Grand Haven, Mich.; the bizarre French dressmaker from Missoula, Mont., who was such a "turrible ad" for herself; the beauty-shop proprietress who demonstrated the futility of her calling, and without the slightest doubt was born and raised in Trenton, N. J.; the retired political boss of the Eleventh Precinct of Pittsburgh, who even now put a certain spell on Pickett; the two young advertising men from Syracuse; the distinguished young Wall Street financier, a native New Yorker if ever there was one (which is a matter of reasonable doubt), who was probably riding out in this obscurity a family scandal, and Sylvia and Susan, the young ladies in the adjoining miniature apartments on the third floor, facing court. They came from Boston and Lutherville, Ark., respectively and respectably.

At least in one instance Pickett hit it with a fair degree of accuracy, though her name, Susan Meadows, was a give-away clue and could not possibly mean anything but black-eyed Susans in a warm Mid-West clover field, many honey bees, several big dawdling white clouds, and a tinge of sunburn at the base of her round throat. He'd watched her old brown shoes get shabbier and more scuffed and, as spring advanced into April, her step become slower. Almost he could picture her dark head downcast, and, with a benevolence born of fewer demands for heat at this benign season, he hurried up the cellar stairs to interrupt her in the entrance hall.

When he spoke to her at the foot of



As they passed his cellar window he kept a sort of tab on them by their shoes and their steps

the stairs her start out of reverie and her raising upon him a luminous regard out of her gray eyes almost disconcerted his intention. But Pickett was pretty well crusted. "Say, lady—what I mean, kid, is this here: I can get a sub-tenant fer yer place. Ain't you tried out the hardness of this here town enough?"

Perhaps her chin quivered for a second, but from the vehemence and fire in her low-voiced reply it might have been from anger. "No!" she said. "No, I haven't."

PICKETT'S little blue eyes blinked. "Well then, kid, looka here," he went on violently. "What's gettin' ye down? If it ain't this here hard town, why don't yer marry the bird and have done with it?"

She tried to brush by him to the stairs, and then she turned. "What—bird?" Oh, yes, there was a tear in the corner of her eye by now.

But tears were common enough to Pickett. "Why, that Wall Street bird a-course," he persisted. "Take a chanct. You'd nick him for alimony, anyway, even if his folks didn't buy ye off wit' a fortune—"

"Oh!" she blazed at him. "You let me alone, Pickett. You just let me alone." She was really crying as she scurried away up the stairs.

In her tiny apartment Susan leaned her elbows on the window sill and stared pensively down into the small dark courtyard. Vaguely she was yearning and expecting the languorous night to tell her what it was she wanted, for April was nearly over. The courtyard had been a rose garden once, and a fragrance, perhaps only imaginary—a ghost fragrance of all those roses and the freshness of their small, green, wet leaves—was rising to her through the layers of concrete and brick.

Even now there was a tree down there struggling palely up through a hole which had been left for it in the pavement, and its faint shadow in the dark always drew Susan's gaze. It proved to her that the final underneath earth—underneath the shops out front, dress shops, hat shops, antique shops, old silver, ships' models, any trifle for a barrel of dollars, and underneath the crawling, clanging trolleys and the countless whirring yellow and red taxicabs—was a teeming, redolent, black earth full of sap and strength.

Earth was part of Susan. She was not fragile. In her distant home where the Mississippi drifts slowly by old Sainte Genevieve in Missouri, and where climbing rambler and banked lilacs partly covered the gray stain of time on the house, she used to escape away over the fence and put her face in the dark, heavy grass close to the ground until she could feel it breathing. She remembered that now.

A sudden thick breeze reached down and lifted the dark hair from her forehead and stirred the loose folds of her work smock. Her chin rested in her smooth, strong hands, which were not yet free of the day's green paint. She was listening to a whispering in the darkness, even in the city of Pickett's hard stone, that secret about spring.

Rousing finally, she stretched her arms with her fingers locked behind her head and the shadow of a day dream still in the gray velvet eyes which were her chance for beauty. "Oh!" she murmured, "Oh!" And whatever that meant was too indefinite for a lot of clumsy words. Busily she began to straighten up the tiny living-room, putting away her drawings. Stacked on her little desk were a half dozen pen-and-inks of dress models, three-dollar, five-dollar jobs if she was lucky. One picture which stood up against the wall had been intended for a fashion drawing too, but it had turned out to be a very spirited self portrait in full color.

UNFORTUNATELY the vividness of the model quite swamped the little bob-tailed blue suit which was being advertised. So it had been rejected, and Susan had gone without luncheon twice that week. On the easel rack were more pen-and-inks and one bright color sketch in many greens.

Indeed, it was thrilling to be an artist in New York, to have a career. The first year had been disillusioning and lonely—cafeterias, dark hallrooms, the evening companionship only of the slate-blue Hudson from a bus top: failure. The second year was like the first, and the third like the second, except that she had found Sylvia to share her hurt. And this year, the fourth, was only less disillusioning because of the first three, and save in the admission of defeat there was no retreat.

Often Susan longed for old Sainte Genevieve, friends, a boy lover or two, a hardy, silent father who, with lagging fingers, used to play to her in the evening when the windows were open, in a queer wild musical strain that was inexplicably his. Once, when she'd returned from her brief, preliminary art course in Chicago, she'd noticed dust on the piano keys, and he said he'd hurt his thumb. It was hard not to give up—and go back.

"Career!" She said it with an effort at scorn. "Dress models! Fashion drawing, and not even successful at that. Starving at it. That's my career." Yet she had survived, and belonged to a painters' club and went to exhibitions. Almost fiercely she clasped the little sketch in greens. She hadn't given up. You can't admit failure at twenty-four even if you know it.

Later on Susan reappeared from her cupboard of a bedroom in her one luxury, an orchid-tinted peignoir. She had bought it at the price of five good drawings for her soul's sake, as she said, and her hair seemed darker, her eyes grayer, her brow whiter, and her roundness more alive in her orchid-tinted peignoir. Across the court a light shone in a window. So he was home.

IN a measure she blamed herself for even noticing that Mr. Hobbs Dulaney was home. These young gentlemen of Wall Street, in their dealings with chorus girls, stenographers and young lady artists, took too much for granted. It was a go or not a go. One either knew a young gentleman of Wall Street or one wasn't that sort of girl. And Susan, despite her verbal bombardment of every known convention and her need of life, wasn't—at least not yet.

Hobbs Dulaney's distinguished appearance and the strange anomaly of his residence in their apartment house in preference to hotel or club, a Bohemian inclination perhaps, were not enough to reassure Susan. She was afraid, just a little wary, a little interested, piquantly charmed because she was afraid. Their passing each other entering or leaving the building were moments of both quickened color and pace for her, and none of the several young artists, advertising men, or bond salesmen who in the four years had been interested in her eyes had given her that sensation at all. She enjoyed them, but they were, like herself, only New Yorkers from the vast somewhere else. Hobbs Dulaney wasn't. He was the metropolitan. His was the glamour, the figure of a cavalry captain in mufti, about thirty-two or three, prematurely gray above his close, well-shaped ears—who but a Susan would notice ears?—and he had the manner of a viscount.

But that was all there was to it until one evening when a sudden shower had washed the city's face. Susan was too much afraid—until then. But perhaps discouragement had ridden down fear. She had crossed Fifty-fourth Street and arrived at the apartment-house door, and she wasn't quite sure whose step was behind her. Then, just as she was quite sure, she accidentally slipped—as though one could slip any way but accidentally. Or as though one couldn't. That small matter is between Susan and the Maker of Susans.

At any rate, she came down with such a ghastly thump that had she known what a thump it would be she might not have thought it worth while. It shook her and hurt so for one instant that she did not care whether Pickett, who was lounging in the doorway, reached her before anyone else or not.

But Pickett didn't. He was not the man to lose his head in an emergency. It was Mr. Hobbs Dulaney, happening by the merest chance to be right behind her when she fell, who bent down and lifted her up as tenderly as anyone could have expected. "My dear girl! What a tumble—" he said.

"Was it?" said Susan. She was too shaken to think. What she really wanted was a chance to groan and cry a little, and the gray velvet eyes—which were her chance—being so close to him at the very instant she wanted to cry wreaked an effect upon him more shuddering than if she had studied it out psychologically for weeks. But she remembered in time what water does to gray velvet and decided, instead of crying, to smile wanly, bravely, so like a child, like such a marvelous little sport.

HOBBS DULANEY was so weak with it that he almost dropped her. "What a shame," he murmured. "It's all right now, isn't it?"

Yes, it was very all right. It was exactly right. Susan made a faint struggle until her foot touched the pavement. Then she jerked it back with a cry. You would not believe there was so much in a simple exclamation as Susan got into hers, so much courage and yet appeal.

Muttering inarticulate sympathy, Mr. Hobbs Dulaney lifted her up once more, lifted her even higher and held her tighter lest she should hurt herself again. "Sprained your ankle, of course. Ought to have guessed that. We'll fix it up all right. I'll carry you up. Third floor, isn't it?"

One of his waistcoat buttons was sticking into her, but she said nothing about it. There was a tingling in her fingers—in fact, everywhere. So *he knew* her apartment was on the third floor. Susan didn't miss that treasure. She recognized what was important in life and what wasn't. Late that night, when she ought to be asleep, she would hug his knowing her apartment was on the third floor.

A deluge of worry drowned the nice thought. Her apartment was a wreck. She had wrecked it that morning in despair and in rage because she couldn't get a special blue into a nocturne of Queensboro Bridge, and she had left it wrecked to show the world that she didn't care any more what happened. Now, because of what he would think of her when he saw it, she did care desperately. Besides that, her shoes! Pickett was right. They were terrible, old, brown ground grippers, and when Mr. Hobbs Dulaney set about removing her shoe (the man who finds the lady with the sprained ankle must, of course, tenderly remove her slipper) he would see that it wasn't a beautiful little slipper, but a terrible old brown ground gripper. He would be justified in thinking almost anything.

Mr. Hobbs Dulaney pushed Susan's tumbled easel off of the day-bed-divan-whatnot, which occupied more of the room's limited space than any other piece of furniture, and laid her gently down. "Now, little lady," he said professionally, "we'll get that shoe off." And he sat down and went to work on the shoe. "The ankle hasn't begun to swell yet," he announced.

Susan released her breath. He was going to continue to know her then—after seeing the ground gripper. It was wonderful. She sat up and smiled radiantly. "Oh, perhaps it's not going to swell," she said. "Maybe it was only a little strain and not a sprain at all." She put her foot on the floor and bore down upon it with increasing confidence. "Yes, that's just what it was, a temporary strain. But it certainly felt like a sprain, didn't it?"

"Yes," agreed Mr. Hobbs Dulaney, wondering possibly to whom she thought it felt like a sprain.

"I'm going to fix us some coffee and cheese dreams, Mr. Dulaney. It's for being so kind. I can make good cheese dreams—really."

Well, of course it was all over now. She had used his name. He'd know she had looked on his letter box. He'd know she had been that interested.

"Thank you," he said. "I'm sure you can make excellent cheese dreams—Miss Meadows."

Perhaps they glanced at each other with a kind of understanding, a sort of on-your-mark get-set-and— For there was the beginning of Susan's delight and her jeopardy. She had challenged the wiles and wealth of this boulevardier with the lure and danger of the "hard, hard town" epitomized in his person. She knew a gentleman of Wall Street now. She was—that sort of girl.

Susan didn't care, and it is to be presumed that Mr. Hobbs Dulaney didn't care either. There is doubtless no greater charm of adventure than this coming of a pair toward each other, revealing new and exciting significances, new depths unguessed and hopes, new faces and features with every advance step. Or if a doubt or fear causes hesitation, then with faith restored there is a reckless forward plunge to make up the loss.

It happened in the first month of springtime. At times Susan was plainly afraid of Mr. Hobbs Dulaney, his extravagance, his apparent knowledge of the city, his easy mention of the Morgans doing this or the Harriman crowd being behind that. They went to dinner at the Colony, and he prepared a little drink which she took casually, though her head spun with it. Everybody else seemed to take drinks casually.

THEIR taxicab ride through Central Park was a terror too. She shrank away from him when he reached across her to lower the window, and then she began to talk rapidly about painting: a stormy Calvary by George Bellows, about Chester Beach's figures in ivory, about Manship and Arthur Lee—anything to talk against Hobbs Dulaney's confident smile. She had done a snowscape of the park in January, she told him, and he murmured something about the Swiss Alps. But pretty soon she forgot about being afraid, and just before midnight they had coffee in her apartment gayly. Later, when across the dark court she saw his light come on, she blew it a kiss.

Coffee and cigarettes in her apartment as midnight passed became a ceremony with them after that, a delicious climax to each of their early adventures, their trip into the East Side depths of Grand Street and Avenue A, where a shaggy Hungarian violinist in an odorous retreat called up gypsy spirits for fifty cents; their theatre parties; their tea parties; then once at the opera. One Sunday afternoon they drove out on the island along the north shore to Huntington. Coming back through Jamaica, they encountered long, unbroken traffic lines, and when they arrived home it was two o'clock in the morning. But they must have coffee—or they wouldn't be able to sleep.

He left her that night with a gay wave from the doorway. Under his arm was the little blue self portrait which Susan had done as an advertisement. Mr. Hobbs Dulaney had insisted upon paying for it, a small amount at least, perhaps fifty dollars. "I know you're too professional to give away pictures, my dear," he said. "Good night."

In her tiny bedroom Susan undressed slowly, sitting there in the dark with her bright thoughts. Finally, when she could stand it no longer, she slipped her precious peignoir over her nightdress and rapped gently on the wall which separated her from Sylvia.

SHE barely waited for the answering rap. It was only a quarter of three. In a flash of lavender she scudded through the corridor between the two doors. Sylvia was a journalist. Sylvia was big and unafraid, and never locked her door. Sylvia was sitting up in bed in the glow of her reading lamp, expecting a burglar. "Sylvia," said Susan, "I'm in love."

"All right," said Sylvia, moving over. "Come on. Get in bed. If I'm in for an all-night confessional, I don't care to nurse you through pneumonia to boot."

"Yes, but, Sylvia—I don't think he is. Don't you see?" She sat on the bed and pulled the covers over her knees. "He's not the kind of man who falls in love, I'm afraid—"

"More apt to make proposals than to propose, eh?"

"Don't make him sound so horrid, Sylvia. You see, I realize the danger, and I don't seem to mind. That's what makes it all so—so—"

"So usual," supplemented Sylvia. "Well, I ought to get a human-interest story for the sacrifice of this night. Which is it to be? *Wall Street Weds Bohemia,* or *Love Victim Swallows Carbolic. Will Live?* Either is good for a column and a half."

"Stop, Sylvia. You're not being helpful at all. Now, do you really believe he's already married and terribly unhappy and desperately in love and trying to conquer the barrier between us—?"

Sylvia shook her head sadly. "Once a Sainte Genevieve, always—" she said.

So fragile are the petals of romance and so easily bruised against great "hard" cities. The wrong step made, the wrong word said, and between the lover who emerged from the man nobody knew and the girl who fell on the sidewalk all the unimportant millions swarm, until the two are forever lost. An episode closes up like a weary flower and dies into memory instead of living on into life.

Susan met Hobbs Dulaney on the stairs next afternoon at three o'clock. It was an odd hour for him to be home. But he had always maintained odd hours, the privilege of being consequential, she supposed, and she didn't observe that he was pale and leaning against the rail. Small chance, for that matter, had she to observe anything.

Hobbs Dulaney held her two shoulders an instant, peering at her. There was no "man of mystery" about him now. Once an eighteen-year-old boy had held her just that way. Then deliberately Hobbs Dulaney drew her up and kissed her many times—as no boy could ever have done it, and as no other person in the world could have, probably. "I didn't mean to, Susan," he said. "I didn't intend to tell you. It was just—seeing you unexpectedly." Susan's soul returned to her body in time to hear the rest. It made her cold suddenly, and then angry.

"—Because I can't marry you ever, Susan. I'll never be able to. I'm not your sort. I don't belong here. Perhaps I can take you away to where I do belong—"

SHE pushed him back. "So it *was* that all along. You're not my sort, but you would like to take me away with you? I wondered if that was what you wanted." Hobbs Dulaney would never know how near in the whirl of her fury was the impulse to say, "Well, take me then. Take me fast and far." It was Susan's jeopardy. It had been growing in her with the balmy days and cool, moist nights. But there were twenty-four winters against the jeopardy of spring, enough to deny it victory at the test. She gained the third-floor corridor before her anger became anything else.

Hobbs Dulaney remained on the stair landing, bewildered. Then something relaxed him, a seeming bitterness, and he turned slowly down and out upon the street.

It remained for a man named Pickett to discover the real truth about Hobbs Dulaney, and Pickett took an unfair advantage of humanity, anyway, by regarding it from the almost deistically abstract viewpoint of a cellar window. Besides, he noticed shoes—which is also obviously unfair.

But, fair or unfair, he did it, and so one evening not long after that he beheld a familiar, beautifully made, neatly spatted pair of them on the sidewalk in the dead center of the vision of his window. Then came the revelation. One of the beautifully made, neatly spatted boots was lifted up so that a match could be struck against it—and there was a hole as big as a dollar in the sole of that boot clear through to the—foot.

Well! There was the whole thing. Mr. Hobbs Dulaney *ipso facto* wasn't a Wall Street baron.

Pickett required a stogie and thirty minutes to decide just what he was. "This here Dulaney," said Pickett, "just about knocks Murphysboro, Ill., cold and then comes east to take on New York. But this here town is cold, cold and hard, before Dulaney arrives, an' it freezes onto his wad an' gives him a dinky job in the Street so's he won't feel too bad. Him not knowin' much about how to be dinky loses the job an' can get no other just at the time he gets tuck in by this here pretty third-floor court, who he takes for real hot New York stuff. O' course he spends his last red on her, figurin' that she's used to it, and now he's dead broke or can't

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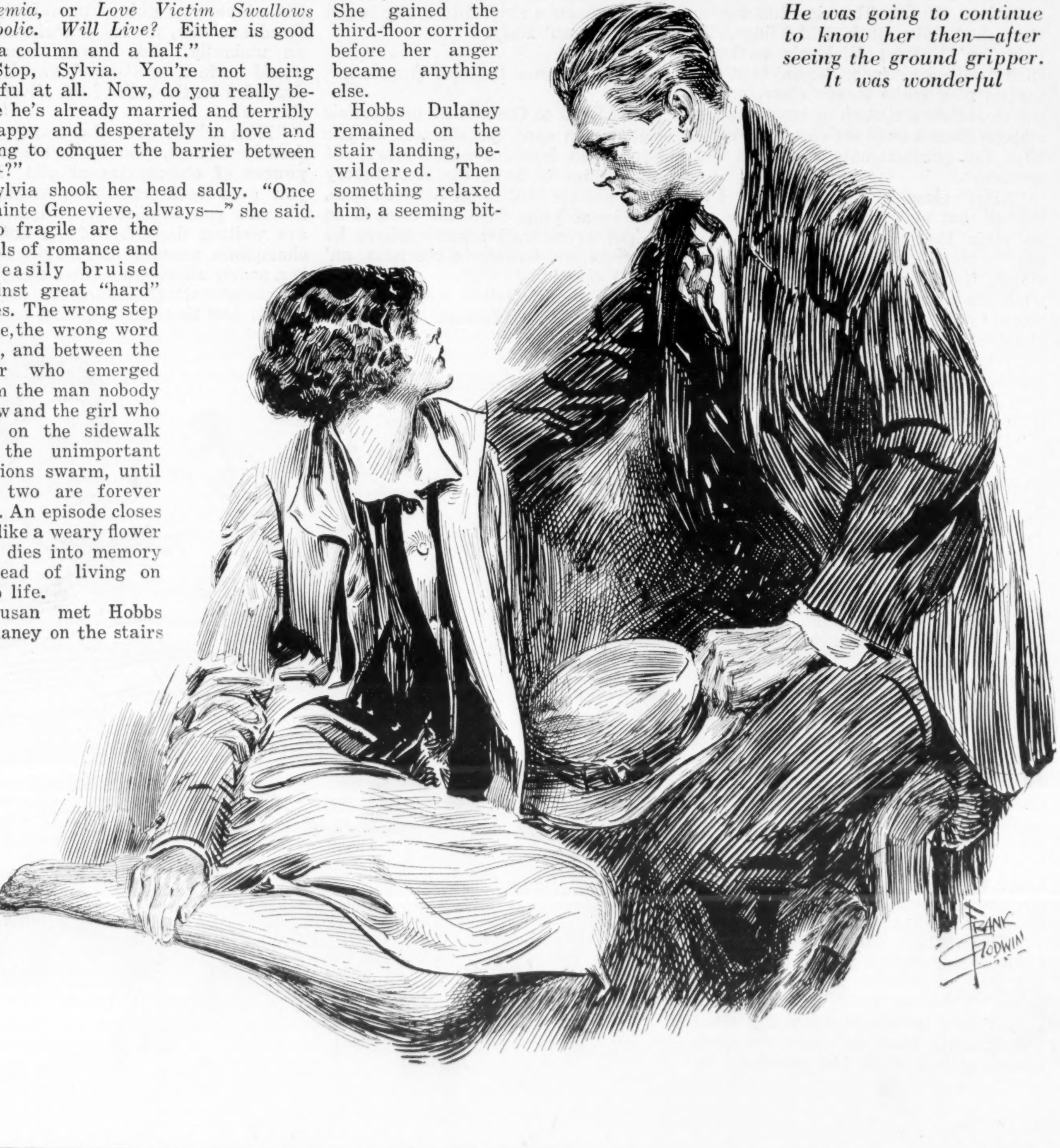


He was going to continue to know her then—after seeing the ground gripper. It was wonderful

Pity the poor amateur

The amateur champions never get paid for winnin', says Uncle Henry, but nearly all of them write newspaper columns which are often printed right next to readin' matter

"WHAT do they mean by all this talk about a man's amateur standin'?" inquired Mr. Stubbs. "When it comes to athletics, darned if I've ever been able to see any difference between professionals an' amateurs."

"That's because you're not trained in the delicate business of makin' scientific distinctions," said Uncle Henry. "In the first place, you stand too far off an' don't squint your eyes. Even if you did get down on your hands an' knees, you wouldn't know where to put the magnifyin' glass or what to do with the scalpel an' microscope. Suppose you did have the gumption to pierce the ear lobe an' get the necessary drop of blood, how would you go about makin' the test?

"To be sure, the establishment of a distinction between amateur an' professional athletes is a task of no small difficulty. The Smithsonian Institution has asked Babe Ruth, Bill Tilden, Ty Cobb an' Vincent Richards to leave their bodies to science, hopin' that autopsies may make things clear, an' in the meantime a system of identification ribbons is used as in the case of twins—blue for professionals an' pink for amateurs.

"After close study, however, I've worked out certain broad differences, an' seein' that you're interested I'll be glad to point 'em out to you. A professional, 'Lonzo, only works part time, while an amateur is on the job from morn to eve, every day in the year. Outside of a confirmed Presidential candidate like Hiram Johnson, I don't suppose there's anybody in the world that's any more of a slave to drudgery than an amateur champion.

"Think for a moment of the happy life that Babe Ruth leads. He doesn't have to report for duty until March, an' any time he wants a few days' rest, all he's got to do is jaw the umpire. The ball season's finished by the middle of October, leavin' him the rest of the year in which to eat ice cream an' dill pickles, along with such other allied activities as constitute his idea of a full, rich life. Practically four months in which to keep off his feet an' relieve the mental strain.

"A tennis champion, on the other hand, labors the whole year through without even Thursdays off. Many a time I've seen Tilden's face curdle with bitter envy as he watched cooks an' chauffeurs stream by on their way to some picnic or social outin', while he was compelled to stand there in the broilin' sun, hittin' balls over a net in order to show the world that America has one sport, at least, that hasn't been made into a business.

"You wouldn't think that industrial troubles had anything to do with sport, but the connection is so close as to be acute. Take an amateur who's been playin' golf or tennis every day since his sixteenth year, an' when the news comes to him that the plumbers or bricklayers are off on another strike, why wouldn't he feel peevish an' put upon? You can't make him think that there's any such thing as justice in the world, an' it throws him off his game completely.

"My heart never fails to go out to an amateur champion. Even a fireman or a travelin' man gets home now an' then an' has a chance to join the Moose or Elks an' build up a little social life around the barber shop, but there's no rest for the young expert who's tryin' to keep professionalism out of American sport. He wears his pajamas for underclothes, an' Pullman porters brush his teeth.

"Take the case of a tennis champion. After playin' up an' down the Atlantic seaboard all summer, with side trips to England, Ohio, Indiana an' Illinois, winter brings a succession of indoor tournaments, not to mention the concrete-court championships in Portland, Seattle, San Francisco an' Los Angeles, an' by spring he's only got time to throw a shirt into a bag to get to France an' Italy.

No Nicknames for the Amateur

"I TALKED to the mother of a tennis champion once, an' she told me she hadn't seen him for eight years. 'I begged him to take up second-story work,' she confided to me between sobs. 'He'd be at home days, an' even if he did get arrested, I'd know where he was from one minute to the next, an' I could *visit* him.'

"There's still another way in which you can tell the difference between an amateur an' a professional, 'Lonzo. It's in the matter of names. Never, by any chance, do you see the sportin' columns refer to Babe Tilden, Rabbit Richards, Muggsy Ouimet, Spike Jones, Dusty Wills or Spark Plug Jones. Nor, by the same token, do you ever see any reference to George Herman Ruth, second, or John Harrison Dempsey."

"What puzzles me," said Mr. Stubbs, "is how they make a livin'. Do they sell these silver cups they win?"

"Certainly not," replied Uncle Henry. "No true amatuer, full of what the sportin' writers call pride of knight, would dream of such a thing. Anyway, they don't get the chance, for those silver cups you speak about are never really won. All a champion does is to get his name put on 'em, provided they can find the room.

"When a man puts up a golf or tennis cup there's always some stipulation that it must be won seventeen times in succession, an' even then it has to be played for all over again if the winner has gained in weight, suffered sunburn, missed a train or lost an umbrella. No, 'Lonzo, amateurs would be in a pretty bad way if they depended on the sale of the silver cups they win.

"Then where *does* the money come from? Honest, you haven't got any powers of observation at all! Don't you ever look at the newspapers? Haven't you seen those columns that are written daily by tennis an' golf champions, runners an' weight throwers, nearly all of 'em printed right next to readin' matter? *Literature,* my boy! That's how these noble young men are able to devote their lives to sport without acceptin' any financial return.

"Nature is certainly wonderful! For instance, if you lose your eyesight, the sense of hearin' becomes doubly acute. Get your hands cut off in an accident, an' straightway your toes take on an abnormal elasticity that enables you to pick up pins with 'em, or put studs in a heavily starched shirt on a cold mornin'. In accordance with the same law of compensation, the minute an amateur suffers the loss of every faculty save athletic skill, nature turns him into a literary genius at once.

"It's amazin'! I've seen boys so ignorant that even if knowledge had unrolled her ample page to 'em they couldn't have told it from a laundry list or bill of fare, but no sooner were they risen to eminence in some form of sport than they instantly took their places with Hugo, Dickens, Thackeray, Zane Grey an' all the other literati, able to write with either hand an' sometimes neither.

So Simple a Child Can Do It

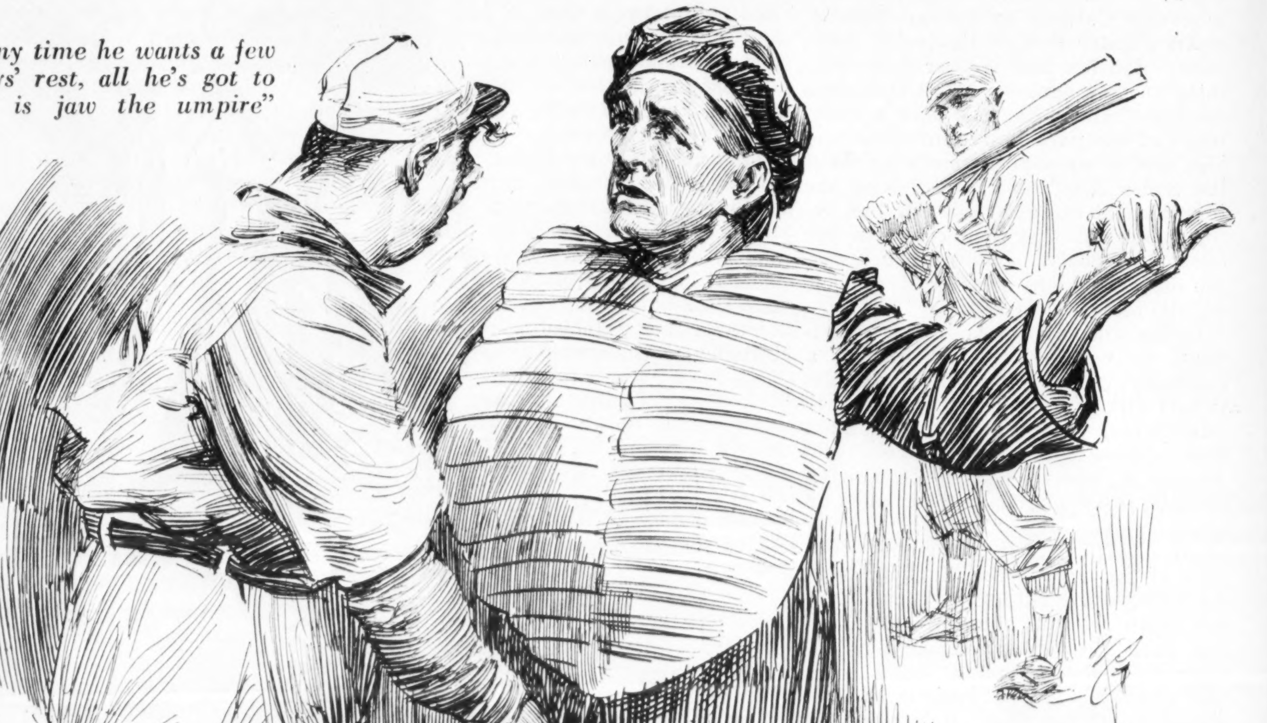
"IT USED to be that literature called for time an' work an' thought. Longfellow studied for years before he put pen to paper, an' Tennyson never wrote a line until his beard was long enough to use as a dressin' gown.

"Thanks to sport, authorship is now so simple that even a child can operate it. No more is it a thing of midnight oil, whiskers, hard study an' a wet towel about the head. All you've got to do to become a writer nowadays is to get rid of your slice, develop a cannonball serve, do the hundred in better than ten seconds, hit home runs or pack a sleep-producin' wallop. Right away you're full of the divine afflatus, or whatever it is that ails writers."

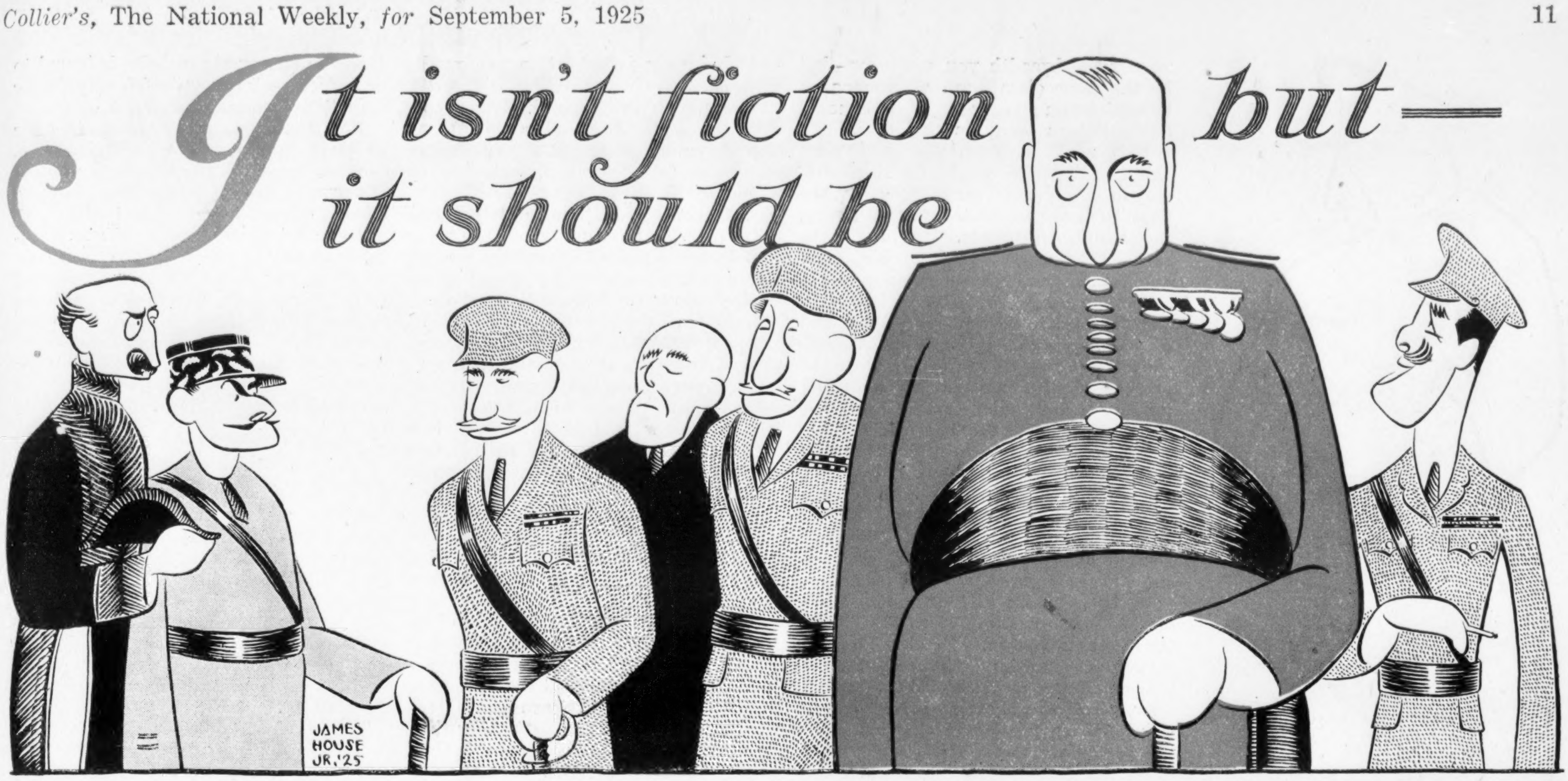
"Anyway," said Mr. Stubbs contentedly, "we're the most athletic people in the world."

"That's so," agreed Uncle Henry. "At least, we've got the largest grandstands."

"Any time he wants a few days' rest, all he's got to do is jaw the umpire"



It isn't fiction but— it should be



YOU'D find Spain a diverting country. It's a comic-opera land with comic-opera people. And the dictator, Primo de Rivera, is the De Wolf Hopper of statecraft, "tall, red, shiny, fat—the first pot-bellied man to take charge of his world since Napoleon overate at Elba." The next best thing to going to Spain and seeing the show yourself is to read this lively article by Mr. Collins.

By FREDERICK COLLINS

KING ALFONSO is changing his guard. Two regiments. Infantry in navy blue and Harvard crimson. Cavalry in Alice blue and ivory white. Swords, plumes, tassels. The pageantry of power. The majesty of kings.

Suddenly, from a shadowy arcade of the Royal Armory, appears a girl. American. Red dress, red parasol; bobbed hair; bobbed skirts; turned-up nose. The Spanish Army ceases to function. Cavalry wheels in its saddle. Infantry falls brazenly out of step. Drummers miss their beats; horses their footing.

Four hundred years of Bourbon dignity crumble at the manicured touch of a pretty girl. The pageantry of power vanishes—and takes with it the majesty of kings.

Spain is like that—a country with lyrics by Gilbert and music by Sullivan. From the moment I cross the British line at Gibraltar, and watch from my car window the slow sinking of the gray rock into the shining blue of the Mediterranean, I feel as if I were back stage in theatreland.

From under the lacy arches of the Alhambra and from behind the azure tilings of the Alcazar—yes, even from the shadows of Cordova's thousand columns—I expect to see De Wolf Hopper step forward with a half hundred dancing wives and sing a comic-opera song in a comic-opera wig. And, for once in a way, I am not disappointed.

The present Spanish dictator is the De Wolf Hopper of statecraft—the Gargantuan ruler of this song-and-dance, words-and-music, lights-and-laughter land.

His début in his present rôle occurred under circumstances strictly Spanish: in the moonlight and to strains of Spanish jazz. The royal gardens at San Sebastian are unlike any others in the world. They extend over a rocky promontory from the summer palace to the sea, bridging the road and the sea wall at a height of a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet, and descending in graceful pathways over wave-tossed ledges to the sandy beach.

In these hanging gardens, on a summer evening two years ago, the Queen of Spain was giving a royal party. She had invited, along with the princes and princesses and dukes and duchesses who form her court, members of the diplomatic colony at San Sebastian and the fashion colony at Biarritz. Music and laughter, moonlight and lantern light, pomp and pageantry ruled the San Sebastian heights.

Below, in the shadows of the subterranean tunnel, stalked the grim shades of rebellion and unrest—a chauffeur in blue-and-gold uniform; a footman beside him on the box; a long, low, padded limousine; and a general of the king's army, waving epaulettes and clanging sword, waiting for his cue to "march on Rome." This was Primo de Rivera—Mussolini, Spanish style!

Just Spanish—That's All

WHAT happened that summer night is now history: I almost said theatrical history.

"Your Majesty," said Primo, or words to that effect, "I, the governor of the rich Province of Catalonia, in which is situated the prosperous city of Barcelona, have rebelled against Your Majesty's government, and have hurled the constituted authorities from their high places. I expect to repeat these operations throughout Your Majesty's kingdom. And for all these things I ask your royal blessing."

"Primo," replied the king, or words to that effect, "I embrace you. Moreover, I call to your attention that I am some hurler myself." Whereupon the king lifted the Spanish constitution from the solid rock on which it had rested for many years and tossed it forthwith into the Spanish Main.

"Now," said Alfonso, "I appoint you dictator."

I don't mean to be disrespectful. The toy soldiers cavorting in the palace courtyard, pirouetting on a magic carpet of romance, are brothers and cousins of the boys who have gone singing to their fate in thirteen years of slaughter on the Moroccan Riff. The king, who made a revolution out of a garden party, is by far the ablest of European monarchs. And Primo de Rivera, jolly old handshaking Primo, has proved himself both in Spain and Morocco a far-seeing leader and a master strategist—at the moment, the most talked-about man in Europe.

But the dictator, the king, the army, the Spanish people, are story-book children of a story-book world. Reality stops at the Pyrenees. The golden dreamland which stretches from the Basque foothills to the Andalusian shore has nothing in common with the rest of the European continent—not even the Continental breakfast. And it is silly to talk of its joyous political frolics in the solemn terms of a grown-up world.

Primo's ascendency is not a conservative triumph—like President Coolidge's sweep to power. It is not a reactionary spasm—like Hindenburg's resumption of command. It is not a natural revulsion from radical experiment—like Baldwin's overwhelming victory. It is not even an expression of the people's will—like Mussolini's rise to glory.

It's just Spanish, that's all! But it is *interesting* because of the unique personalities involved—and *important* because it marks the entry of a new force into the field of world politics, a force unmaimed by the World War, unsullied by the Little Peace.

Of the two principal characters in the Spanish drama, the king is superficially the more appealing. He is young: he celebrated his thirty-ninth birthday while I was in Madrid. He is virile, and shows unmistakable tendencies toward diverting his excess energy from frivolity to statecraft. He is ambitious: some say inordinately and dangerously so. And he is popular.

Of course he has enemies. As I write, he has escaped by the narrowest margin a bombing plot of revolutionary Catalonian students. And every once in a while that delightful novelist and charming incendiary, Blasco Ibañez, emerges from his French villa, advances vociferously as far as the Pyrenees, and tells the king that he is nothing but a "royal comedian," an "ex-prodigy," a "perpetual young man."

Falstaffian—But He's Boss

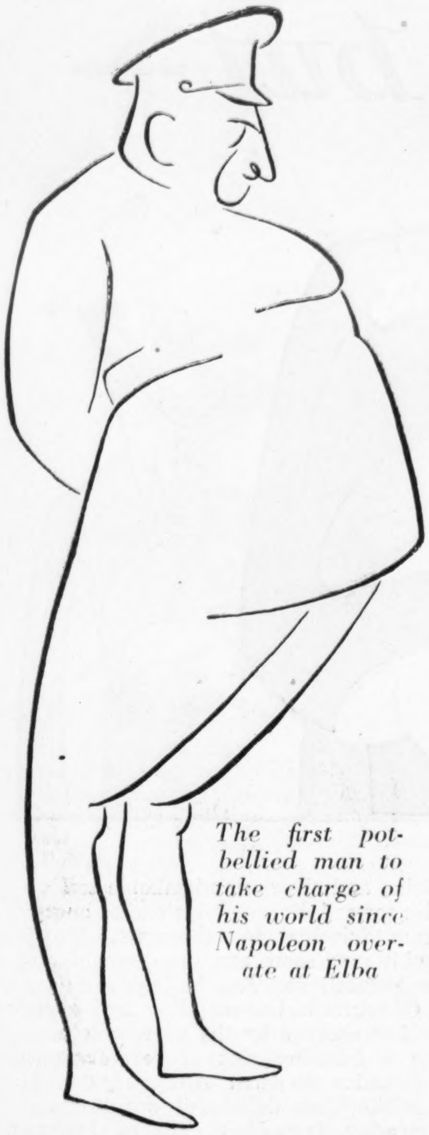
ON SUCH occasions Alfonso maintains a dignified silence. But his loyal defenders enter from every side. Mayors of Spanish cities—maybe with Primo's bayonets on their spines—rush to do him homage. Literary patriots come forward and speak harshly of brother Ibanez. They say, among other things, that he is a "literary traveling salesman," the "modern Judas Iscariot," the "Ford car of Spanish literature," and especially that he is prosperous, and wears a fine coat and an expensive hat, and rides in a comfortable car. No one says whether Ibanez told the truth about Alfonso—and nobody seems to care.

I don't believe the charges against the king any more than I do those against Ibañez. I find Alfonso XIII a decent, manly, straightforward gentleman. The worst thing I know about him is that he sometimes wears a green fedora hat. Otherwise, he is all that a king should be!

Whether he connived at the Primo de Rivera revolution, or whether, like King Victor Emmanuel, he made the best of a good situation, nobody knows—except Primo and the king. But he was certainly justified in welcoming it.

Spain, like Italy, was suffering from corrupt and supine governments. No one party could obtain a majority. Parliamentary action was impossible. Communism rioted. Separatism loomed. Dictatorship was inevitable.

The constitution had to go. All Alfonso did was to give it the final shove. And his behavior ever since reminds me of the Madrid tramcar conductor who accidentally swallowed his false teeth.



The first pot-bellied man to take charge of his world since Napoleon overate at Elba

"I'd have done it long ago," the conductor is quoted as saying, "if I'd known how easy it was."

When Alfonso made Primo dictator, he did a good job of it. There is no parliament. There is no constitution. There is no will but Primo's. So the degree of credit that finally accrues to the king for his part in the present Spanish drama depends not so much on his own ingratiating personality as it does on the kind of man he has picked to be his "boss." The king has not abdicated in favor of the dictator. He has incorporated himself in terms of the dictatorship. He is not hiding behind Primo de Rivera. He is resting in Primo's ample shadow.

The latter is a Spanish story-book character if ever there was one. Tall, red, shiny, fat. Face like a Baldwin apple. Figure like a Bartlett pear. Shoulders broad for the head. Hips broad for the shoulders. The first pot-bellied man to take charge of his world since Napoleon overate at Elba. The first outstanding success that Spain has had since Nelson sank the Armada.

I first saw the Spanish Mussolini in the palm garden of the Ritz Hotel at Madrid at a time when I didn't know whether Primo de Rivera was the name of a five-cent cigar or a fashionable winter resort. So the impression he made on me must have been from the eyes *in*, and not, as so often happens, from the brains *out*.

He swayed and tossed above the shoulders of that bright and frothy company like a great red harbor buoy in the wake of a Coney Island boat. When he laughed, which was nearly all the time, he shook like a punching bag that is hitched at both ends. He beamed on everybody indiscriminately, as if he were the proprietor of the hotel or one of those people who sell soap to the neighbors when they are young, and go through college on the wrappers.

He escaped grotesqueness by the narrowest hairbreadth you ever saw—but by the same close margin he managed to impinge on greatness. *He dominated every human being in the room.*

Last week, in Madrid, I saw Primo again in the same hotel, at a small dinner in a private room. He was the guest of honor, the international figure, the established success. But he was the same Falstaffian character: big, bluff and beaming; the same curious, serio-comic, elusive personality.

Afterward I saw him many times and in many places—alone, with Ambassador Moore, with the queen, with the king on social occasions, surrounded by the "lords and ladies" of the court; at an informal men's dinner—informal because the king came in a black tie and a derby hat; at the Royal Polo Field, where he came to bid good-by to Alfonso before starting for Barcelona. I saw him with his guard up, and in the privacy of his own corner. And *he dominated every stage on which he walked.*

By this curious gift of genial domination, Primo has impressed his will on the Spanish people. He has stopped communist rioting throughout the kingdom. He has stifled the spirit of separatism which was alienating the rich northern provinces, Catalonia and the Basque country. He has abolished some, but not all, governmental sinecures, and some, but not all, governmental graft.

He has made Spain a wholly safe and fairly comfortable place. He has closed the gambling casinos. (The beautiful blue and gold baccarat room of the Casino at San Sebastian, where even roulette was "unofficially" played, is today as pure as a virgin's heart, and as empty as her head.) And—most impressive of all his accomplishments—he has transformed the Spanish-Moroccan War into the Franco-Moroccan War!

100 Per Cent Popular—Almost

WHEN Alfonso was not yet twenty years old, the European nations got together at Algeciras and handed him the Moroccan Riff. The French were keen for the arrangement because the presence of a Spanish army in Africa would protect the boundaries of French Morocco against the militant Riffian tribes.

The English were piously quiescent because it didn't make any difference who did "the dirty work" in the Riff, she, England, through the Morocco Minerals Syndicate, Limited, of London, would make all the money.

The Spaniards have never been able to do anything with the Riff or with the Riffian leader, Abd-el-Krim. The latter is no religious fanatic or savage chief. He is a keen little Moorish lawyer who intends to have something to say about who exploits the mineral resources of his country.

For thirteen years the Spanish army has conducted a hopeless war—the longest war of modern times—against sturdy native troops, impregnably intrenched. The Spanish people have exhausted themselves of money and man power—because Spanish statesmen at Algeciras wore goat's horns and donkey's ears.

Primo faced the situation without either of these incumbrances. As a military man he knew he couldn't hold a frontier longer than the Hindenburg Line with an army of a hundred thousand soldiers—instead of four million! As a patriot, he knew he couldn't ask more sons from mothers already saddened by thirteen years of war. As a sensible human being he knew he must shorten his line.

This decision meant retreat. It meant the appearance of disaster. It meant temporary loss of prestige for Primo. It was a brave and patriotic thing to do—and, in my judgment, a profoundly wise one. By withdrawing to the new "Primo de Rivera Line" he left uncovered part of the French boundary along the Ouergha River, and forced France to assume for the first time the burden of doing its own "dirty work." The French commander immediately threw detachments of troops across the river and occupied the hills formerly held by Spain and now claimed by Abd-el-Krim. And, *of course*, the Riffians diverted their attacks from the Spanish to the French!

In Morocco Primo de Rivera has proved himself a good soldier and, perhaps, a very great statesman. He has served notice on the world that Spain will no longer hold the Moroccan bag for French imperialists and British capitalists, because—well, because there is at last a strong man in Spain!

At home he has achieved a leadership which commends itself to all sections of the Spanish people with a unanimity which I have never seen equaled in any country, except, perhaps, in the first months of Mussolini's dictatorship.

I write these words at San Sebastian after a thoroughgoing tour which began in Africa and is ending at the Pyrenees.

Spaniards generally are not interested in politics. The worst thing that they can say about a public man is that he is *politico*. On such fundamental questions as monarchy or republicanism, 5 per cent are for monarchy, 5 per cent for republicanism, and 90 per cent don't care. But substantially 100 per cent are for Primo de Rivera.

"Things are better than they were"—that is what everybody tells me, from the Duke of Alba in his palace at Madrid to the sun-deadened peasant on the Andalusian plain.

Primo de Rivera has much to offer the world—especially the American world. Spain has larger interests on our side of the Atlantic, racially and sentimentally, than any other nation in continental Europe. Spain alone, of all the governments in the world, refers to us as "the Republic of North America." She still thinks of the republics of South America as her own people! In the past she has been our enemy; openly in Cuba; covertly in Mexico and the Canal Zone. Under a strong régime, she is bound to be a factor—I believe a friendly factor—in Pan-American affairs.

But Spain has other things to offer us more tangible than her friendship. She has herself. The country's natural resources are substantially intact. Spain offers more opportunities to American tourists and American capital than any of the war-worn northern nations; far more than overcrowded Italy. Primo de Rivera knows these things. He believes he can make his country become, in the eyes of the North American Republic, the most important nation in southern Europe—more important to *us* than the great Mussolini's.

Primo Shakes Hands: Mussolini Shakes Fists

THE Italian comparison is inescapable. But I am convinced, after coming from Italy to Spain, that the differences are more significant than the resemblances. The Spanish Victor Emanuel not only tolerates dictatorship: he creates it. And the Spanish Mussolini—well, there are several points of fundamental divergence besides the superficial one that the Spaniard shakes hands and the Italian shakes fists.

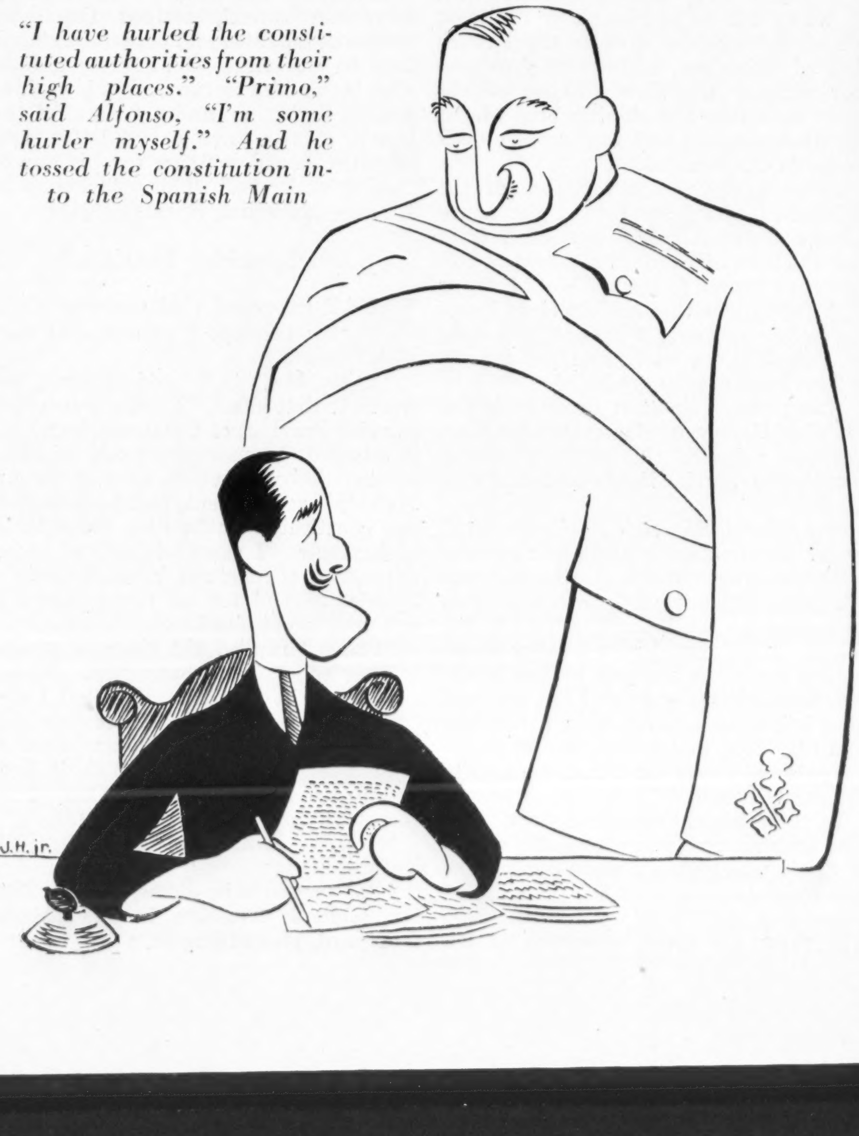
The vital difference is Primo's attitude toward his job. "I don't want to keep power for myself," he says. "I've had it all my life. But certain things have to be done first—and I'm doing them as fast as I can."

I believe absolutely in the sincerity of this statement. Primo is a noble of Old Spain. He shares the prejudices of his profession and his class against the office-holding type. He will be glad to give up his command. In all these things he is as unlike Mussolini as the latter is unlike the blushing rose unseen.

Mussolini came to power at the head of a party; Primo has no party. Mussolini came from the people; Primo from the purple. Mussolini started with the confidence of the common man; Primo, by performance, has won it. Mussolini aims at permanent personal ascendency; Primo at doing a temporary job—and getting back to the Spanish farm.

Mussolini is the right man for Italy. Primo for Spain!

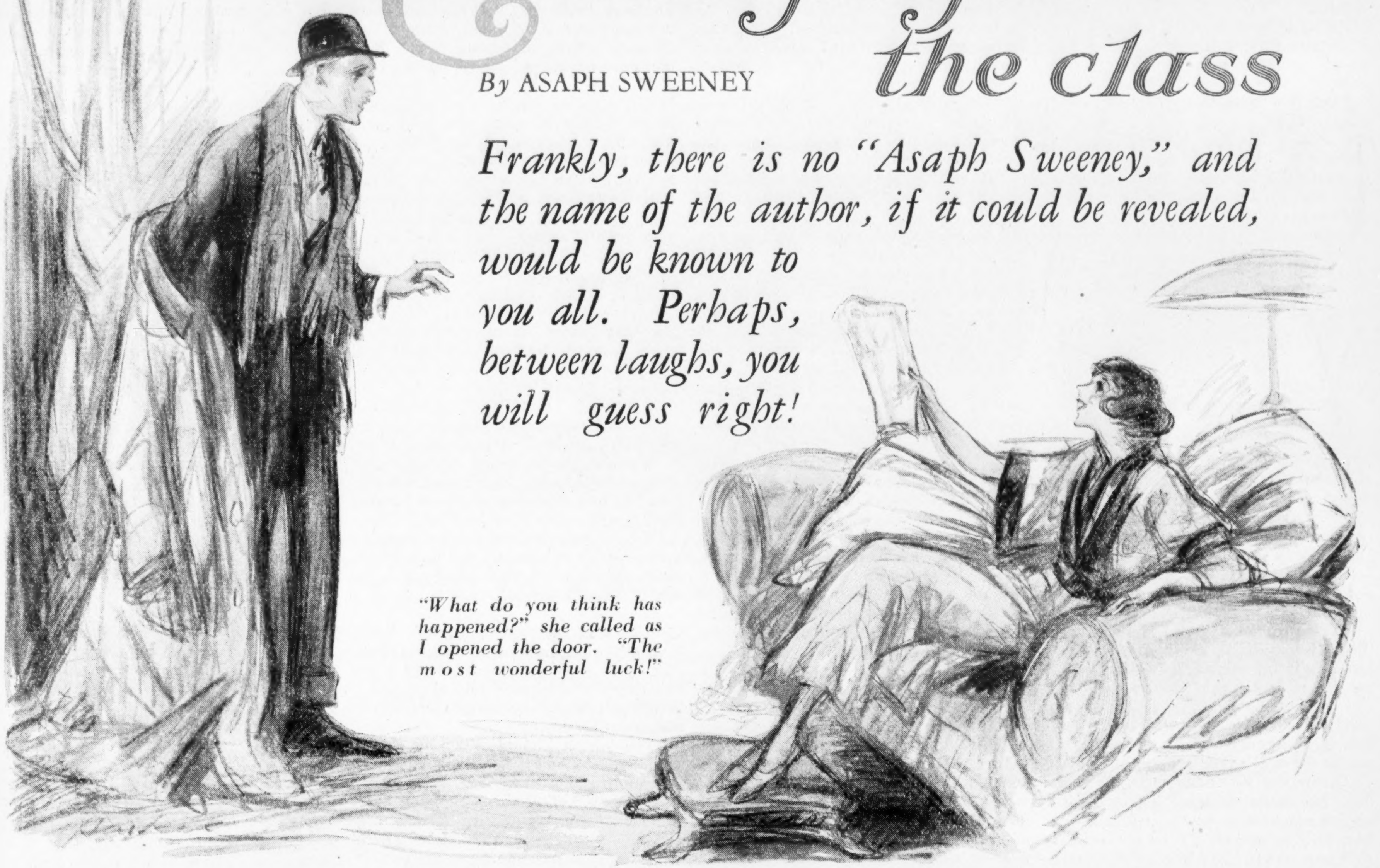
"I have hurled the constituted authorities from their high places." "Primo," said Alfonso, "I'm some hurler myself." And he tossed the constitution into the Spanish Main



These people are the class

By ASAPH SWEENEY

Frankly, there is no "Asaph Sweeney," and the name of the author, if it could be revealed, would be known to you all. Perhaps, between laughs, you will guess right!



"What do you think has happened?" she called as I opened the door. "The most wonderful luck!"

WHEN Lainhart and I had finished going over the books of the last year's business I descended into the subway and started home to break the bad news to my wife. She had stood four years of poverty without a whimper, but we'd been buoyed up, always, by the conviction that we were sure to make money next year, and that rainbow dream had blown up at last.

I seemed to be a Jonah to any trade, I thought gloomily as the subway express rolled on up toward Washington Heights. Before we were married I had been in the real-estate business on Long Island, but it happened to be a dull season when we got engaged, so Polly's people insisted that I get into something less uncertain. I bought an interest in Lainhart's barber-shop supply business, which seemed safe enough as the bobbed-hair craze was on at the time; and as soon as I started selling barber shop supplies real estate began to boom and bobbed hair went out. It was coming back now, but not fast enough to save Lainhart and me. I would have to tell Polly, and she would have to tell her family.

There was the rub, of course. They were all widows and old maids—not a man in the lot except Cousin Dudley, who was a college professor and consequently not expected to make money. But they all seemed to think that anybody with a spoonful of brains could get rich selling barber-shop supplies; and as time passed and we didn't get rich, they took less trouble than ever to conceal their sympathy for poor Polly.

I sympathized with her too, of course, for she deserved better luck than me; but I hadn't thought of any phrases that might soften the blow when I got home and found her curled up in the armchair with the evening paper.

"What do you think has happened?" she called as I opened the door. "The most wonderful luck!"

"Hurrah!" I said. "Congress has passed a law that all the girls must get their hair cut."

"No, the luck is Dudley's. Read this."

I looked at the society page—

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Sandtvoord Skillingham of Sea Breeze, Long Island, have announced the engagement of their daughter Mary Caroline to Mr. Dudley Wilgus—

"But that can't be our Dudley!" I protested. "He'd have told us."

"Read on," said Polly. "Member of the faculty of New York University—son of Mrs. Cephas Wilgus of Brooklyn Heights—oh, yes, it's our Dudley. And he's going to marry a Skillingham; and he didn't tell us."

I read on, and learned that the bride-to-be was a niece of Edward Skillingham. I didn't know him, but anybody who had dealt in Long Island real estate knew all about him—one of the foxiest old pirates that ever bought, sold, or foreclosed. And the list of the bride's other relatives sounded like a recital of all the telephone exchanges in downtown New York: Beeckmans and Barclays and Whitehalls and Hanovers—

"But not a word about the bridegroom being a cousin of Mrs. Sam Smith of Washington Heights," I observed.

"Don't be silly, Sam. These people are the class. Isn't it simply wonderful?"

"It's great luck for Dudley."

"Well," said Polly, "I think it's just wonderful for all of us that any of us Wilguses and Smiths should be able to rise so high as that. For hundreds of years our families have worked along and done their duty and never got anywhere at all, and now all of a sudden Dudley is going to marry one of the real people. It almost makes you believe in evolution."

"Evolution is the word," I said. "For the ancestors of the Skillinghams were not real people. They were plain Long Island farmers who never dreamed that Greater New York would grow out over the farms and make the family rich. Anyhow, it's lucky Dudley is going to marry money. Lucky for him even if it doesn't help us."

"BUT it does help us," said Polly. "Every branch of your family and mine has always been so poor that if any of us did have any temporary bit of prosperity we couldn't enjoy it for worrying about the others. But we'll never have to worry about Dudley. Any connection with money, however remote, always helps; and there has never been any money in our family at all unless it's true that Cousin Jehiel Jones out in Denver is well off, and as to that all we know is that if he ever had any money he has it still."

"I hope your family will be nice about this," I said.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you and Dudley have always been the same as brother and sister, and the contrast between me and the Skillinghams is pretty pointed. Dudley is marrying the money he needed, and I can't make the money you need."

"I'm used to that," said Polly. "Who cares?"

"I care. And it's getting worse. Lainhart and I have been talking things over and we've come to the conclusion that we're a bad team. He's conservative, and I like to take chances. So he's thinking of buying me out."

"I suppose, then, you'd go back to real estate," she said.

"It's the only game I know, and I like it. But if you'd mind—"

"It was my fault you ever left it," she said gloomily. "And now your hair is gray, and you're always worried—"

"And we're always broke."

"What of it?" she said lightly. "I was always broke before I married you, so being broke with you is no novelty and a lot more fun. We enjoy ourselves even if other people don't enjoy us; and if you'd be happier in real estate let's go back to it."

"What will your family say? They got me out of it."

"They'll be too much excited about Dudley to say anything. I'm going over to Brooklyn to see Aunt Tabby and find out all about this."

I was glad I didn't have to go with her, for Aunt Tabitha, Dudley's mother, was a sort of matriarch of the family, and her sympathy with poor Polly who had married badly was barely concealed even before Dudley pointed the contrast by marrying well. I was afraid she'd seize the occasion to load Polly up with some well-meant condolences, but she didn't. As Polly had foreseen, I didn't come into the conversation at all. It was all about Dudley's elevation to the aristocracy, and Polly came back much excited.

"Yes, these are some of the Skillinghams you read about," she told me, "and this is the sort of wedding you and I will never see again except in the movies."

"If it is that kind," I said, "I'll see it in the movies this time. My dress suit is too old to be unveiled in the presence of the Skillinghams."

"But this is to be an afternoon wedding. They're going to have it in the old church at Sea Breeze, with two officiating clergymen, and a detective to guard the presents. Please go, Sam. We were married in the preacher's apartment, which was all right for us considering who we are; but this is probably the only time in my life that there will be a real wedding like this in our family. And you wouldn't cut me out of the chance to see it—"

"ALL right," I said. "I'll be there. And since it's an afternoon wedding I can wear my blue serge."

"Oh, Sam, you wouldn't!"

"Why not?"

"Because these people are the class. All the bride's friends and family will be dressed up; every man there will have a cutaway and silk hat. If you went in your blue serge among all those correct clothes you'd simply put us to shame before the Skillinghams."

"Polly," I said sternly, "this isn't your line. Aunt Tabby has pumped it into you."

"We've talked it over," she admitted. "But if you won't do it for Dudley's sake, do it for mine. My clothes won't cost so much as you think—I know a clever dressmaker, and Ellen Motley will lend me her kolinsky coat. And this is going to be such a wedding as you and I will never see again."

I knew she would have let me wear my blue serge if Aunt Tabby hadn't been working on her, but there was no help for it now.

"Maybe I could borrow an outfit," I suggested. "Lainhart used to have one, I know—"

But when I went home with him that evening and tried it on I saw that while he had grown too fat for it, I hadn't grown fat enough.

"There is no help for it," I said gloomily. "I must make the supreme sacrifice. Considering the shape the business is in—"

"Have you made up your mind about my proposition?" he interrupted. "If you're willing to sell out, I'll give you five thousand cash and ten thousand in notes; or if you'd rather buy me out—"

"No," I said, "I'll sell. For I can see that you're an optimist about the value of the business, and besides I'll need some ready money if I have to buy a cutaway and a silk hat."

I was ashamed to tell Polly we'd have to buy our clothes out of capital, but by that time she was so excited over the wedding that nothing mattered.

"The wedding is to be at four o'clock," she said, "and the town guests go out in a special car attached to the 3:12 train from the Long Island station. Dudley's aunts and I will be going from Brooklyn, of course, so you and Polly will be the family's only representatives in the special car. You can see how impossible it would have been to wear your blue serge before those people in such intimacy."

"If they are the class, as you say," I suggested, "they will have more exciting things to look at than me. Themselves for example."

"Oh, a man is always noticed if he is dressed wrong—particularly if he belongs to the bridegroom's family. We women are going to do the best we can, but men's clothes are more standardized and anybody will know if you don't appear in whatever the well-dressed man will wear."

So I yielded to the inevitable and went around to see Lainhart's tailor. And when I had got those clothes and dressed up in them, silk hat and all, I certainly admired myself as I never had since I quit the real estate business.

"They give you a presence," said Polly. "I've always been sorry your hair turned gray so young, but it looks terribly distinguished under a silk hat. Anybody would think you were a Skillingham. So Dudley will have no reason to be ashamed of his family even though we don't know yet whether Cousin Jehiel Jones will come on from Denver."

"Polly," I said sternly, "has your family sunk so low as to send an invitation to that old miser, who never even took the trouble to call on any of you when he came east?"

"Well, dear, it wasn't my doing. But the Skillinghams being such prominent people, quite well-to-do and very high-minded besides, you can't blame Aunt Tabby for trying to make a good showing. Especially as Mr. Edward Skillingham is going to settle some money on the bride, and Aunt Tabby said that Cousin Jehiel would of course know who the Skillinghams were and might realize the advantage of an alliance with the family—"

"Low stuff," I said sadly. "He'll tell us all to climb up on Brooklyn Bridge and jump off; and quite right of him."

"There's where you're wrong," she said triumphantly. "He hasn't written yet, but he's sent a present—a beautifully bound set of George Eliot."

"That reconciles me to our own investment," I admitted, "for it must be quite an occasion that pries anything out of Cousin Jehiel."

SO THE great day came, and Polly and I appeared at the Long Island station as heavily dressed as the most exacting Skillingham could require.

"Do you think we can find the train?" she asked anxiously.

"You forget that I'm an old Long Islander. I know this station as well as I know our own ice box."

"Anyway," she said, "we have only to look for a train with a nice big private Pullman on the end. There can't be more than one."

In fact, there were not even that many. We went down the steps to the 3:12 and saw that the last car bore a big sign, "Private." The sign was necessary, however, since it was a day coach such as anybody might ride in.

"This can't be it," said Polly. But the conductor said it was.

When he got inside she said, "This can't be it," again, for the passengers looked like any other set of people who might be taking the 3:12.

We slid into a front seat and listened cautiously to across-the-aisle conversations behind us. They certainly seemed to be going to a wedding—our wedding. So we sat and watched the car fill up with extremely average specimens of the human race; now and then a queer-looking cutaway, or an old frock coat, but not a silk hat in the crowd, nor a fur coat that would bear comparison with Ellen Motley's. If there was anything these people were not excited about, it was what the well-dressed man will wear.

At last the conductor called "All aboard," and we and our private day coach got started.

But Polly still refused to believe the terrible truth that was gradually unfolding, so we looked out of the window at the dismal day and the dismal landscape. Off to the right, below Flushing, was a stretch of swamp and thicket that was depressing enough in its own right, but more so because of the memories it roused in me.

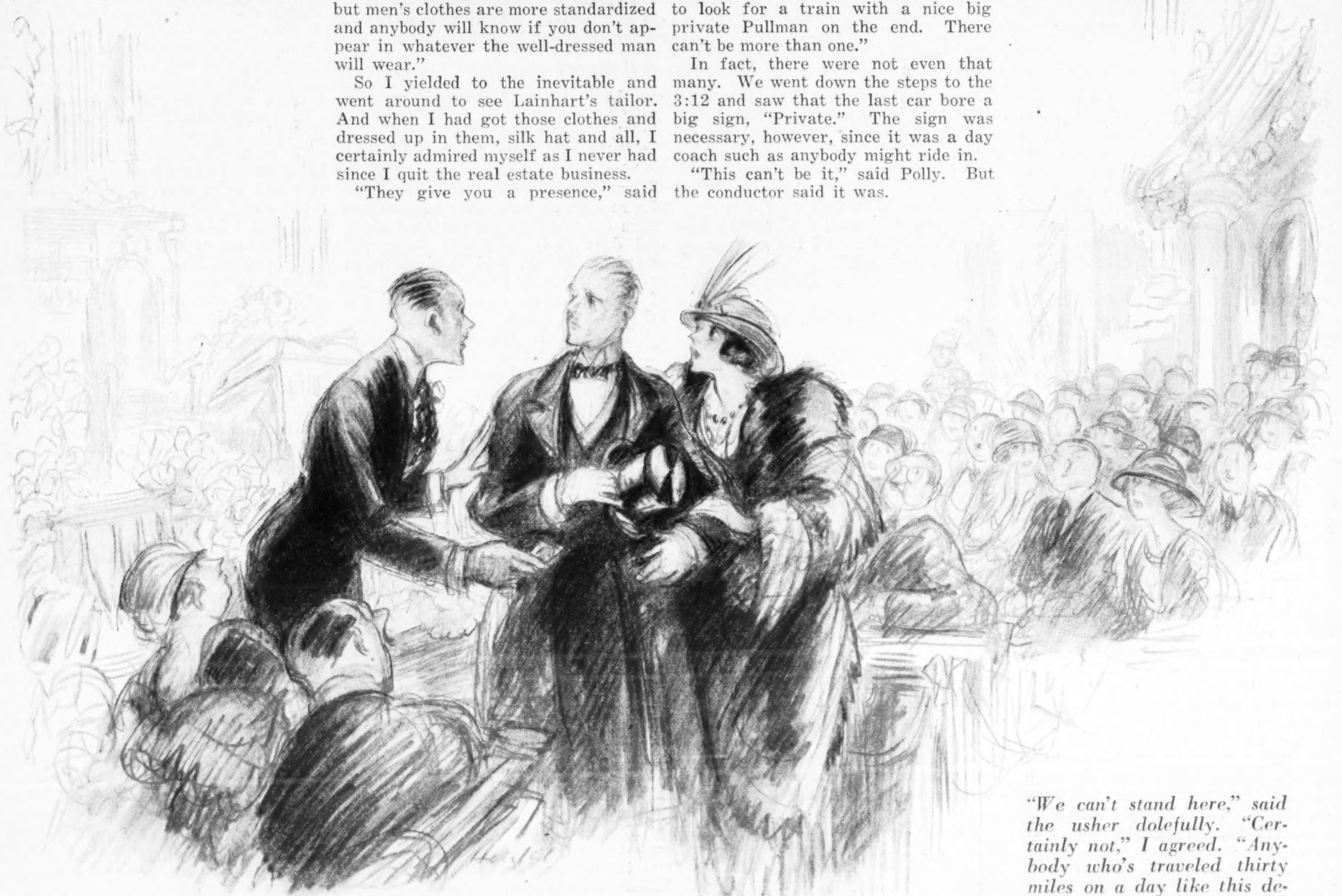
"What's the matter?" Polly asked suddenly. "You look as if you'd lost your last friend. Even if Aunt Tabby did overestimate this wedding—"

"It isn't that," I said. "What I am thinking about happened years ago—before we were married."

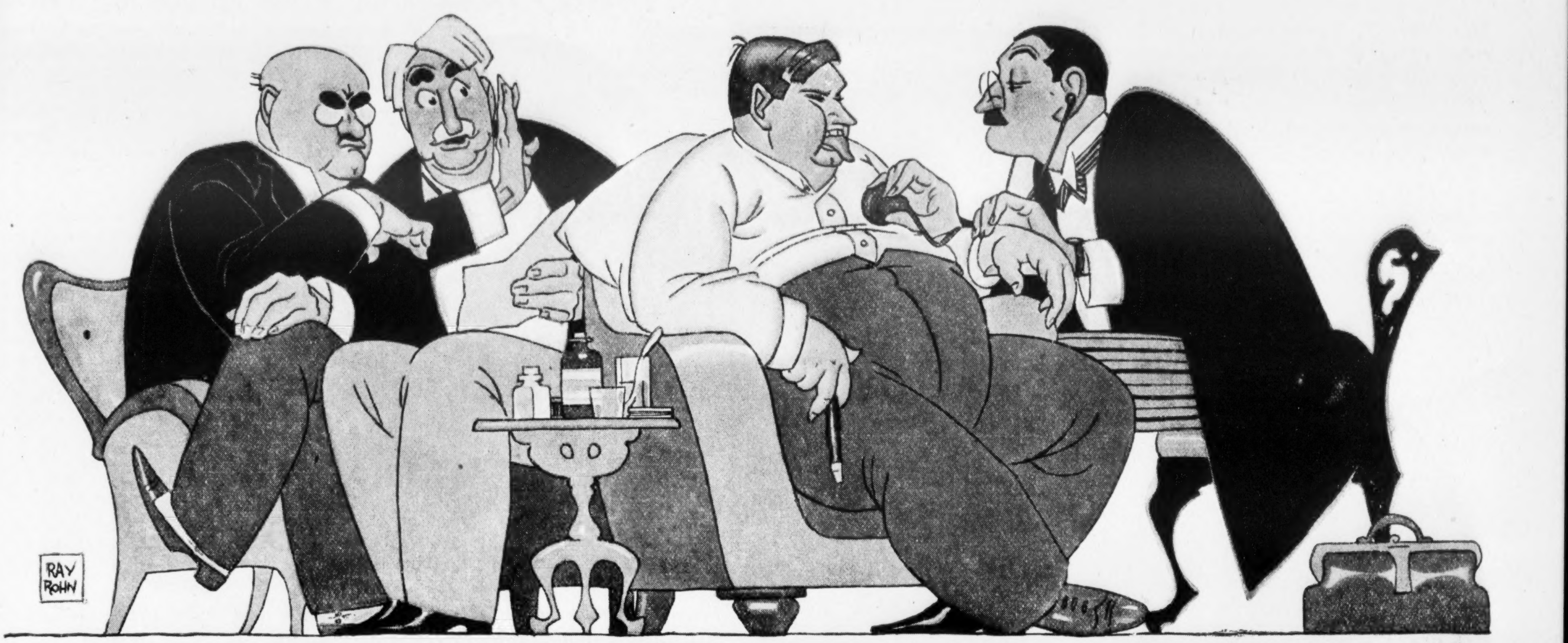
She sat up a little straighter.

"Well, Sam, you have always played fair with me since we were married, and what happened before that is none of my business. Still, if it is on your mind and you feel you must confide in someone—"

(*Continued on page 36*)



"We can't stand here," said the usher dolefully. "Certainly not," I agreed. "Anybody who's traveled thirty miles on a day like this deserves a place to sit down"



When the doctors have a consultation they have you tied up worse than any labor leader ever managed to tie up a building job

If I were a doctor

By
WILLIAM JOHNSTON

BILL JOHNSTON is against the way doctors behave, he tells the world. He slams their "silly old creed" without mercy, and says that doctors should be more honest with their patients. But he is not the man to complain loudly and stop at that. No, sir! He knows just what he would do if he had "M. D." written after his name and he writes the prescription in plain language.

Of course, Mr. Johnston can't have everything his own way. A well-known physician, for forty years a practitioner, read this article, smiled patiently, reached for his pencil and, being assured his name would not appear, proceeded to write the facts about what a doctor's job is really like. His article will be printed next week.

CARVED in stone over the portals of one of America's most famous hospitals is a beautiful phrase: "All healing comes from God."

I have not the slightest doubt that it was inscribed there in the utmost faith. Most of the celebrated physicians and surgeons who each year under that roof minister to the ills of thousands of patients, I am sure, fully recognize the basic truth that the inscription records.

One of the grievances I hold against doctors is that they do not wish you and me to realize it. Their whole professional technique appears to be devised with the idea of convincing us that when we are sick and, calling in a doctor, get well, it was the doctor who cured us. They do not want us to suspect that God or nature had any hand in it. Perhaps they are afraid we would quit paying doctor's bills if we really understood things.

Part of each doctor's stock in trade lies in making us believe that it was *he*, the doctor, who cured us. With this end in view he tries to surround himself with mysteries as silly as those of the Indian medicine man. He hides himself behind an antiquated and supposedly sacred code of ethics. He screens the medicines he gives us with indecipherable Latin phrases. He calls a common mustard plaster a sinapism, and scares us half out of our wits by describing our earache as otitis, and our backache as spondylodynia.

If you have had as much to do with doctors as I have, you know it's true, every word of it. If you haven't—

Well, suppose something goes wrong with the pipes in your bathroom. What do you do? You try to fix them yourself. When you find you are only making the leak worse, you send for a plumber. He comes, fixes the pipes, tells you what was the matter, and sends you a businesslike bill, so much for labor, so much for material, and you pay it, feeling that he knows his business.

But if he doesn't fix your pipes, do you pay him? You do not. You tell him to go whistle. You are going to get a man who can fix them.

When You Visit a Doctor

NOW contrast this with your procedure when something gets wrong with your own pipes. If you are like most of us you try first to fix them yourself. You buy a package or two of cough drops. You try gargling bicarbonate. Maybe you put a wet cloth about your throat. When none of these things does any good you take your wife's advice and go to the doctor.

Does the doctor tell you what is the matter, and explain to you what he is going to do to fix your pipes? Certainly not. Often he doesn't know, and if he does he won't tell you. Question him all you want to and he will stick to generalities.

He inspects your throat with various expensive-looking pieces of apparatus. He may, on general principles, swab it out with some nitrate of silver. He advises your staying in bed several days, cuts everything you like from your diet, orders you to stop smoking, and makes some turkey tracks on a slip of paper, which you exchange at the nearest drug store for some little brown tablets, or a bottle of bad-tasting liquid that costs you seventy-five cents or a dollar.

In these more enlightened days, with the newspapers all printing daily health articles, he may omit the prescription and tell you to take castor oil. The public is getting so wise to the folly of taking medicine that many doctors have quit prescribing it. Probably you have noticed that many drug stores now have to sell sandwiches and cameras to help pay their rent.

But whatever else he does the doctor, particularly if he is young and needs the business, will make you a "visit" or two, and very likely for the next two or three weeks will insist on your stopping in at his office occasionally.

What really cures your pipes in most cases is that you stop overeating and rest up in bed long enough to give nature a chance to get them running properly again, but don't expect your doctor to explain that to you. Doctors seldom explain anything.

But whether or not the doctor knows what ails your pipes, whether or not he fixes them, whether you get well or die, he sends you a bill and it is paid.

Nor will your doctor's bill be itemized unless you insist on it most strenuously. Doctor's bills always read "for medical treatment" so much—always more than you expect. Moreover, doctors have an annoying habit of waiting several months before sending out their bills. They like to give you time to forget whether it was ten or sixteen visits they made.

Suppose, however, your pipes keep getting worse, and you decide that your doctor doesn't know his business. The thing to do, of course, is to call in another doctor, and see what he says. Do you think you can get away with that? Certainly not. The other doctor would not come. It wouldn't be "ethical" for him to take another physician's case.

Your proper procedure is to ask your doctor—the one you are beginning to distrust—to have a consultation. These doctors have you tied up worse than any labor leader ever managed to tie up a building job. Pick any doctors you wish and your doctor will arrange with them to hold a caucus over you in his presence. That's the ethical way, and incidentally there is more money in it for all the doctors. A doctor who charges five dollars a visit will ask twenty-five as a consultation fee.

So—you have a consultation.

You get your two extra doctors at twenty-five each. They come with your doctor and look you over and paw you over and ask you questions. Naturally, as you are the person paying for their services, you feel entitled to hear everything they have to say about your case.

Behind "Closed" Doors

BUT don't you believe it. You're not going to—not while there is a bathroom in the house.

All three doctors together adjourn to the bathroom and close the door tight, so that neither you nor any of your family can hear a word they are saying. The other two may tell your doctor that he is a darned fool, that his diagnosis is entirely wrong, that he has been treating you for tonsillitis when you really have intestinal poisoning, but you'll never hear about it. All you'll ever learn about the consultation is what your own doctor chooses to tell you, and you may be sure he isn't going to give himself away.

There are many other things that doctors do that are far worse, although the public knows little about them. They are safely hidden by the screen of professional ethics.

There's one surgeon in New York who each year performs hundreds of operations. He is skillful enough with the knife, but (*Continued on page 40*)

Mrs. Mary T. Norton (right) got her first training as a stenographer, and though years of marriage intervened the typewriter played an important rôle in the campaign which resulted in her election as the first woman to represent New Jersey in Congress

Keystone

© U. & U.

Twenty years ago a little Roumanian girl studied stenography in Harlem, but Alma Gluck (above) had a golden voice which couldn't be silenced, and to-day she's known wherever there's a phonograph

She got only three dollars a week as a stenographer, so Stella Akin studied Blackstone in her spare time and at night, and became the first woman lawyer in Savannah, Ga.

The shorthand

Frieda Inescort (above) typed by day until she found a rôle on Broadway. She still pounds out publicity from ten to four, and plays ingénue parts in the evening

Mrs. Zella McBerty (right) is now partner and secretary-treasurer in a million-dollar corporation which makes welding machines

U. & U.

Zelda Sears (left) studied shorthand while a member of the chorus. Then she typed other people's plays until she made a success of playwriting herself

Apeda

Augustus Thomas found Gail Kane (above) typing in a law office. Within a year she was playing in a part Mr. Thomas wrote for her. Last season she was leading lady in the Cherry Lane production of "Loggerheads"

© Mishkin

As a stenographer in St. Louis, Marion Telva wanted to be a church singer. Then Schumann-Heink heard her sing and urged her to study for opera. Eighteen months after her arrival in New York she made her début at the Metropolitan

Kadel & Herbert

Umpiring isn't the only thing he can do. Frank A. Vanderlip, shown here calling a safe play in a bankers' ball game, has been successively stenographer, reporter, financial editor and banker. He's one of the world's wealthiest ex-stenographers

Wide World

United States Attorney Emory Buckner of New York and padlock fame worked his way through college, not by the usual tray or furnace method, but via the red-ruled notebook

Mrs. Ethel Brostrom, as secretary to a bank president, learned the financial methods she now practices as the only woman manager of a clearing house association in the U. S.

Edward W. Bok, once editor of The Ladies Home Journal, and donor of the Bok Peace Prize, worked by day as a stenographer while he was getting his first editorial experience at night

Emma Dot Partridge graduated from a secretarial job and Kansas. Now she is in New York as Executive Secretary of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs

short cut to fame

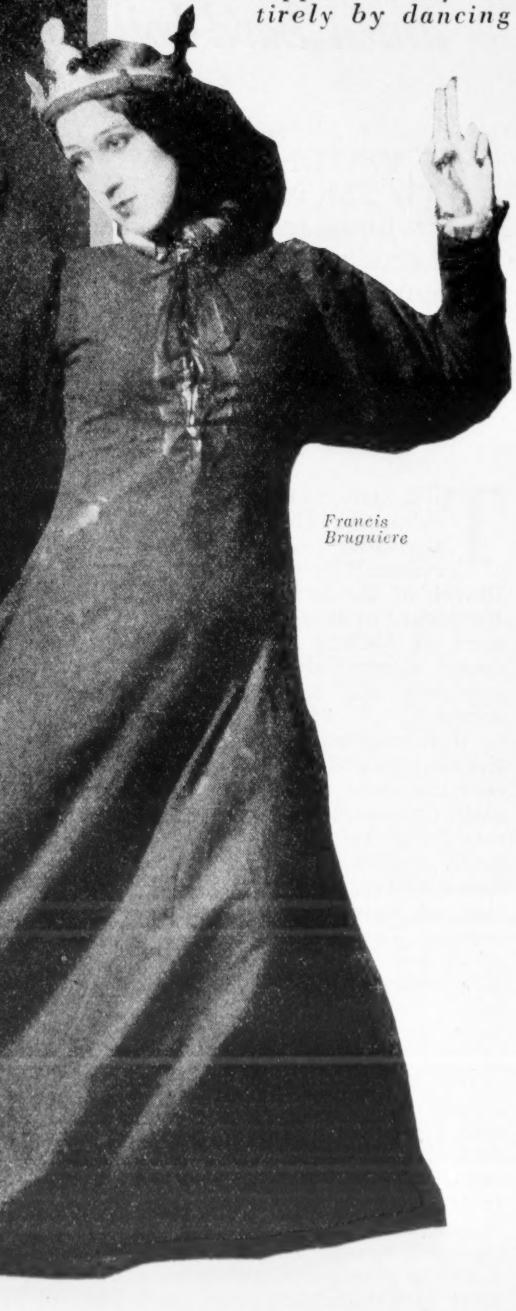
Angna Enters (below) typed by day and danced her original dances at night until she could support herself entirely by dancing

Everyone in Topeka. Kan., knows Fern Bauersfeld (above) and her infectious smile. She did so well at the keys of her typewriter that they made her custodian of the key to the Community Chest and its treasure of $125,000, which she dispenses in the name of charity

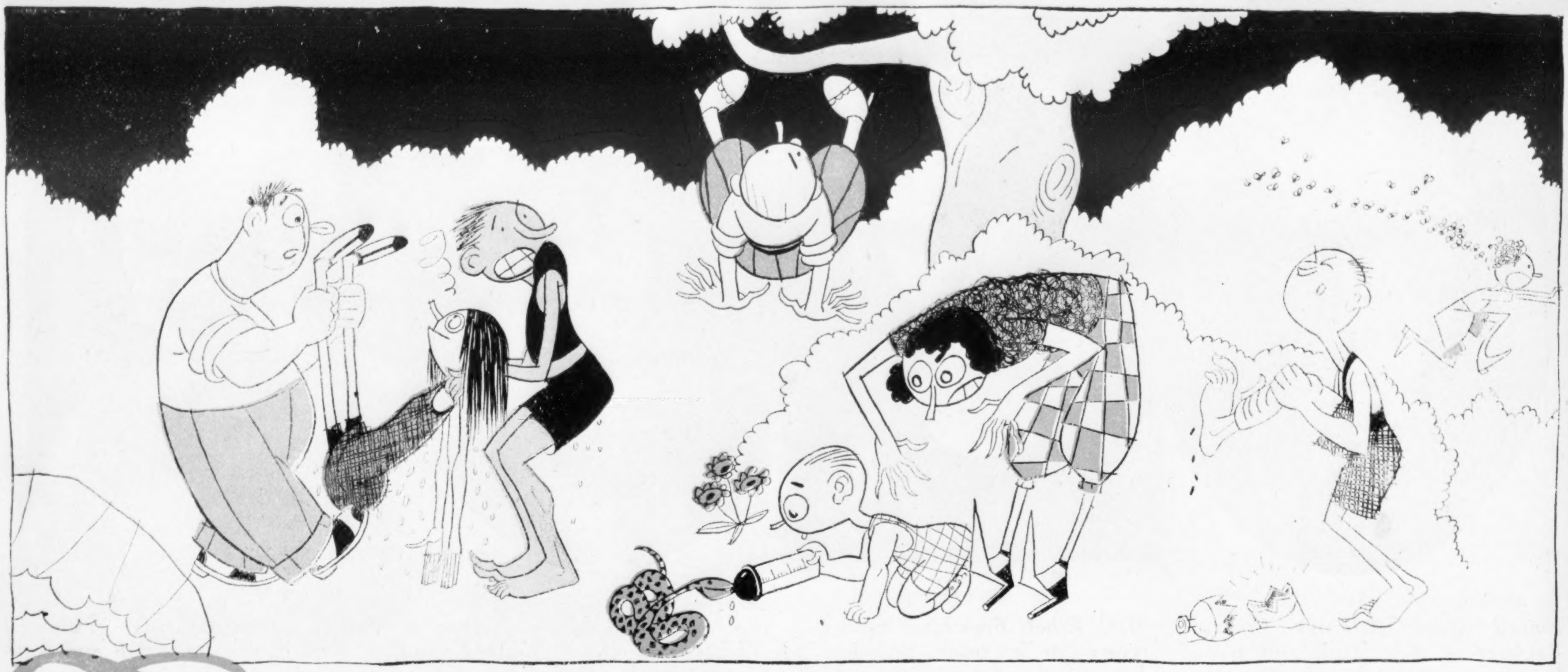
Woodbury

After managing a force of twenty stenographers and clerks during the war, Ada McQuillan (above) found desirable business openings in Los Angeles closed to her because she wasn't a stenographer. So she learned shorthand. She is now scenario editor in the office of the Frank Lloyd Productions

The late Thomas Bird Mosher of Portland, Me., book publisher, left instructions in his will that his business was to be carried on by Flora M. Lamb (above), who had been his right-hand man for twenty years



Francis Bruguiere



"Wouldn't you think that out of all these people here somebody would have a barrel!"

The book of picnic etiquette

Canned culture for a day in the open amid hard-boiled eggs and pickles

By H. I. PHILLIPS

FORTUNATELY Mr. Phillips warned us. He said: "This is so funny that I had to send it out of the house to keep my immediate relatives from laughing themselves to death. I advise you to read it a little at a time, putting it aside the minute you feel yourself getting hysterical." That warning was heeded by most of us; and, in consequence, only two of our editorial readers had hysteria. But have a care, gentle reader, *have a care!*

THE more you look at the picnic manners of the average picnicker the worse they appear. Careful research by the Outdoor Eating Branch of the Department of Public Excursions in 45 states during the summers of 1923-24, inclusive, have revealed conclusively that the average picnicker will not bear a careful scrutiny.

"Our investigations covering the entire country and parts of Long Island," says the chairman, Willis V. C. Conchshell, on page 367 of the report, "have established beyond peradventure of a doubt that America's great need at the moment—July 5th—is a standardization of outdoor eating customs and tactics. The deportment and bearing of the average picnicker are highly unsatisfactory and reflect an amazing lack of conformity to those rules of polite society governing the behavior of the well-dressed picnicker."

The indictment by Mr. Conchshell, himself a picnicker of no mean ability, should bring a blush of shame to the face of every American who has ever eaten hard-boiled eggs in an open lot. It is high time people got over the notion that the moment they get out in the open spaces under a hot sun all traces of good breeding may be thrown away with the banana peels, peach pits, pickle bottles, newspapers and other débris.

One of the things a picnicker should realize is that he never knows when his outing manners are being scrutinized. Years ago, when a man could go into the country with his family and find complete seclusion from prying eyes, a little loose conduct may have been excusable. But to-day, due to the motorcycle and automobile and hiking epidemic, the woods and fields have become so heavily populated during the picnic season they may be said to be occupied on a basis of two or three human beings to every tree, shrub or bush. Always remember, when you open the shoe boxes and prepare the woodland feast, that behind the very next ant hill there may be a fastidious neighbor only too eager to note any lapses from a rigorous observance of the Picnic Book of Etiquette, and ever ready to tell everybody in your set you are socially impossible when opening the pickles, frightfully vulgar when trying to get damp salt out of a shaker and simply awful when cutting the jelly roll. Every bush may—and probably does—hold from three to eleven fellow picnickers who may or may not be your picnicking inferiors.

For that reason it behooves the Lover of The Great Outdoors meticulously to observe certain well-defined rules which are herewith propounded:

Planning the Picnic. The picnic should not be a sudden event, an affair rushed into with great haste. Remember, you are not going to a fire, even though you would have a much better time at one. It is well to plan the picnic some days in advance. The thing to do is to plan it leisurely. In some circles it is the custom for the men-folks to suggest it first; in others, the women. It is entirely optional, however. In suggesting a picnic the usual form is to say, "What're we gunter do this week-end, Walter?" The customary reply from Walter, as he stops studying the box score and drops more ashes on the rug, is, "Oh, I don't know. Can't you see I'm busy?"

The wife should say, "All you do is sit around and act logy. If you expect me to play dead too, you're balmy. I'm sick and tired of hanging around this shanty, and I'm going to get out some place Saturdays and Sundays. You can make up your mind to that." The husband should reply, "Didn't I take you to Wisteria Ridge twice last summer and get poison ivy all over? Ain't you never satisfied?"

A Close Affair

AT THIS point convention requires that the wife rise, knock the paper out of Walter's hand and say in a clear, firm voice, "*What're we gunter do this week-end? You heard me!*"

The place then may be named and the details discussed until the neighbors rap on the walls for quiet.

Choosing the Guests. Few well-bred picnickers care to go on a picnic with perfect strangers or casual acquaintances. A picnic is distinctly a chummy function, and it is best to invite only members of the immediate family, with perhaps two very close friends.

The perfect picnic party may include the following:

(1) Mommer; (2) Popper; (3) the kiddies; (4) the baby; (5) Aunt Emma; (6) Mr. and Mrs. Whooziss, the people across the way, who moved from Ithaca last winter and are awfully nice.

Aunt Emma may be left behind if sitting on the grass brings on her rheumatism.

Fishing for Sardines

CANNY arrangers of picnics take care to invite some young lady who has relatives in the delicatessen business, the invitation taking the following simple form:

Miss Olive Faulke,
223 Rock Road.
Dear Olive:

We are giving a picnic at Fleabitten Grove on Saturday afternoon from 12:30 to dusk, and as one of the party has taken sick we thought we would ask you to fill in. We expect to have a lovely time if it doesn't rain.

Your friend,
Mrs. Arabella Aphasia.

P. S. We could use sardines, cheese, potato salad, cole slaw, bologna, potted veal, stuffed peppers or what have you?

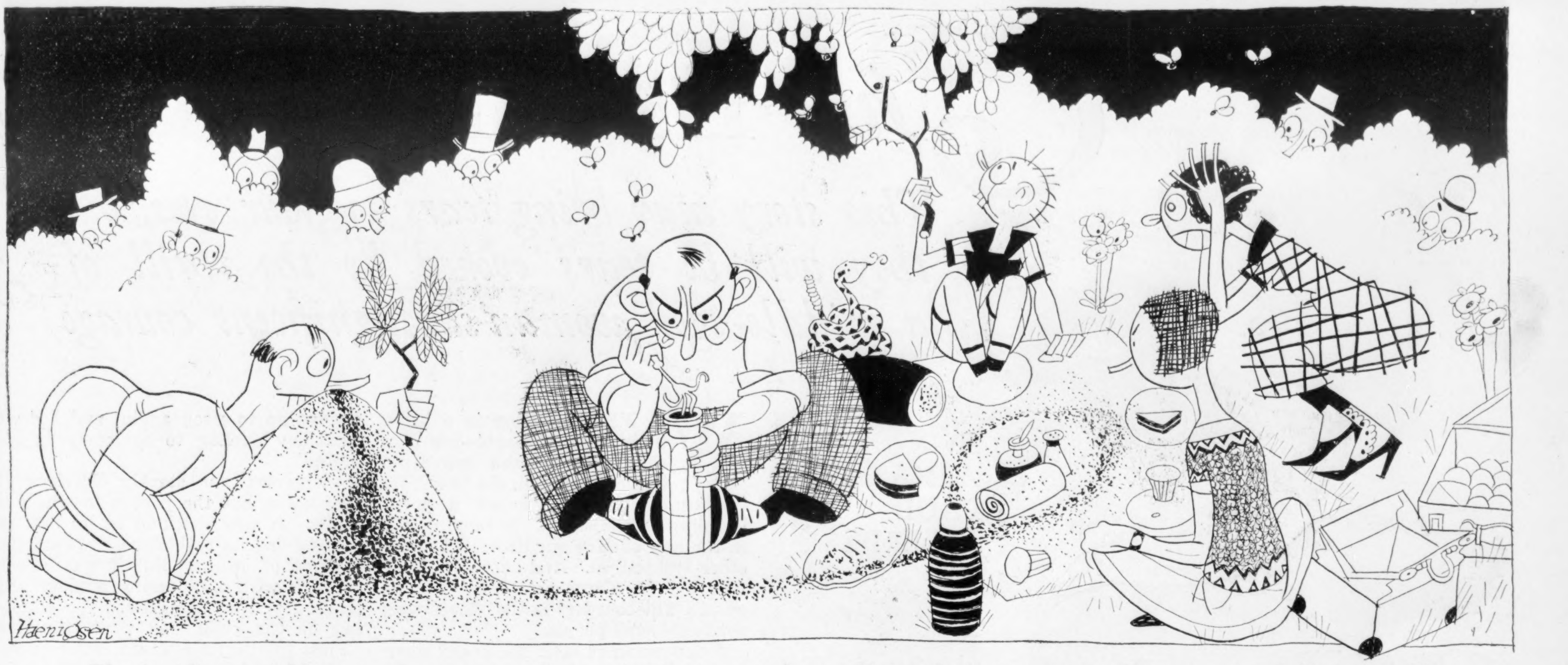
REPLY TO ABOVE

Dear Mrs. Aphasia:

I appreciate your very thoughtful invitation to join you at Fleabitten Grove Saturday, but beg to state that my mother does not allow me to go to picnics or any place else with any sardines, cheese, potato salad, cole slaw, potted veal or stuffed peppers, unless they're paid for in advance.

Very respectfully,
Olive Faulke.

Picnic Equipment. There is an old saying that the picnicker can be told by the luggage he carries. This is, in a general sense, true. Twelve suit cases are the limit set by the leading authorities. Fewer may be carried, but more should never be. In these should be toted oilcloth, eating utensils, can openers, corkscrews, sunburn lotions, old clothes, old hats, a baseball bat, catcher's mask, baseball and fielder's



The fastidious neighbor eagerly notes any lapses of etiquette, ready to tell everybody in your set that you are socially impossible

glove, bathing suits, camp stove, a quilt for the baby, some snake-bite antidote, some arnica, some iodine, a hammer for knocking down "Positively No Trespassing" signs, some absorbent cotton and a few yards of gauze for bandages in case anybody cuts a foot or an arm.

There should be carried also a huge beach parasol in three colors, a fishing rod, a hunting knife, an ax, matches, canteen, Boy Scout lantern, portable radio set, some splints for broken limbs, a First-Aid to the Injured book, a handball and 22 pounds of newspapers (daily or Sunday). The articles should be packed carefully where you can find them at will. Nothing spoils a picnic like finding nothing but can openers when you are looking for a fishing rod, or locating only a roll of oilcloth when you want some iodine for Papa's toe.

The Lunch. Preparing, Packing, etc. What should constitute a proper picnic lunch is quite a problem. Fashion is very elastic in this regard and sets no hard and fast rules. All it asks is that the lunch be composed of foodstuffs that can weather a long ride over rough roads in a used car in extremely hot weather and that can be consumed while the consumer is sitting, standing or lying down. Certain foods are out of the question.

A Piece of Resistance

SOUPS and broths, for example, are extremely bad taste, and no picnicker who brings them can retain his or her social position among discriminating outdoor gourmands.

Salads are to be avoided as a rule on account of the difficulties of packing and loading. Fish, eels and oysters are not generally carried to the well-regulated picnic, and shad is to be avoided at all costs. Nothing adds to the discomforts of a hot afternoon more than the task of boning a shad, hot or cold. Hungarian goulash, beef stews, New England boiled dinners, ham and eggs, and liver and bacon should also be excluded. Cup custards, gelatines, cream puffs, and the more destructible pastries, too, are taboo, as they ruin the upholstery of even the more rugged touring cars. Pies may be carried if care is taken to see they don't get placed in the same box or suit case with the baby's waterwings.

Cases have been recorded where a picnicker, lured on by the fruit coating, ate most of a pair of waterwings before complaining of the crust and discovering his mistake.

The staple picnic *pièces de résistance* are bologna, pressed ham, veal, ham, chicken and roast-beef sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, sardines, olives, pickles, bananas, apples, oranges, peaches, pears, crackers, cheese, cookies, pound cake, jelly rolls, bread and jam. These foods not only are palatable to the picnickers, but are very nourishing to the red ants.

Good Snake Form

IT IS of paramount importance that the host or hostess bear in mind this warning: "Don't forget the mustard or the pepper and salt!" Picnics have been ruined, social positions wrecked and homes broken up by the discovery after a forty-mile trip into the wilderness that somebody forgot the salt.

Coffee or tea should be carried in vacuum bottles and every precaution taken to see that it is either too sweet or too bitter. Under no circumstances should it be just right, as it kills a sure topic for animated conversation.

Setting the Table. Of course, no table is set at a real picnic. For anybody to bring a table and set it is mere swank. The proper thing is to spread an oilcloth or blanket on the ground To use a Turkish rug, expensive automobile robe or Paisley shawl is pose of the most inexcusable type. Spreading of the rotogravure sections of the newspapers is quite widely practiced, but it is not countenanced by the best people. There is something quite boorish about getting butter all over the Duncan Dancers in their flight through space, dropping hot coffee over the graduating class at Barnard or getting jam all over "President Coolidge Snapped on the Bridge of the Mayflower."

If you must use a newspaper, the real-estate section is preferable, although some people like to eat on the drama or society news.

There should be no table decorations other than a rattle or baby's tin shovel. Candles are never used, on account of the fact that they draw fireflies and fire wardens. Vases with flowers are improper also. The thing to do is to take the stack of cardboard plates, shuffle them, cut for deal and let the low man pass them around from left to right. Paper napkins should be flipped to each guest with some such remark as, "I just hated to bring my nice linen ones, and I didn't think you'd mind."

When each guest has been seated the host should put all at their ease by saying, "Now, pitch in and help yourselves. If I had to wait another minute, I'd pass out. Yum-yum . . . ith tham thamwish . . . ith delithous. . . . Twy . . . *kerchoo* . . . thith wontherful Swith cheeth." It is permissible to talk with a mouth full of food provided you talk out of that side of the face farthest from the person to whom you are speaking.

Reaching should be intensive but tactful. If there is anything not within arm's length, the seeker should say, "Kindly pass the shoe box," or, "May I trouble you for the valise with the eggs in it?"

Toying with the ginger snaps, pointing with the bananas or doing tricks with the paper cups reveals very bad field and stream manners, and no guest should rise and leave the lot until the others have finished eating.

Picnic Small Talk. A certain free and running conversation is essential to the well-arranged dinner, no less so when it is being eaten on the sands, grass or rocks. First of all, enunciate clearly so that the others can hear themselves eat. Commonplace topics should be avoided and an effort should be made to confine the chit-chat to matters of society or politics. For example, Popper may say, "I see Lady Astor has been breaking out in the British Parliament again. Most extraordinary woman—eh, what? Are there any more of them sweet pickles left?"

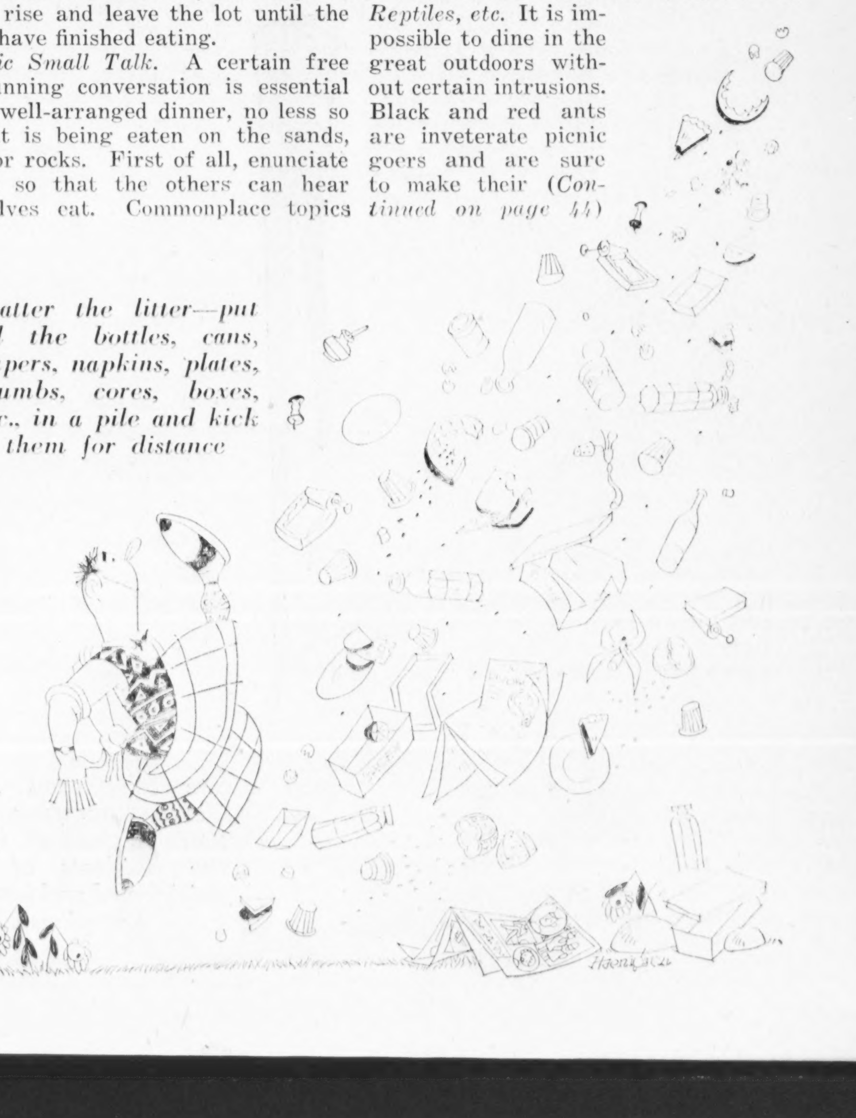
To this Mommer may add, "That was quite an engaging romance of the Rockefeller girl and that Milton boy, was it not? Gimme that bottle of mustard!"

The next-door neighbor may horn in with something like, "Don't you just love Southampton? And such a marvelous golf course. I'll take one of the Swiss cheeses!"

In this way the conversation may be, so to speak, given a gentle push, after which it should run of its own impetus, barring accidents.

What to Do in Case of Wasps, Bees, Reptiles, etc. It is impossible to dine in the great outdoors without certain intrusions. Black and red ants are inveterate picnic goers and are sure to make their (*Continued on page 44*)

Scatter the litter—put all the bottles, cans, papers, napkins, plates, crumbs, cores, boxes, etc., in a pile and kick them for distance

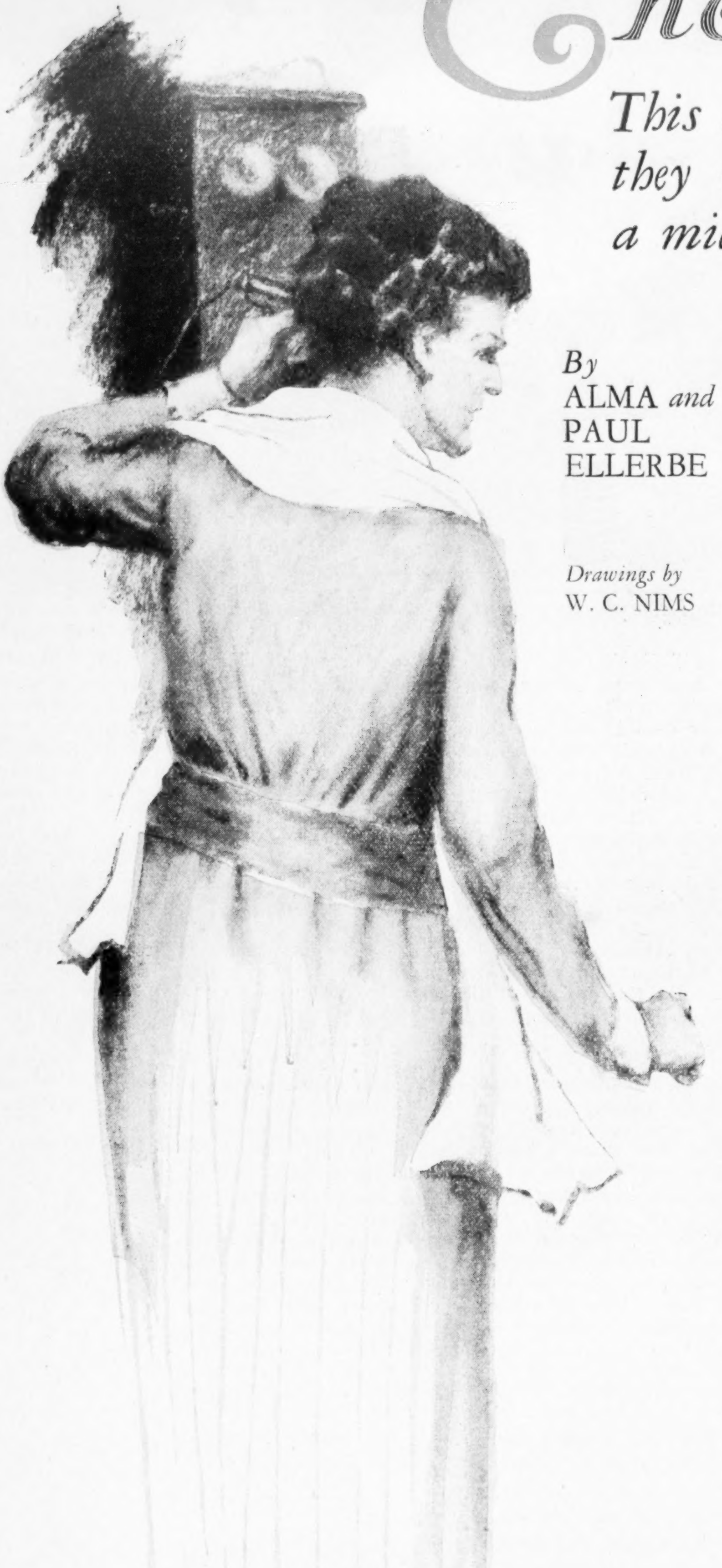


The BATTLE-AXE

This story may bring tears to your eyes, but they will be tears evoked by the thrill of a middle-aged woman's magnificent courage

By
ALMA *and*
PAUL
ELLERBE

Drawings by
W. C. NIMS



She telephoned Middleton — uncaring, out there in the hall, if all the residents of the Ariel heard and learned her plans

WE WERE writing in a large, high-ceilinged, marble-manteled second-floor-back boarding-house room in an old New York "walk-up" when we heard a trunk bumping up the stairs. It came to rest in the hall outside our door. Then another bumped up. And another. Until four had been brought. This was an event. The boarders in that house were not four-trunk people.

A few minutes later we heard someone enter the next room: the second-floor front. She was there scarcely a moment when she came out again, slamming the door behind her. She went to the wall telephone in the hall, the only one on the floor, and called impatiently for a number, in a loud, penetrating voice:

"Is that you, Emily? This is Abbie. How is my little darling? . . . You're sure she's no worse? . . . Did Mr. Williams tell you so? . . . Can you remember exactly what he said? . . . When did he say that? And she's been happy? . . . Yes, yes, Sis, of course I know she's been happy, with you and Marcus and the children, but we have just our own little world, she and I, and I can't wait to get her back again! My trunks aren't unpacked yet; I only this minute got here, but I want her just the same. . . . Yes, as quick as you can send her. Or shall I come after her? . . . All right, then, send her right away, and I'll get ready for her. . . . Yes, yes, I'm all right." The life had died out of her voice. "And you and Marcus and the children—all of you well? That's good. Well, good-by, Sis. Send her as quick as you can."

Again the door was slammed. There was a heavy, plunging step in the next room, which was separated from ours only by thin folding doors. Furniture was moved vigorously about. The porter was summoned. And then the maid. The bumping of trunks shook the floor. The strident voice gave peremptory commands. The peace of the old place was shattered. We had been dreading the day when someone should take the adjoining room. And now to have drawn a mother with an evidently ailing child! And *such* a mother! She trumpeted like a female elephant.

We tried to write, then gave it up and went out. As we passed through the hall two of the trunks were still there. They were expensive, and plastered with foreign baggage labels. Why on earth should their owner have come to The Ariel—ghastly misnomer selected by Miss Eugenia Priestly for her Fifty-eighth Street boarding house?

It was late that night when we returned. We heard nothing from the next room until we were awakened by our neighbor's voice. It broke startlingly out of the silence. The heads of the beds in the two rooms were evidently only about a foot apart, with the thin folding doors between.

"Never mind, my little pet! I'm right here with you. And I'm not going away any more. Every time you want anything you must be sure to tell me. I'll always go to sleep again, and I don't want my darling to be lonely in the night."

The voice was starkly oblivious of everything but the person to whom it spoke. It was shocking in its lack of reserve and its ruthlessness toward the comfort of others. But it was struck through with a quivering anxiety and tenderness that dramatized the suffering of the child and that therefore almost justified for us its ruthlessness.

We slept late the next morning and didn't hear them while they were dressing. When we went down for breakfast, the housekeeper, who was also ex-officio superintendent of the dining-room, said to us: "Those are the people in the room next to you," and walked away before we could question her. We seated ourselves and looked at them.

Two large expressionless women. One of them was old—very old. And very ill. The other was almost elderly; frayed, and weary. Mother and daughter. They were almost as much alike as two buffalo nickels. But they were not finished or minted-looking. They might have been chopped out of granite by the same journeyman mason. The blight of the same peculiar ugliness lay on both of them.

They bulked huge and solid opposite each other at the little table and fed as silently as sea cows. They did not exchange one word during breakfast.

WE watched them in amazement, thinking of that tender, quivering voice in the night.

"But where is the child?" we asked each other, and then the housekeeper on the way out.

"Child? There isn't any child. The old woman's childish. And too deaf to talk to outside their own room. The daughter's an old battle-axe. She's going to be more trouble than everybody else put together."

They climbed the steps ahead of us, in silence and very slowly. The moment their door had closed upon them the daughter began to talk, in the loud, tender, anachronistic voice that shut out every consideration but the old woman who was now her child. The passionate spirit of the creator breathed through its tonelessness and crudity and erected for us the illusion of that little world which she had lived to make.

We made a noise, so that she would know we were there and could hear. But it made no difference. She knew and didn't care.

"What a place to bring my darling to! I'm *so* sorry! But it won't be for long, you know. The idea of you having to climb up all those steps! Are you terribly tired? There, there, sit over here by the window, with all these nice cushions around you." There was the creak of a heavy body settling into a chair. "It's *something* to recommend this place, anyhow, the way the sun pours in. And sunshine makes such a difference in this climate, doesn't it? That's the reason I brought you here. If you could have seen the rooms they offered me at the Biltmore! I tried to get in there, of course, first thing. But everything is taken except a few dark little holes that I'd like to see anybody try to put *my* darling into! This is better than *that*, anyhow. And, would you believe it? It's the same way at the Belmont and the Waldorf and the Vanderbilt and the St. Regis—oh, I tried all the ones you like. There's a convention of some sort going on, and they're all full."

THE conversation was an improvisation. There was plenty of room in the good hotels.

"But this place is all right, you know. It's shabby, and all that, but it's kept by a really nice woman—her father was a judge in Canada—and very nice people stay here."

"Yes, but I don't like it." The old voice sounded thin and stretched, as if years and pain had almost worn it through. "Can't we go away somewhere pretty soon?"

"Just the minute Mr. Middleton puts through that deal for me. That's all I'm waiting for."

"What kind of a deal is it, Abbie?"

The daughter laughed. "What's the use of telling *you?*" she said playfully. "You wouldn't know any more than you did before!"

"That's right. I never did know anything about business. It's a good thing you understand things like that. I don't know where we'd be if you didn't. Everything's all right, isn't it, in a business way?"

"Everything's *fine!* I never have to worry, with Mr. Middleton looking after things for me."

"It's a great satisfaction"—the old voice eased itself down almost into serenity—"to have a man like that handling your money. I don't know whatever you'd do without money. I used to tell your father we ought to have you and Emily trained for something, but he always said, what was the use of working if you could make money work for you? You don't ever break in on your principal, do you, Abbie?"

"No, no. No, indeed. It's just the interest."

"That's right. Because there'd be nowhere for you to go. Emily couldn't take you in. She and Marcus think they haven't got enough for themselves and the children, though it seems to me they waste a lot. I wouldn't have felt free to go there myself if you hadn't sent me the money to help with the expenses. You won't ever forget and take any chances with your money, will you, daughter?"

"Why, of course not! Whatever put such an idea into your head?"

"Oh, nothing, I guess. I wish I had let, Mr. Middleton take care of mine, instead of giving it to Marcus to invest. How much was it he lost me?"

"Never mind that now, dear. it doesn't make any difference. You couldn't use it if you had it. You don't think I'd let you spend *your* money, do you, while I've got more than enough for both of us?"

We pictured them sitting close together, looking out of the window. They had to be close together for the old woman to hear. It was she who spoke next, plaintively.

"I did miss you so when you were in the sanatorium! If you ever have to go back there again, couldn't you take me with you?"

"I'm never going *anywhere* again, except where you want to go. The doctor says I'm fit as a fiddle."

Dread crept into the old voice. "Marcus' Aunt Fanny has gone to the Frances Willard. Or rather Marcus and the other nephews she's dependent on put her there. It was sort of like sending her to an asylum."

The younger incisive tones cleared the air like the sweep of a fan. "Yes, I know. That hotel's full of lonely old women who've been pensioned by their families. It's the jumping-off place, if you ask *me!*"

"Emily and Marcus and the children were good to me, but—well, they're just different, that's all."

"*We're* different. We're a pair of old mavericks."

"A pair of what?"

"Mavericks. Cattle without a brand."

The mother laughed. It was the only time we ever heard her do it. There were in that dry, splintery old laughter remnants of the humor and shrewdness that were gone from her face and voice. Her daughter joined; prolonged it as much as she could.

"Emily and Marcus, they—they didn't *want* me, Abbie. They didn't really want me."

"They can't *have* you!" shouted Abbie, her voice quivering with indignation. "They don't deserve you! They'll never have another chance at you! You're never going away from me again! Not even for one day! So there! I've got to trot now and telephone the laundry."

But she didn't. She telephoned Middleton—uncaring, out there in the hall, if all the residents of the Ariel heard and learned her plans. Her mother, behind the closed door, was deaf and could not hear, and no one else mattered.

"I have been out to Denver, where I bought that block of lots I told you about—trying to sell them. My mother thinks I was in a sanatorium. I can't let her know things are as bad as they are. I couldn't sell the lots. The town has grown in the other direction. They never will be worth anything. And I'm broke. You must raise some money somehow. I leave it to you which securities to sell, but sell *some* of them, and sell 'em quick! . . . You'll try? You must *do it*, man! I've got to have it! Listen: *there's nothing else.* Yes, I mean it: *there's absolutely nothing else.* I've *spent* it. . . . Yes, all of it. . . . Yes, I know, but she's had two strokes already, and nobody can tell when the third will come. She's had financial security all her life, and she's lived well. She's *got* to go on the same way for the little while that's left. Whatever happens, she must never know there isn't plenty of money."

She shot the receiver home to its hook and stood for a long quiet minute outside our door in the hall. From the other room came the loud, bored, desolate sigh that very old people sometimes give. "Oh-ho!" said her mother, in the toneless voice of the deaf, as if her life were a blank empty tunnel and she looking down it wearily and hopelessly.

THERE was a startled heavy step in the hall as the daughter broke physically from her reverie. The floor shook to her tread. Her strong arm snatched the door open. We thought of routed artillery gathering itself together and thundering back into battle. And then the poignant tenderness breaking through the flat voice, informing the mass of lumbering flesh, creating something beautiful in that unlovely place. . . .

The talk went on, by day and night, the old flagging, flaccid spirit and the younger indomitable one holding it up. The daughter never let go. The fears, wearinesses, despairs that encompassed her mother she held off by sheer power of will. The old woman never wanted to be left. She complained whenever her daughter had to go out of the room. Their talk covered the range of the mother's life, and included everything but death. That, which was ever present with them, they never mentioned. They made a multitude of plans, all of them forward-looking over a space of years. They went over and over the same things. The daughter followed the mother's conversational leads, except when the thread of the idea dropped from the grip of the wavering, nerveless mind. Then she talked for both of them, pulling her chair close to her mother's, telling her simple, unexciting things that she could understand.

"What a lovely bride you must have been," she said, to palliate a sleepless night, "in your dress of Ottoman silk, with the front of embroidered satin!"

"But it wasn't embroidered, Abbie! How many times—?"

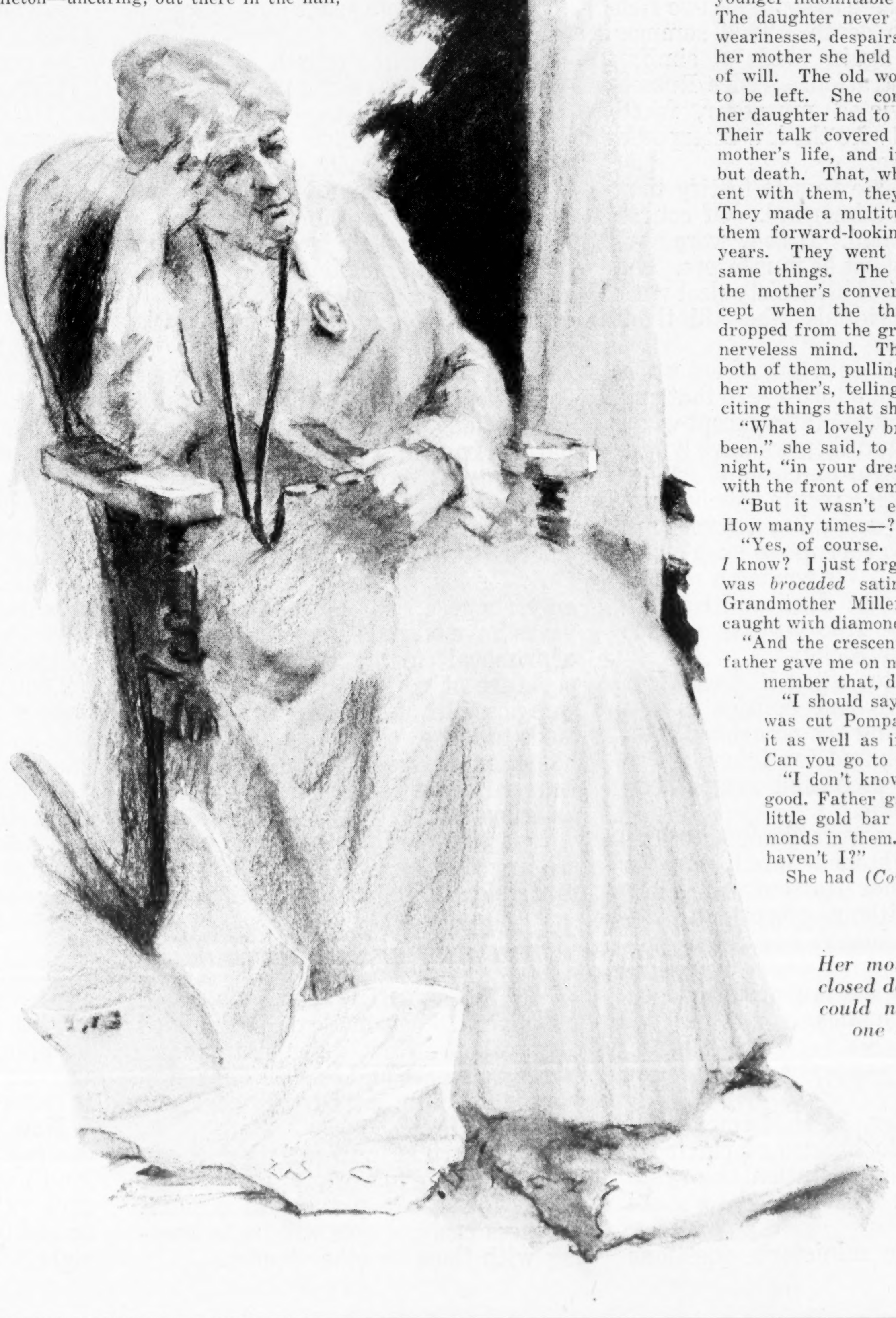
"Yes, of course. Don't you suppose *I* know? I just forgot for a minute. It was *brocaded* satin. And you wore Grandmother Miller's point lace veil, caught with diamond stars."

"And the crescent of diamonds your father gave me on my corsage. You remember that, don't you?"

"I should say I do. The corsage was cut Pompadour. I remember it as well as if I had been there. Can you go to sleep now, dear?"

"I don't know. I don't feel very good. Father gave the bridesmaids little gold bar pins with tiny diamonds in them. I've told you that, haven't I?"

She had (*Continued on page 43*)



Her mother, behind the closed door, was deaf and could not hear, and no one else mattered

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Abolish Hanging

WE HAVE outlived capital punishment. We have no stomach for legal killing regardless of the crime, and no good purpose is served by continuing the pretense that we have.

Last summer the Loeb-Leopold murder revealed the unwillingness of a competent judge to sentence two rich young men to death. This summer Chicago has again made a similar public demonstration. Twice Russell Scott, a convicted murderer, faced hanging, and twice the law interposed with a reprieve.

Doctors receive fees to testify that murderers are abnormal. Of course they are abnormal. If they were normal they would not be murderers. The question is how shall society deal with abnormal individuals who kill their fellow creatures.

It is useless to talk now about a life for a life. We don't believe in that any more in the United States except when we are angry and then we have lynchings and not legal executions.

We hang or electrocute now because we say our law-enforcing agencies are too weak or too corrupt to keep criminals in prison. We condemn men to death because we fear political influence may set free murderers once more to menace society.

It may and too often it does. But the problem of bad politics is not solved by hanging the occasional man who is too poor and too friendless to have his case presented sympathetically to the public.

If the statutes were changed to conform to enlightened intelligence it would be easier to enforce them swiftly and without exceptions. Severity of punishment has never prevented crime.

Let's square the law with modern conceptions of justice.

A Catechism of Evolution

FROM the Rev. L. H. Lammers of Newark, Ohio, has come a pertinent catechism of the evolution theory to which Collier's was invited to make reply.

Here are the minister's questions and the answers by Professor I. F. Lewis of the Marine Biological Laboratory, who is a churchman as well as a distinguished student of the beginnings of life:

Does the evolutionist recognize any creative power at all? If not, where did the first cell of life come from?

A. Evolutionists believe in a First Cause.

How and from what substance did the world evolve?

A. The world evolved, by natural process, of the same substance of which it now consists. The evolutionist does not conceive of a creative power making something out of nothing, like a magician taking rabbits out of a hat where no rabbits were.

Does man spring from the monkey or do man and monkey come from the same common stem?

A. Man and monkey come from the common stem. Man is no more descended from the monkey than a house cat from the lion. The evolutionist cannot deny, however, that man has a natural body and takes his roots in the same past with other mammals.

How long did it take, according to evolution theory, for the world to evolve to its present state or condition?

A. Geology, chemistry and astronomy suggest that a hundred million years have elapsed since the water on a primeval earth first fell to a temperature at which life as we know it was possible. Study of radio-activity leads to larger estimates. No method has been devised for measuring the time required for the evolution of a solar system.

Is it possible for reasonable men to see any danger to religion in such a profession of scientific faith?

The Farmer's Hired Man

GRANDFATHER paid his hired man $10 a month and board back about 1865. Now, after sixty years, it's $34 a month and board. The newspapers headline it "Growth of Farm Wages." Is it?

What sort of business to-day can get a good man to work for such wage? When farms are put on an efficient business basis, wages will be in keeping with those in other trades.

Woman's Aim

UP-TO-DATE advice for all who want to do things is: "Know exactly what you are aiming at."

Mrs. Littleton of Washington, D. C., took that to heart. She bought a revolver and had inscribed neatly on the handle: "Bought to kill Horace, by Marie." Then she scratched on each bullet the words: "For Horace." But when her Big Chance came, she did not come up to scratch. She fired twice, missed, and the police got her.

Of course Marie made the fundamental mistake of entering a field that is already overcrowded. With so many wives shooting at their husbands, there is bound to be a certain percentage of failure.

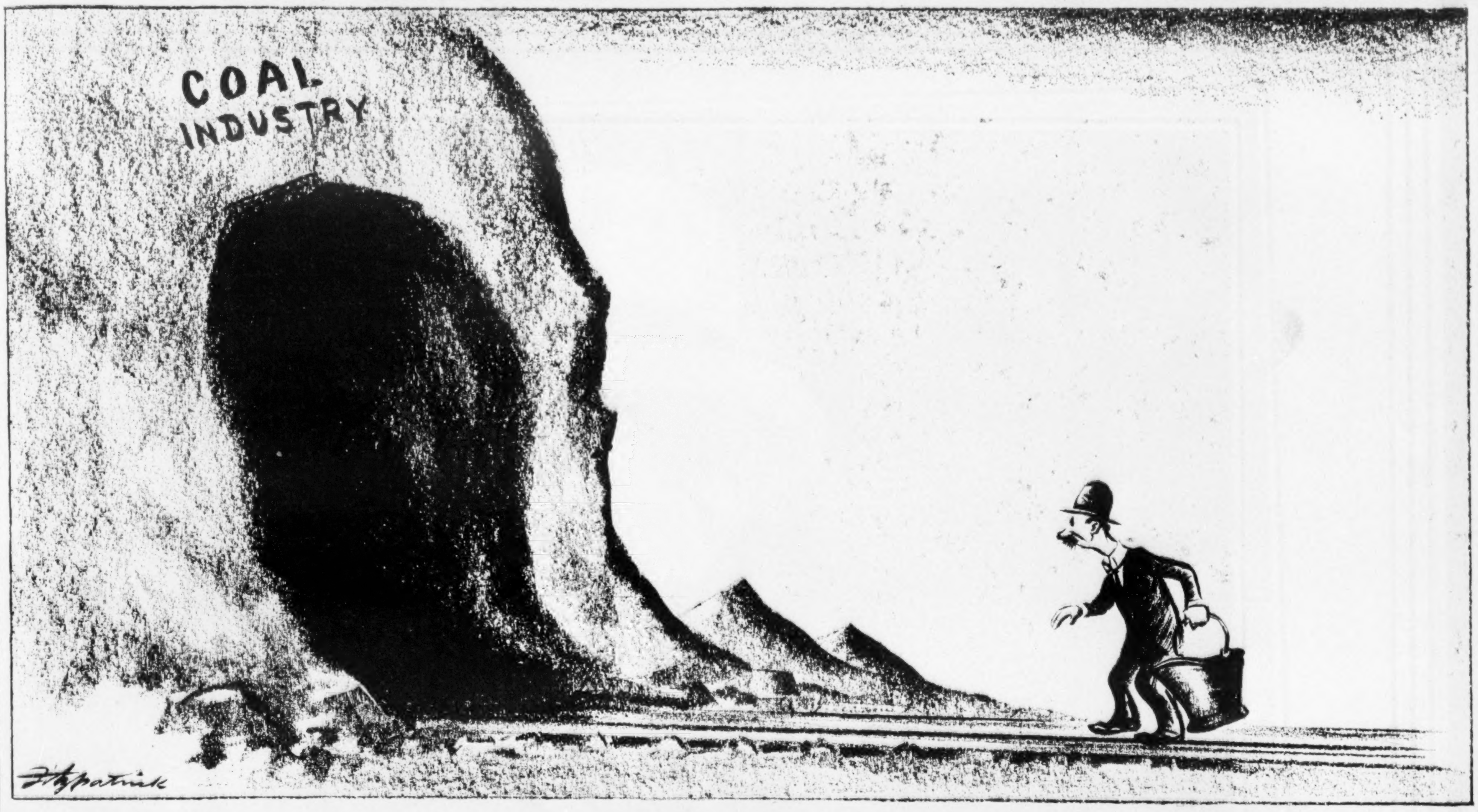
The Fool's Fire

EVERY morning in this country forest fires burn up the equivalent of a bushel basket full of $10 bills. When the last bill is in ashes our daily waste of $100,000 is accomplished and we square away for the day's work to replace with thought and sweat what folly has destroyed.

Last year the perfect fools among us started some 24,000 forest fires. The loss was $38,000,000—$18,000,000 above the nine-year average reported by the forest service. All told, 92,000 forest fires were counted in the twelve months and a full third were due to carelessness or were of incendiary origin.

A forgotten camp fire or a lighted cigarette tossed in dry leaves or dead grass is all that is needed to lay waste hundreds of square miles of rich and beautiful woodland. With the immense growth in camping, hundreds of thousands of people are pouring into the country and the most dangerous season is at hand. The year's growth is almost over. Trees are dropping their leaves, the earth is drying out, and the cinder brush is ready to crackle at the first spark.

Now is the time to use and not to destroy the irreplaceable forests. No land has been better provided by nature. Only fools will by neglect and stupidity burn up our national birthright.



The Mysterious Cave

Mind Your Own Business

BY GEORGE MARTIN

Editor of Farm & Fireside

HAVE you done *your* meddling to-day? I'm doing mine right here and now, as you will soon see. I take for my text the following item from a country paper:

> We hear that Luke Hanson, who knows how to do everything better than anyone else, was heard yelling at a fish in Pearson's Pond: "Hey! that ain't the way to swim! Look! You do it this way!" . . . But you can't believe all you hear.

A gross exaggeration of a very profound truth: We pester each other too much.

We love nothing more than a chance to show the other fellow where he is wrong. We are ever ready to reform—someone else. There is, I dare say, not a soul of us but does a little gratuitous meddling and busybodying every day.

All are reformers at heart; we delude ourselves into thinking that we are martyring ourselves for the good of the other fellow. At a sacrifice we are helping *him*.

Stuff and nonsense. We do it to please ourselves. The other fellow is not our protected protégé; he is our victim. He may be bullied or cajoled or otherwise hornswoggled into our way of thinking, but believe me, if you show a man where he is wrong and try to set him right, and he finds it out, he will hate you for it. Why? Because he feels, consciously or unconsciously, that you are thereby setting yourself up as his superior; and such superiority in his heart of hearts no human being will concede to any other, no matter how low he may be in man's estate.

There is something in us all that makes us feel that if we had our just deserts and an even chance to show our wares we would be universally recognized as the superior of practically every other human being on the face of the earth. As the pickpocket said to the bartender: "I may have my faults but I don't sell rum."

Now, just as we are prone to be petty and foolish in personal reforms, so are we also apt to shoot wide of the real mark in the big ones. Not that I have any quarrel with our attempts at prohibition, woman suffrage, social hygiene, and the like. It is laudable of us to make these gestures of improvement. It indicates a real desire on the part of civilized humanity to be better than it has been. But I seriously question whether the reforms we invest with all our national tumult and shouting are the most real and workable reforms at hand. They seem more to me like points on which we have become frantic, trying to do in a hundred years what should logically take a thousand.

The real reformers are those who show us not what to think but how to think, those who give us not advice about better living but better things to live with.

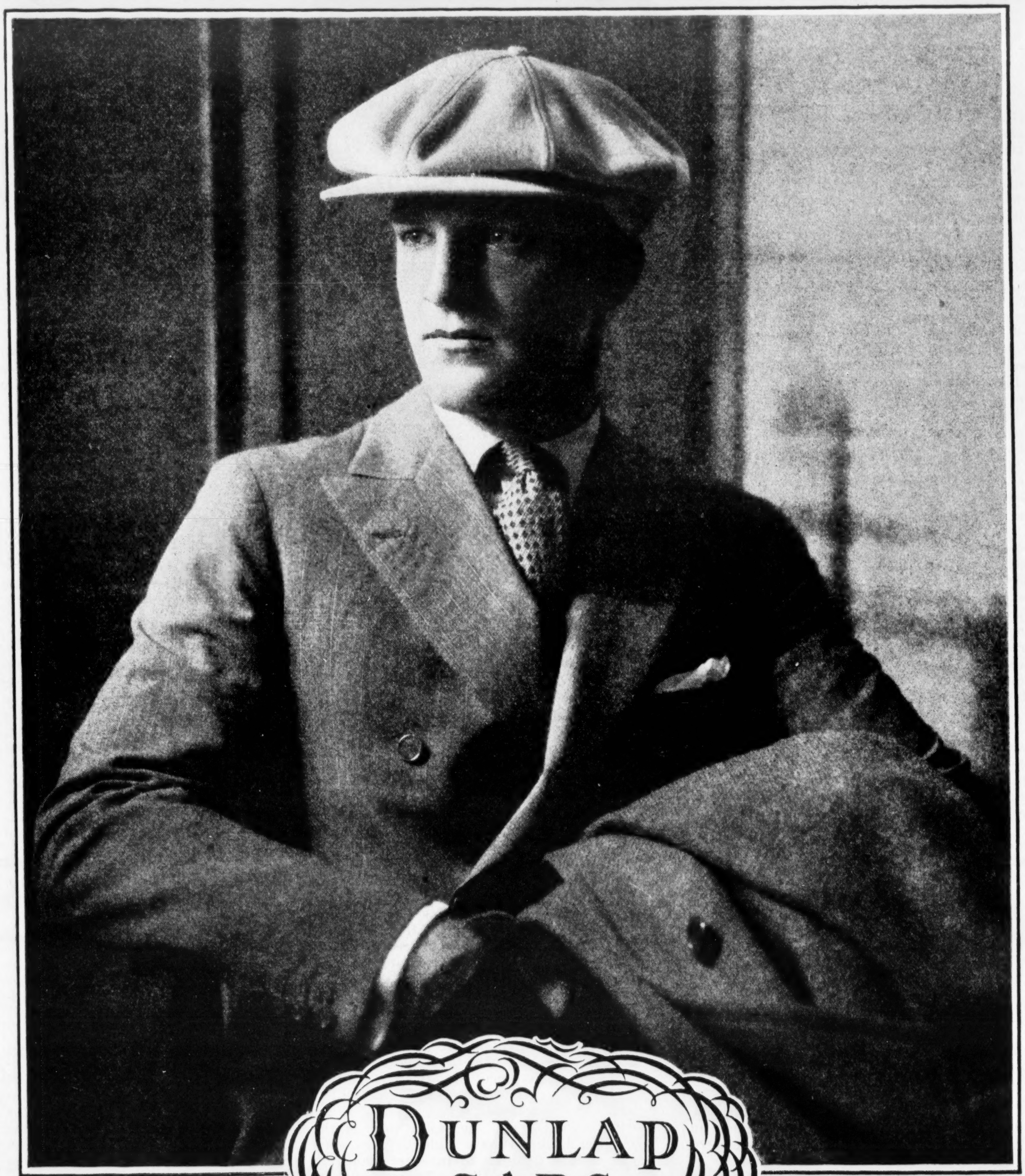
Those thousands of human beings each one of whom, unhonored and unsung, contributed his mite to the development of the gas engine, automobile, telephone, rural free delivery, electrical appliances of all kinds, and other things of the sort, have, silently and almost unnoticed, revolutionized the lives of a nation.

Lifting the burden of physical toil from the farmer's back and from woman's shoulders, and making it possible for all of us to see, hear and attend what is going on in the rest of the world, these men have not only noiselessly inspired their fellows to better living and deeper thinking but have also furnished them the means with which to do these things. They are the real reformers; and of such is the essence of real reform, everywhere, at all times.

Is it, then, asking too much to ask that, in little things as well as in large, we quit pestering each other so much and devote that time to building something, be it mental, physical or mechanical, that will really get somewhere toward alleviating the conditions we verbally worry so much about?

DUNLAP
HATS

THE new Dunlap "Metropolitan" for Fall has the stylish deeper brim and rounded crown. Hat bands are selected with meticulous care to harmonize with the distinctive colors of felt prescribed for Autumn. The price is eight dollars.



DUNLAP
CAPS

THE cap has acquired many new uses for which nothing can take its place. But the outstanding fact about the new Dunlap caps for fall is their smart shape, achieved by a flat, square cut English type visor. Prices begin at $3.50.

A star team with "book-learning"

By GRANTLAND RICE

Some examples which show that a college education doesn't interfere with a man's ability to cut the corner with a fast one

Cuyler, of the Pirates' outfield

A NUMBER of earnest statisticians lately have been attempting to find out just where most of the college men go after leaving college and just what benefits higher education brings.

These statisticians are hereby advised to follow the spoor which leads to the big leagues—and the minor leagues as well—and they will soon discover that higher education has developed some of the best batting eyes and some of the best pitching arms baseball has ever known.

They will discover that ambitious pursuers of Catullus and calculus, Plato and Pliny, Homer and Carlyle and Tennyson, have used this learning admirably for cutting the corner with a fast one or hitting one into the bleachers with two on and two out.

There was a time when the college ball player in a big-league uniform was rare. In the old days there were Hutchison of Yale, Roy Thomas of Pennsylvania, Fred Tenney of Brown and a few others who were regarded as oddities. They were great ball players, but they were exceptions to the general rule of corner-lot stars who came on from the cabs and the coal mines.

It was Christy Mathewson of Bucknell, brilliant in brain and arm, stout of heart and unusual in character, who came to the Giants twenty-five years ago and made the collegian seem a natural adjunct.

Mathewson brought more color and character to the game than any single star had ever brought. His national standing was so high and he was received with such acclaim that other college stars began to seek the same fame and fortune.

Dugan, the Yanks' third-sacker

The next big step came when Connie Mack faced the field with his famous Athletics.

In the box were Jack Coombs of Colby, Eddie Plank of Gettysburg College and Chief Bender of Carlisle—one of the greatest pitching trios that ever stood opposing batsmen upon either ear.

The college men on his infield included Stuffy McInnis, Eddie Collins of Columbia and Jack Barry of Holy Cross.

Here was college stuff with a vengeance—heavy proof that college stars could more than hold their own.

Six Great Rah-Rah Boys

THIS collegiate group of six men—Bender, Coombs, Plank, Collins, Barry and McInnis—were the leaders in four pennant campaigns and won three world series triumphs over Cubs and Giants. They formed one of the greatest baseball machines ever put together. It was a machine of remarkable speed and power with more than a normal allotment of brains, and it came near wrecking the American League.

Pittsburgh would hate to lose Carey

From that point on big-league scouts began to haunt leading college stars and offer them more money for a season than they could make otherwise in two or three years.

To-day the college man is on the verge of taking over professional ball. He comes into the big-league arena from every type of college. Conlon of Harvard marched in when he drew his diploma some three years ago. Caldwell of Princeton and Farrell of Pennsylvania lost no time joining Yankees and Giants about the same moment that Owen Carroll of Holy Cross reported to Cobb's Detroit Tigers.

Within a short span Alabama University sent Joe and Lute Sewell with Riggs Stephenson to Cleveland and Ike Boone to Boston—four men from one college line-up.

Frisch is one of the Giants' best

As closely as I can figure out the intimate details, there are now 85 collegians in the two major leagues, 43 in the National and 42 in the American, with a still greater number scattered through the various minor-league corrals all over the country.

The Giants alone have ten ex-collegians, as McGraw has always favored the college type. Possibly he still dreams of the days of Mathewson and Devlin. Here are the college men on his line-up:

John Bentley, *pitcher.*
Kent Greenfield, *pitcher.*
Wayland Dean, *pitcher.*
Walter Huntzinger, *pitcher.*
Arthur Nehf, *pitcher.*
Frank Frisch, *infielder.*
Travis Jackson, *infielder.*
Fred Lindstrom, *infielder.*
Edward Farrell, *infielder.*
Ross Young, *outfielder.*

Art Nehf is a great moundsman

Ten men of one club, and that club in search of its fifth consecutive flag, is a slight change from the old order when Fred Tenney and Christy Mathewson and Orvie Overall were novelties.

Over 25 per cent of all major-league talent in harness to-day came from the campus. Not all came with diplomas. Some spent only a year peering into textbooks before they decided that a hop on the fast one had it all over Greek, Latin or mathematics. It was fun that paid well—and that combination appeals to a good many young men to-day. The college dream is often punctured by cold dollars, and when you add fun the combination is irresistible.

Hartnett, of the Chicago Nationals

Collegians are not only playing but also managing. Eddie Collins of Columbia and George Sisler of Michigan—both great stars—are two of the most noted player-managers.

Any manager allowed to pick a team of ex-collegians could walk home with the pennant and then take the world series in his stride.

Chicago's Eddie Collins is a wonder

Here is an ex-college all-star team that would dance along the route, from ten to twenty games ahead:

Catcher—Hartnett, Chicago (N).

Pitchers—Nehf, New York (N); Lyons, Chi. (A); Bentley, N. Y. (N); Yde, Pittsburgh (N); Rixey and Donohue, Cincinnati (N); Reuther, Wash. (A).

First Base—Sisler, St. Louis (A).

Second Base—Collins, Chi. (A.)

Short Stop—Frisch, N. Y. (N).

Third Base—Dugan, N. Y. (A).

Outfield—Carey, Pitts. (N); Cuyler, Pitts. (N); Young, N. Y. (N).

Substitutes—Sewell, Cleveland (A); Travis Jackson, N. Y. (N); Falk, Chi. (A); Stock, Brooklyn (N).

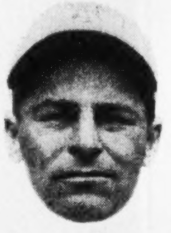
Sisler, Collins, Frisch and Dugan would form one of the greatest infields of all time, and any outfield composed of Carey, Cuyler and Young would have all the speed and batting power needed to cut its way through any barrier. And some of those coming on may be even better still.

Carroll of Holy Cross won 50 out of 52 starts as a collegian before joining Detroit. He looked to be ready for work at once, but his first two or three starts were full of trouble.

"I've found," he said, "that in the big league I have eight or nine good hitters to pitch to in every game, in place of two or three. There is no resting place higher up. In college games two strikes usually led to a strike-out. In the big league two strikes may mean a two-base hit or a home run. They make you put it over."

Yet young Charlie Rhem came up from South Carolina and shut out the Giants, while Kent Greenfield lost little time in starting a winning streak for McGraw.

Carroll drew a seamy start, but that is unimportant. So did Christy Mathewson. Carroll has everything a star needs except experience, and with that he should be one of the greatest of them all.



Ross Young can play with the best

There was a time when Holy Cross, Brown and Georgetown furnished most of the college stars for big-league play, but now they come from all over.

Oglethorpe only recently sent Partridge to Brooklyn, Willis to Pittsburgh and Porter to St. Louis.

Ted Lyons of the White Sox comes from Baylor and Bib Falk from Texas University.

Penn. State, Pennsylvania, Georgia Tech., Alabama, Princeton, Michigan, Columbia, St. Mary's, Fordham and twenty others from coast to coast have helped to complete various big-league or minor-league rosters.

It's Great—Until You're 35

McGRAW lost no time in nailing Torp of New York University and then sending his young star to the American Association, where he started with a 1-0 shut-out. McGraw's scouts have been busy spotting college talent in spite of the fact that McGraw is supposed to do all the "master-minding" for his club.

Perhaps the Giant leader wants a vacation or a rest for a brain that has been master-minding nearly thirty years.

No doubt you've heard of Sisler

Does professional ball pay a sufficient price for a college star to take it up?

For a while it should pay well beyond any sum he could earn in other lines. But what happens after thirty-five? At thirty-five, or thereabouts, the chosen profession is suddenly closed to him, and he has no training or experience for other work. A few—Rickey, Collins and Sisler—have become managers. Christy Mathewson is president of the Boston Braves. But this is a meager percentage.

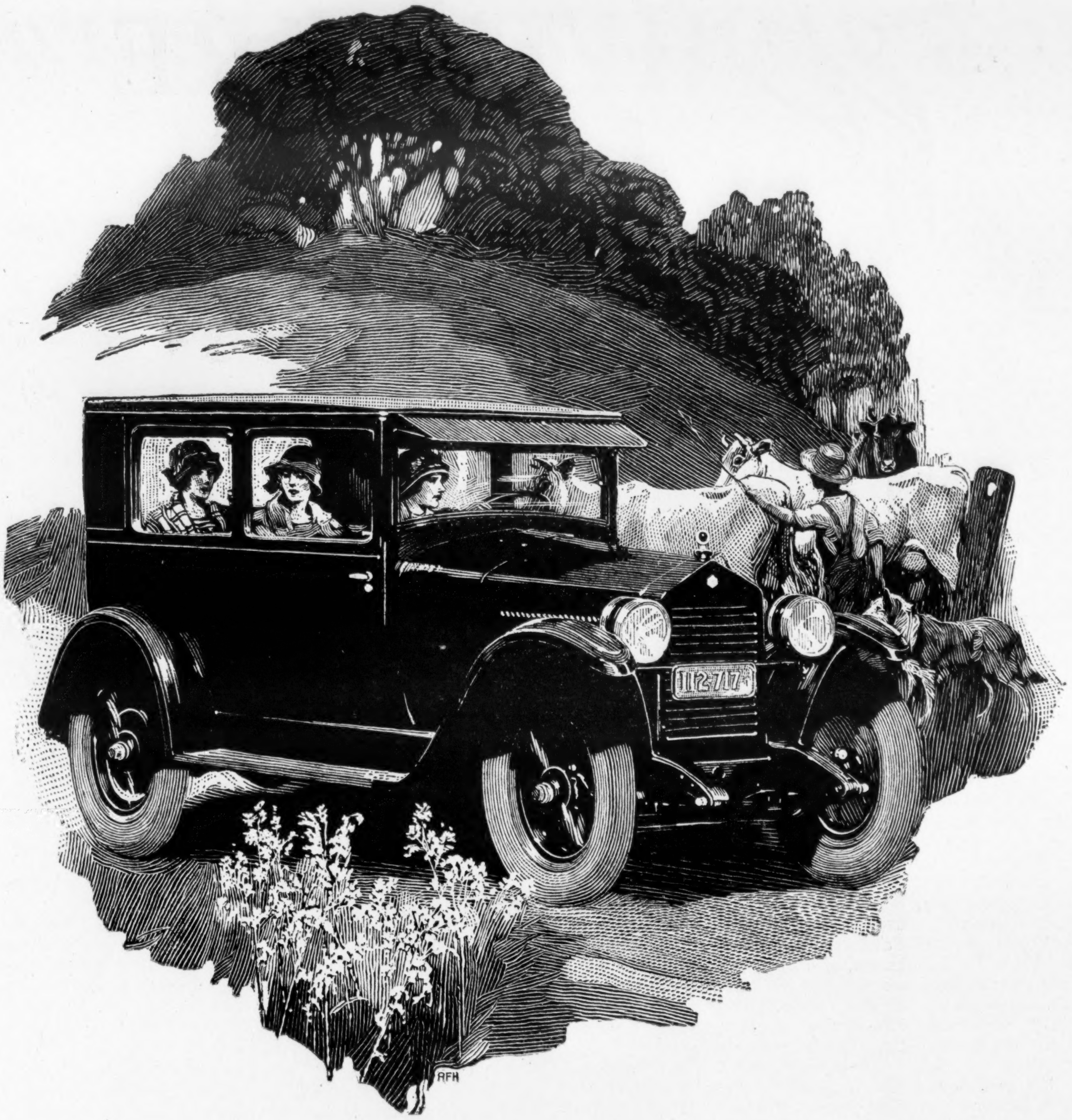
Bender, Coombs, Barry and a few others who used to be in the limelight are coaching college teams.

But it is no easy job to take up new work after thirty-five and begin all over.

Professional baseball is attractive when one is twenty-one. It is good fun and big pay. It means big crowds, cheering, fame, excitement, headlines and money in the bank.

And it may have been a good thing for the few who were good enough to become stars.

But there are not many stars. And there are usually a good many years after thirty-five where flying spikes and a wilting arm are not much help.



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WHITE FIRE

The Story Thus Far

JUNE WYNNE, the lovely young wife of Tabor Wynne, of an old Philadelphia family, picks a quarrel with her husband over a string of black pearls which she claims are imitation. Next day Lance Fairless, a good-for-nothing young society man, asks Tabor to go to New York, as a lawyer and friend, to buy back Lance's love letters from Jennifer Challis, an actress. That evening Tabor finds a note from June saying she has gone to New York with her sister. He follows but doesn't find her at her regular hotel.

Next day, after cashing a check large enough to buy real pearls which he has decided to give June, he calls on Jennifer at her cheap little hotel. She proves to be most unusual and attractive and returns the letters but refuses any money. On leaving her room Tabor sees Lance Fairless and June entering the elevator with a bellboy carrying two bags. Tabor asks another boy to return the letters to Jennifer and rushes out.

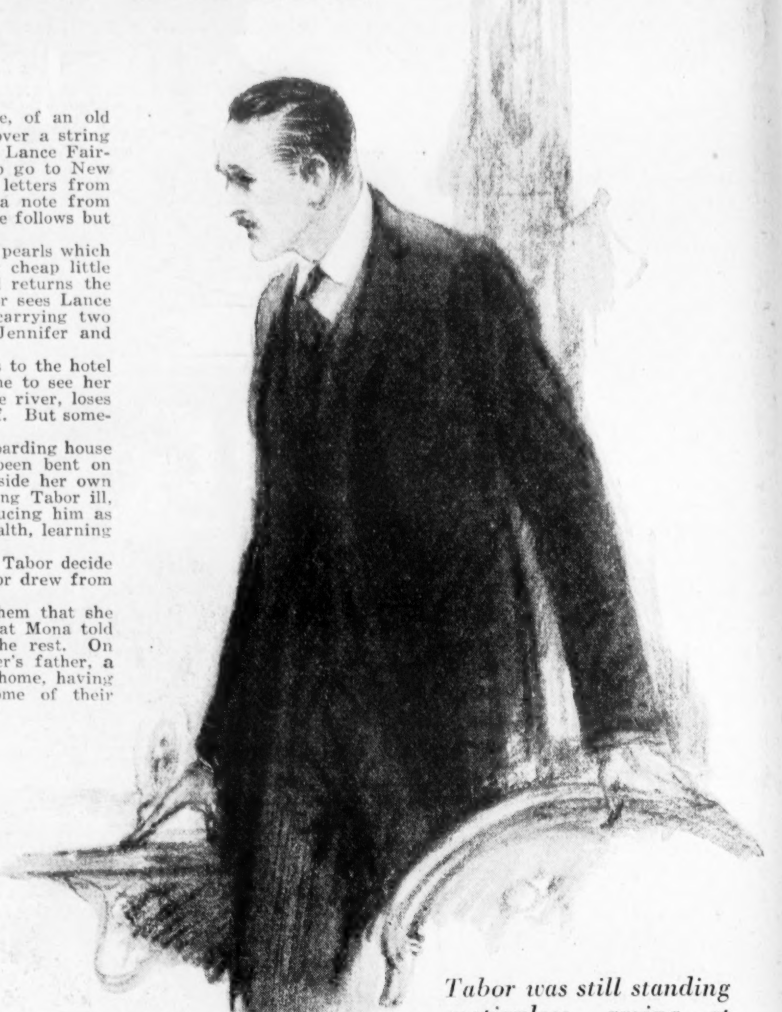
He walks for hours in a pouring rain and finally returns to the hotel to insist upon Jennifer's taking the money. He is in time to see her leave with the packet of letters. He follows almost to the river, loses sight of her and decides the thing to do is to drown himself. But someone pulls him back.

Ten days later he rouses to find himself in a theatrical boarding house being taken care of by Jennifer Challis. She also had been bent on self-destruction that night but on seeing Tabor had set aside her own trouble and saved him. The letters were destroyed. Finding Tabor ill, Jennifer had secured rooms at the boarding house, introducing him as her husband, Tabor Drew. She has nursed him back to health, learning his story through his delirium.

Since their need of each other seems great, Jennifer and Tabor decide to go on living as Mr. and Mrs. Drew—on the money Tabor drew from the bank.

One day Mona Desmond, a friend of Jennifer's, tells them that she met Lance Fairless on the street and Jennifer realizes that Mona told all she knew and feels sure that Lance will find out the rest. On Tabor's first day out of the house, they run into Jennifer's father, a disreputable individual. Later that evening, on reaching home, having moved that day into a small apartment, they find some of their friends waiting to surprise them. Among them is Jennifer's father, who, ostensibly through a slip of the tongue, calls Tabor Mr. Wynne, and Tabor realizes that the man knows who he is.

In the meantime June is enjoying clandestine trysts with Lance, much more in love with him than he is with her. They go to dine one evening in a private room of a roadhouse upon Lance's return from New York, where he claims to have been on business. The detective agency engaged by June telephones that Tabor is found. A moment later the door opens and Tabor walks in.



Tabor was still standing motionless, gazing at the note, when the maid came in

VI

"I TOLD the people downstairs to hold off serving dinner till you rang for it," Tabor explained with the punctilio of painful embarrassment. "But to make sure nobody interrupts—"

An almost deprecating sign called attention to the key he had turned in the door. But neither his wife nor the man she loved betrayed understanding by any stir; only their changing color acknowledged Tabor's presence, June's fading while in the face of Fairless a slowly darkening crimson burned.

Nevertheless it was Tabor who seemed the most discountenanced by this surprise that was none to him. Constraint was drawing his brows, the eyes with their hurt look were shy, and before speaking again he moistened in nervous stealth his straight, thin lips.

"I am sorry. It isn't my desire but circumstances that force me to seek this—conversation. We have come to a stage where we can't very well put off arriving at an understanding."

The muscles beneath the stained skin of Fairless' jaws were conspicuously working. "Damn you!" he thickly cried, and took a sudden step toward Tabor. "You've been spying—"

A deliberate lift of one fine hand alone brought him to a full pause. "Of course," Tabor replied, and all at once was quietly master of himself again. "What did you expect? You have been spying on me. If you had used more discretion—or generosity—I would have left you two to go your ways with never another reminder of my existence."

The white, taut June moved quickly in between the two. "Tabor!" she blazed in pure bravado—"are you blaming me for engaging detectives to find out what had become of you?"

"No; I quite understand." Tabor's regard seemed to comprehend his wife, but in remote bewilderment, as he might in all sincerity have been asking what this woman was to him, that he must treat with her on the intimacies of a life long dead and buried. "You had to make that gesture, I know, for appearance' sake. It is not the attentions of the Remington people that bring me here to-night, but his. He dined with Mona Desmond in New York yesterday and spent the evening with her—"

"That's a lie!" Fairless blustered.

"Tell Mona that," Tabor retorted with a faint shrug; "tell Theodore, who took your order for dinner at the Madison; tell young Mr. Russell of MacBride's, who sold you two seats for 'Candida;' tell the staff of the Lido-Venice, where you and Mona danced till closing time. And forgive me if I say I don't quite see the object of this unmannerly denial— Or didn't you know Mona would call Jennifer up the first thing this morning to tell how you slyly had been pumping for information about her all evening long?"

"But, Lance!" June expostulated—"you just told me—"

"I didn't want to say anything, raise any false hopes, till I was positive," Fairless sulkily evaded. "I had a hunch, of course, the minute Miss Desmond began to chatter about this Challis girl. Still, the 'husband' she'd been introducing to Broadway as 'Tabor Drew' wasn't necessarily yours."

"If it matters," Tabor commented. "To my mind, it doesn't, a great deal, what your motive was. What does matter is that you have chosen again to make yourself obnoxious in my private life, as well as in the life of the young woman you jilted when you took up with June. That is what forced my hand, more than the activities of the Remington agency. I don't propose to be divorced," Tabor concluded, addressing June directly, with unemphasized but none the less convincing finality—"except on grounds of my own dictation."

JUNE gave a small gasp, swayed, and put a hand to the table to steady herself. The last touch of unreality had been added to this strangely static nightmare, in which she, trapped with the man who had stolen her by the man whom they had dishonored, found herself calmly, at least with the surface of civilized calm which Tabor's restraint demanded, discussing the unspeakable. . . .

Her baffled stare quested from Lance's lowering countenance, the color of pressed brick still, and seemingly as hard, to Tabor's, that masked with its worn old cast of authority God knew what animus. She heard incredulity shake her tongue: "You mean—you can't mean, Tabor!—you're willing to have me divorce you."

"Not willing, but determined—you must!"

"On his own terms, mind you," Fairless mocked. "The good man is proposing a divorce by collusion."

"I am proposing," Tabor patiently corrected, "merely the one arrangement I can consent to which will spare June shame and public humiliation."

"Noble of you, I'm sure! But suppose she isn't of a mind to give you your liberty on your own terms—what then?"

"Then I shall find myself reluctantly constrained to start suit on my own behalf."

"And just now you were proposing, in your high-minded way, to spare June—"

"She can avoid being made the defendant, if she chooses. But I shall not retreat from my first stipulation: I will not consent to be divorced on false grounds—such as you have been seeking to establish by these later pryings into my affairs. A cruelly wrong thing has been done; and I, who was innocent of causing it, have been made to pay for it ten times over, and will have paid far more before we are done and finished. But nothing will induce me to stand idly by and see the other sufferer pay more."

"'The other'!" June blankly echoed—"'the other sufferer'?"

"Lance understands me," Tabor informed her in faint fatigue; "though I don't doubt he's never told you. . . . I mean Miss Challis, the young woman who was living under his protection, on his promise to marry her, until he—tired of her and chose to become interested in another man's wife."

"And who hooked up with you," Fairless sneered, "as soon as she was quits with me!"

"Does that wound your vanity? Or what is it to you what Jennifer does today?"

"It's a damn' lot to me, as a friend of June's. . . ." Tabor's look caused an uglier red to darken the man's face. "I said 'friend'!" he repeated in a voice of threatening metal. "When I hear you having the impudence to talk about letting June divorce you on grounds of *your* dictation—and you all the while living with this—"

"Careful!" Tabor's tone was level, yet that simple admonition was enough to silence Fairless for a breath. "And keep a civil tongue in your head, sir, when you mention Miss Challis—or, for that matter, me. I owe nobody an account of my life to-day, you least of all. Your attitude makes it competent to me, however, to inform you that your innuendoes are without foundation in fact."

"Tell that to the court," Fairless mimicked with poor success, "when June names Jenny Challis as corespondent."

"Have you taken leave of your wits?" Tabor coldly challenged—"or what makes you dream I would tolerate any such proceedings?"

"Try and stop it then."

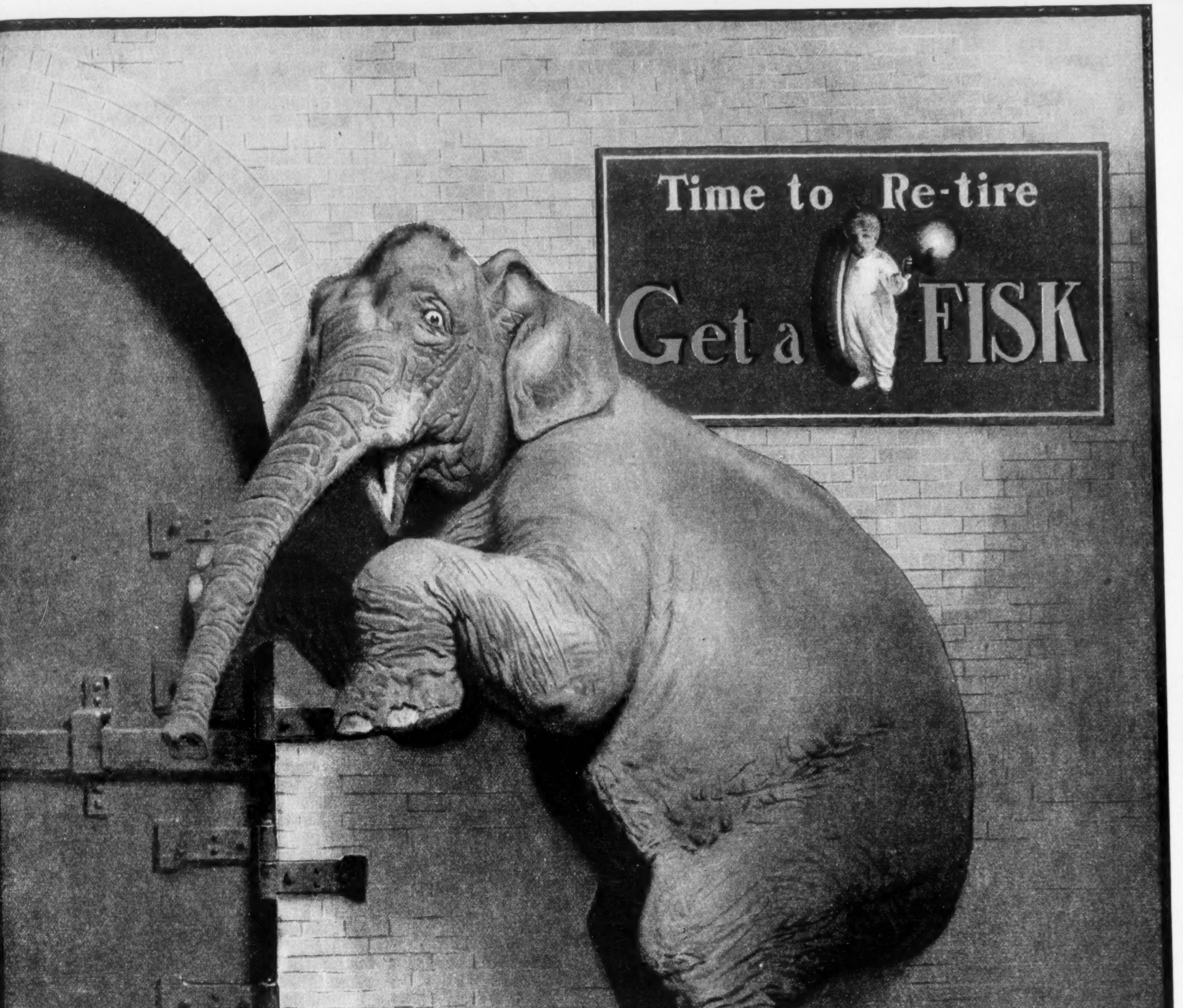
"I shan't be called on to exert myself. For her sake—and mine, because she was my wife and legally still is—I am ready to-day to let June divorce me quietly and as speedily as may be, in another state, on conditions which I will presently name. But be warned: any attempt to bring in the name of Jennifer Challis will be the signal for me to sue here in Philadelphia, naming you as corespondent, and spreading this shameful affair in detail before the public."

"TABOR!" June gasped—"you would never—"

"Would I not!" For once the ice of Tabor's contempt was touched briefly by a bleak gleam. "You will be ill-advised to take any action on the man I was— If I have learned there is more in life than pride of family, thank yourself for teaching me that lesson."

"Let him sue!" Fairless hotly counseled, losing his head entirely for the moment. "He'll only lose. We've got the goods on him

(*Continued on page 30*)


Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK
Leslie Thrasher

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White Fire

Continued from page 28

—evidence no court in the land would overlook. And even if the least grounds existed for what he pretends to believe about us, he can't prove a thing."

"Aren't you being a bit shortsighted?" Tabor politely inquired—"overlooking the circumstance that, when I had occasion to seek this meeting, I knew precisely where to find you, even at what hour?"

In surly dismay Fairless growled: "Finding us here proves nothing. As a matter of fact, we didn't come here together—"

"I am aware of that."

"But separately, to meet the Todwarrens for dinner."

"Oh? You are expecting Tod and May?"

"They've been delayed by something, but will turn up any minute now."

"I have a feeling they won't," Tabor commented. "In fact, I'll wager you they don't. Shall we say ten thousand dollars against—long odds, I know; but presumably you have the courage of your convictions—eighty-five thousand?"

"What!" Fairless started back sharply, his eyes shot with uneasiness. "You're mad!"

But Tabor seemed for the time content to let that offer rest. "Even if you were able to get the Todwarrens to swear to that tale," he harked back, "you would find it difficult to persuade any court against the evidence my agents have already collected; photographs of half a dozen pages in the register downstairs, signed in your undisguised hand, 'Mr. and Mrs. Edward Craddock, Philadelphia;' a photograph of a similar entry in the register of the Hotel Winston, New York; affidavits of employees—"

"My God!" June swayed again and instinctively put out a faltering hand which, if he saw it, Fairless saw fit not to take. She sank, aghast, into a chair. "The Winston!" rustled on lips as bleached as her face.

TABOR looked another way. Though she was nothing to him now but a woman who had used him without pity, it was still not easy, seeing her so stricken. . . . "I am sorry," he said. "It was your misfortune that Miss Challis had moved to the Winston from the flat where Fairless had left her destitute; mine to call there, to interview her on Lance's errand, that morning. . . ."

June sat dumb, bending a desolated gaze to the floor. Fairless, with hang-dog head and hands thrust far down into his pockets, was straying about the room with the aimlessness of a man completely confounded. Tabor moved to the table, filled a glass with water, and sipped in thoughtful silence.

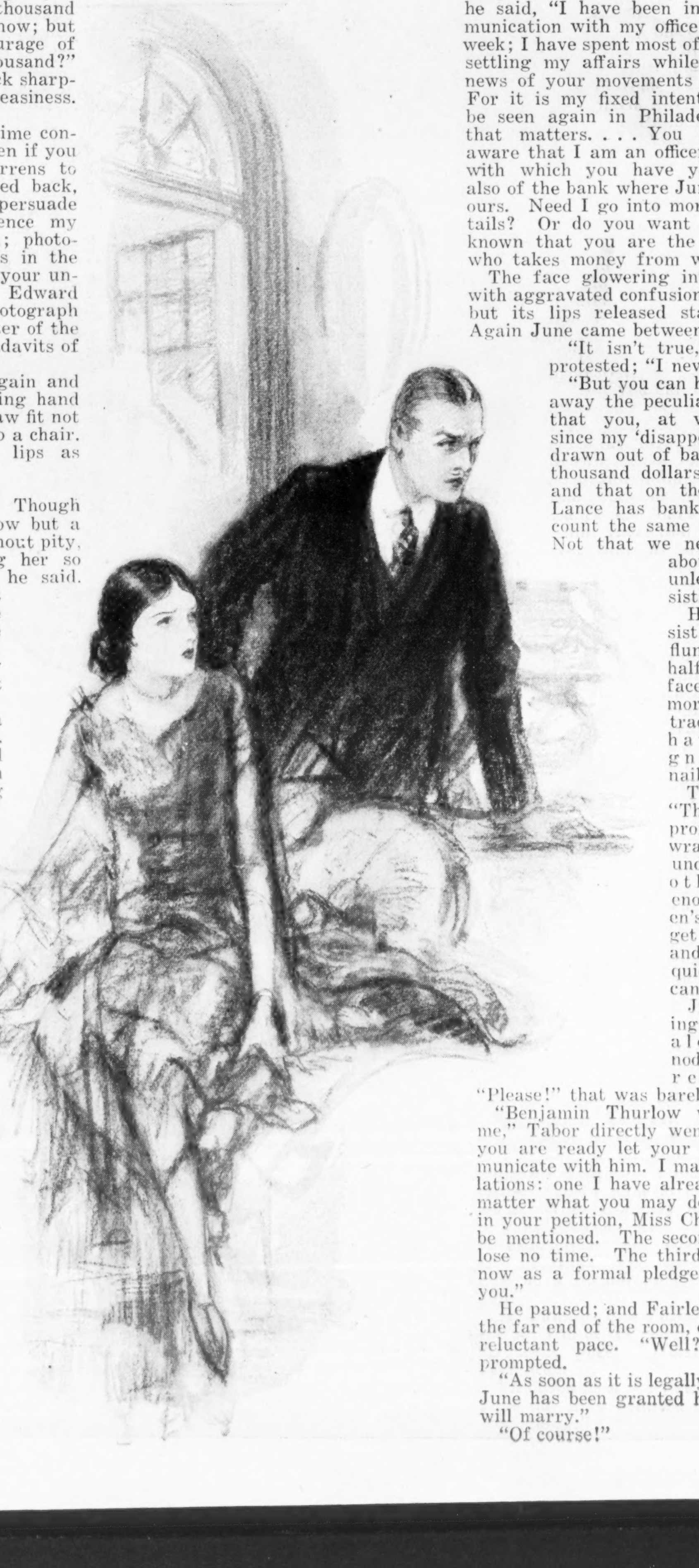
"Well?" Fairless abruptly demanded, halting. "Now you've cooked up a case that won't bear airing, for June's sake . . . what do you want?"

"I have already made my mind clear." Tabor put down the glass and wearily turned anew to the business in hand. "It is my intention to be divorced, for desertion and no graver cause, with all possible expedition—"

"What's your hurry? Don't tell me you've fallen for ingenuous Jenny as hard as all that!"

Tabor's mouth tightened, his eyes narrowed.

June, looking up, interposed a throaty "What's up?"—got quickly to her feet, and stood looking from the one man to the other. "What do you mean?"



June swayed again and put out a faltering hand which Fairless saw fit not to take. She sank, aghast, into a chair. "The Winston!" rustled on lips as bleached as her face

"Why!" Fairless in make-believe wonder replied—"haven't you tumbled yet? What d'you suppose has come over this stout old Quaker to make him so keen about a divorce all of a sudden? He wants to get married again, of course."

"'To get married'!"

"Heels over head in love already with the dear little waif he's taken under his fatherly wing—that's the answer."

"I have cautioned you once, Fairless," Tabor with frigid deliberation reminded. "It is distasteful to me to answer insolence with threats—"

"Oh! So it's 'threats' now, is it?" Beside himself, Fairless flung truculently across the room to confront Tabor at close range. "And what about them? June's her own mistress; if she wants to take dictation from you, that's her affair. But perhaps I'm not so easy to handle; what about me?"

TABOR'S eyes did not wince from that infuriated glare; but before answering he was taken with a little sigh of resignation. "You may as well know," he said, "I have been in secret communication with my office for nearly a week; I have spent most of to-day there, settling my affairs while waiting for news of your movements this evening. For it is my fixed intention never to be seen again in Philadelphia . . . if that matters. . . . You may not be aware that I am an officer of the bank with which you have your account; also of the bank where June and I have ours. Need I go into more painful details? Or do you want it to become known that you are the sort of man who takes money from women?"

The face glowering into his blazed with aggravated confusion and chagrin, but its lips released stammers only. Again June came between the two.

"It isn't true," she loyally protested; "I never—"

"But you can hardly explain away the peculiar coincidence that you, at various times since my 'disappearance,' have drawn out of bank eighty-five thousand dollars in currency, and that on the same dates Lance has banked to his account the same sums in cash. Not that we need say more about the matter unless Lance insists. . . .

He did not insist; instead, he flung away again, half hiding his face. An actor more reverent of tradition would have taken to gnawing his nails.

Tabor went on: "There is little profit in this wrangling. We understand each other well enough. In Heaven's name, let us get the rest said and done with as quickly as we can."

June, confronting her husband alone, gave a nod; her tongue released a "Please!" that was barely audible.

"Benjamin Thurlow will represent me," Tabor directly went on. "When you are ready let your attorney communicate with him. I make three stipulations: one I have already stated—no matter what you may decide to allege in your petition, Miss Challis must not be mentioned. The second is that you lose no time. The third I shall exact now as a formal pledge from each of you."

He paused; and Fairless, listening at the far end of the room, came back at a reluctant pace. "Well?" he sullenly prompted.

"As soon as it is legally possible, once June has been granted her decree, you will marry."

"Of course!"

But Fairless was less ready than June. And out of consideration for her Tabor invented an excuse for him.

"You need not hesitate on Effie's account. I am in a position to tell you that private and discreet representations have already been made to her parents. She will leave within a few days for a year in Europe. When she is gone you will be permitted to announce that the engagement has been broken off by mutual consent. I am further in a position," Tabor dryly added, "to advise you that your attempts to be circumspect have not been successful. People are already talking—in whispers, it is true, but talking. That is why I stipulate that your wedding take place without delay, after the divorce. June and I are waiting for your answer."

"But you both knew what it would be from the first."

"Nevertheless, I require your word of honor."

"You pretend to believe what you pretend to believe," Fairless in his last ditch snarled, "and talk about accepting my 'word of honor'!"

"Men of your stripe, I have noticed, honor the words they have passed to—men."

"Oh!" June flared. "You dare to suggest Lance would—"

"If I do him an injustice," Tabor cut in without releasing Fairless from the demand implicit in his attitude, "I owe him no apology. Why does the fellow quibble, do you suppose, and shy away from the point? Doesn't he know that, if you divorce me you will be left a richer woman, better able to support a husband of luxurious habits?"

"Damn you!" Fairless muttered, "you'll pay for that, in the end, more than you think to!"

"But now?"

"Oh! If you must have it your way. . . . Word of honor!"

"Very good."

Tabor took his hat, went to the door, unlocked it, but with hand on the knob waited, rooted in indecision, for a long minute. In the room behind him no one moved or spoke.

Of a sudden and without another word or one look back he opened the door and went out, taking with him something he would gladly have gone wanting: a vision of that room more vivid and far more true than any his visual memory could have seized and retained, a mental picture of the tableau those two were holding when he left to search each the other's countenance with eyes that new knowledge had made quick with fear and doubt and mutual distrust.

Though he had owed them no mercy, but justice only, and had not faltered in meting out justice to them according to his lights, it was in his heart immediately to be sorry for them who in mad haste to win the Eden of their desire had not hesitated to lay his life waste, only in this end to find the promise of their own a desert, sterile, bitter, and implacable.

Sorry, at least, for June; most pitiful of June. . . .

STRANGE, that one who had so lately been able to search out and speak with her and see her—the woman who had one time been all—without a quiver of feeling, of repining, anger in true sense, or compassion, should, now that he was no more a witness to her ordeal, be so haunted by its tragedy, so harrowed by the pity of it.

Left, more alone now with the man she had preferred than if he had denied and forsaken her, to go down into her hell ordained! . . .

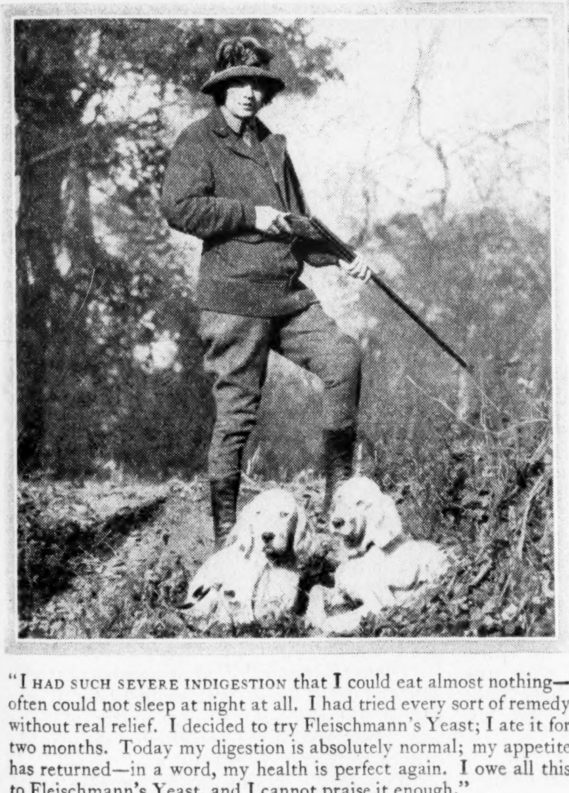
If it had been in Tabor's power then to undo what that night had done, he would have turned back to undo it.

But he could do nothing, who had done nothing but play out the part which they, joint authors of their own joined destiny, witlessly had cast him to play.

That scene just quitted had been, he was now competent to perceive, a *scène-à-faire* from the first in the play of their lives which those two had conspired to compose in terms of romance, in that threadbare drama, as it had turned out, whose last curtain, unhappily, was yet to fall.

(*Continued on page 32*)

"As a young mother, having given birth to eight children within nine years, complications setting in and my nerves badly shattered, I was fast losing my vitality. I tried eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon developed a fondness for it, and my health started to improve wonderfully. For clearing the complexion there is nothing like it. Within eight months I felt as if I could do the work of a longshoreman. It certainly did restore energy to my wasted body."
Mrs. Florence Murray, New York



"I had such severe indigestion that I could eat almost nothing—often could not sleep at night at all. I had tried every sort of remedy without real relief. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast; I ate it for two months. Today my digestion is absolutely normal; my appetite has returned—in a word, my health is perfect again. I owe all this to Fleischmann's Yeast, and I cannot praise it enough."
Miss E. Lapointe, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

"A severe airplane crash while serving as Flying Instructor during the war resulted in derangement of internal organs. My health failed rapidly for two years. Extreme gas pains, boils and other effects of aggravated auto-intoxication combined to make existence a thing of almost constant pain. Malnutrition helped lower my vitality. My wife started me on 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Within a week natural functions were normally resumed. Immediately I gained strength. Rest became possible and proper nourishment. Thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, today I am in normal rugged health."
Rex V. Bixby, Culver City, Cal.

ONLY HALF-LIVING?

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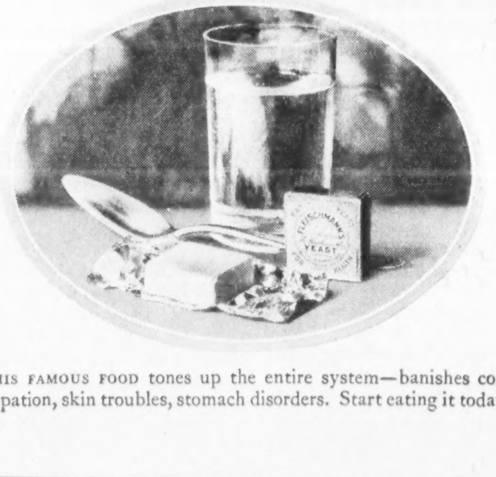
NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

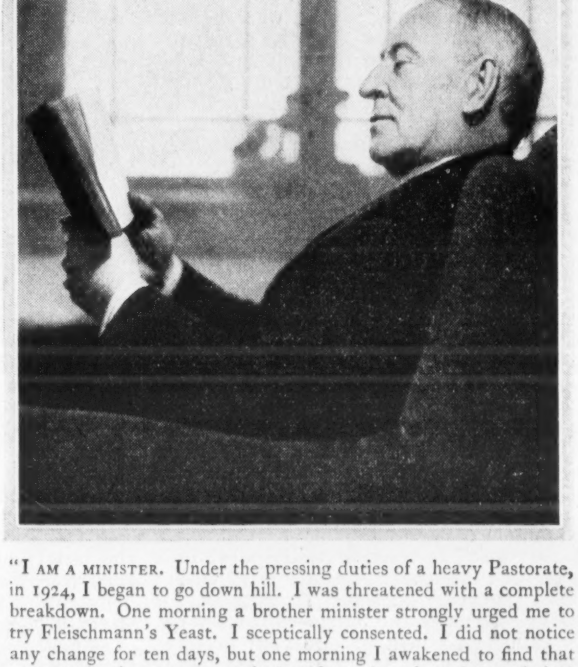
Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. E-20, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

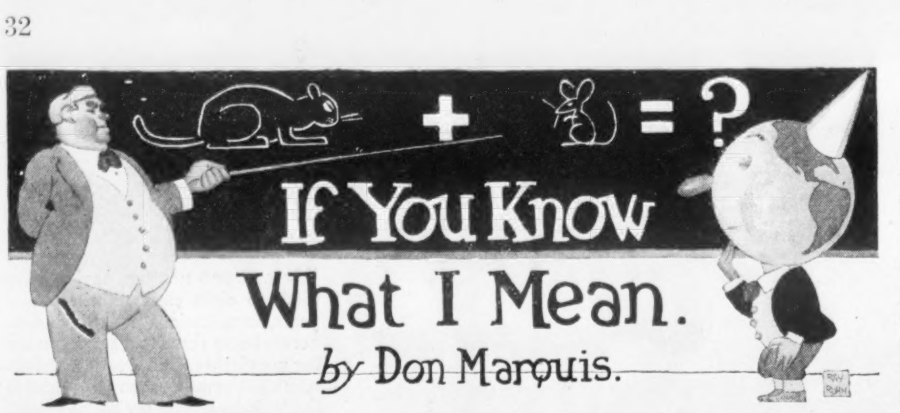


This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!

"Two years ago I found myself very unfit physically. I was fagged and nervous, fearful of chronic ill-health. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. Amazing! It has entirely eliminated that weak, fagged condition; made me feel and *look* wonderfully fit. I am now adding Yeast to the diet of my small son. He was so under-nourished looking, and ordinary tonics did him no good. He is responding beautifully—his skin and eyes are clear, appetite fine, and he is fast losing his emaciated appearance."
Mrs. Virgil Hart, Cross Plains, Texas



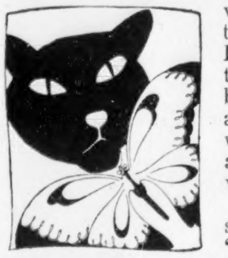
"I am a minister. Under the pressing duties of a heavy Pastorate, in 1924, I began to go down hill. I was threatened with a complete breakdown. One morning a brother minister strongly urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I sceptically consented. I did not notice any change for ten days, but one morning I awakened to find that my constipation was not so bad as formerly; after 16 days it had disappeared entirely. My nervousness and irritability were fast leaving me. I kept on . . . I was able once again to take up my pastoral duties."
The Rev. Duncan P. Cameron, Detroit, Minn.



If You Know What I Mean.

by Don Marquis

WE SAW a black cat in Sixth Avenue the other day playing with a golden butterfly. A good time was being had by all. The butterfly had obviously come to the great city to be ruined. All summer long, from the Palisades beyond the Hudson, she had looked across at the lights and life of Manhattan, and thrilled and yearned and wondered. Her parents and her friends and her sweetheart had bidden her beware. "One false flight," they had said, "and the world will never be the same again!" But the impulse that shoots the sea bird like an arrow at the lighthouse window was quick and vital in her wings.



"Hell's bells!" said that butterfly, "Here goes!" She wanted light—she wanted to be a part of it; she felt in her the lift of the lyric hunch, aimed herself at the light atop the Metropolitan Tower, and shot the roll. Next morning the cat got her. But that was her night: she had had her hour of ecstasy; she was about to die happily; she expected nothing else—when along came a spoil sport.

A woman, tender-hearted as usual, playing at superiority to nature as usual, utterly wrong, as is too often the case, and smilingly self-satisfied—along came this sentimental female—and rescued the golden butterfly from between the black cat's very paws. That butterfly's future existence will be one protracted anticlimax, to say nothing of the disappointment of the black cat, who was (and consciously, it seemed) providing a beautiful picture on the sun-flooded sidewalk, his black paws opposed to the insect's gold and his expanded eyes as yellow as her wings; he was being amorally decorative, and that is all a cat should be. But the butterfly has been cheated of her legitimate tragic ending by the interference of a sentimental woman who did not in the least understand the significance of what was going on; she was obsessed with the current mania for rescue; she would tolerate nothing but the Happy Ending. If we were a trifle more the highbrow and the pessimist we should twist the incident into a bit of symbolic criticism on the life and literature of the United States.

A RECENT Washington dispatch to the newspapers said that a new and more vigorous "dry war" had been planned by Secretary Mellon and approved by President Coolidge. The next day it was announced that William H. Anderson had formed a "new dry alliance" to be known as the American Prohibition Protestant Patriotic Protective Association. Our friend Clem Hawley, otherwise the Old Soak, comments: "The only trouble with all these here new and more turrible campaigns against liquor and us mammals of iniquity is that they has a tendency to boost the price of drinks."

THE New York critics who damned it are still wondering why "Abie's Irish Rose" is making millions of dollars for its author. "Abie's Irish Rose" is a success because it employs a basic—perhaps *the* basic—situation of romance: a youth of one clan loves a girl of another and opposing clan. Writers as popular as Shakespeare, Harold Bell Wright, the authors of the Old Testament and Elinor Glyn use the formula; nor is it scorned by Henry James, Stevenson and Edith Wharton. It is a growth that springs perennial from the high brow, the middle and the low. Lovers separated by caste, faction, race, camp, party, creed, dogma, class, come together with tragic or comic results; and when the theme is worked out with the hokum of the current hour it is always sure-fire stuff with the many millions who love their hokum raw and on the hoof. No one in the world above the age of twelve should fail to recognize the thing that makes "Abie's Irish Rose" a success—except of course New York theatrical producers and critics.

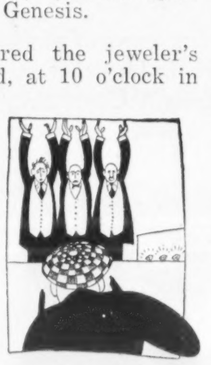
DR. ALBERT E. JENKS, professor of anthropology at the University of Minnesota, contributes to the current discussion on the Darwinian theory of evolution the remark: "There is a strange resemblance between a pink chimpanzee and a woman coming out of a bath." We wonder if the professor has not been a little unfortunate as to the women he has seen coming out of baths?

HOW old is the doctrine of the evolution of the human species from the lower animals—the doctrine which, as Darwinism, is so bitterly opposed by Mr. Bryan, the Tennessee legislature *et al?* Literally, older than the pyramids; far older.

The great Sphinx of Gizeh, with its body of a bull, its wings of an eagle, its claws of a lion, and its emerging human head, symbolizes the thought of a vanished priesthood that man arrived on this planet as the result of a process of evolution. The sphinx stood between the Libyan Mountains and the sea at a time so very long ago that the delta of the Nile had not yet been formed by the alluvial deposits, and the Pyramids had not yet been built. There are inscriptions of the fourth dynasty which mention it and say that its origin is lost in the waste of time; it was discovered by chance, and the sand which had buried it was dug away—and the fourth dynasty was 4,000 years B. C.!

Six thousand years ago this symbol was so ancient that no one then living could conjecture when it was hewn from its rocky matrix. The thought of the ascent of man is older than the memory of man or the literature of man, and no doubt it is an idea that has always had to fight for its existence at intervals. There is nothing in physical science which really conflicts with the broad, poetic, symbolic lyricism of the author of Genesis.

THE bandits entered the jeweler's shop, gun in hand, at 10 o'clock in the morning, got the drop on the salesmen and porters, cleaned out the windows and show cases, rifled the safe, and escaped with $200,000 in loot. The place was on one of the principal streets of the town. Several officers of the law were in the immediate vicinity; dozens of citizens were passing back and forth; nobody interfered; the get-away was entirely successful. This is not a report of something that happened in a frontier town forty-five years ago. The year was 1925. The town was the largest city in America; the street was Broadway. And nobody is surprised.



White Fire

Continued from page 30

Tabor, for the time in thrall to forebodings of what no man's mind could foretell, prayed he might not be numbered among the witnesses when the hour struck for that final curtain; prayed, for June's sake not less than for his own, that what had within the hour passed between them might be for them in all ways The End.

In the motor car that was waiting to hurry him to the railroad, in the Pullman and the taxicab that duly if belatedly returned him to New York and the house in West Forty-fifth Street, he inconspicuously performed the evolutions that a traveler must, without active knowledge of his shifting circumstances; having his being in a phase of waking somnambulism, conscious of self as a physical thing only when some unusual exertion demanded of powers drained by the long day made him feel that he was aging, an old man before his time, old and worn and forlorn.

And now that his bridges were all down behind him, now that he was irrevocably committed to a new life in a land still strange and not too friendly, he was conscious of cutting a sorry figure for an adventurer such as his new rôle called for. "All for love and the world well lost" was a brave shibboleth for youth, but not for middling years, never for middle age, unloved and unloving.

And yet, it was true, confidence in his own single-hearted honesty of purpose had failed him once that night, if only once, when Fairless had cried his accusation that Tabor was in love with Jennifer.

Why had he flinched, then, known one faltering heartbeat before it had been possible to treat that charge with the contempt which, he had believed, was all it deserved?

Tabor probed relentlessly his conscience, and found it numb. He had, he assured himself, had enough of love of women, enough of raptures and heartbreak, wanted no more now than a little friendship to sweeten his days and ease their ache of loneliness, a little understanding and toleration—no more than association with Jennifer was giving him, if no less. Not much to ask, perhaps, but for him, he held in his blindness, enough.

IT WAS, therefore, the occasion to him of a minor shock to find the girl still up when he got home at last, long after midnight, and waiting for him in what was, by every evidence, a mind of some anxiety.

"Thank God!" She jumped up, heedlessly dropping the book with which she had been trying to drug thought, and hurried to help Tabor with his overcoat. But words told less than the break in that quaintly husky voice: "I thought I'd lost you, Tabby."

"No fear." Tabor had a try at a light laugh that somehow didn't ring true. "But you got my telegram, surely?"

"Yes—it came." She caught an arm and led him by it to the reading lamp that lent the living-room its only light. "But why didn't you tell me before you went out?"

"I thought then I was merely going for a walk to mull things over. I was rather upset—"

"What was it that upset you so, Tabby?"

"What Mona had to tell you when she called up this morning. My door was shut, but I couldn't help overhearing your end of the conversation—enough to warn me the time had come when steps must be taken. Lance seemed to be meeting Mona by accident much too regularly for our good—if not for hers."

The girl's intuition bridged a wide gap with one of its surprising bounds. "You've been—back!"

Tabor nodded. "I went first to consult a man I've been employing for some time to keep his eyes open for me—"

"A detective, Tabby? And you never told me!" A hand lightly fell on one of Tabor's that rested on the arm of the chair, and was withdrawn with a startled jerk, as though Jennifer were the more discountenanced by the unconsidered intimacy of that caress. "How long has this been going on?"

"I retained the fellow the day after Mona met Fairless the first time in the Biltmore. What he had to tell me to-day was a good deal more than I'd been expecting. A blow was being aimed, and no mistake; the best way to defeat it was to strike first."

"You've seen—her?"

"I conferred with both of them this evening. We ended by making a treaty. June will arrange at once to divorce me quietly—for desertion."

"'Desertion!' Then she doesn't know. . . ."

"To the contrary."

"Lance told her?" And when Tabor had with some reluctance said no to that, Jennifer in bewilderment demanded: "You don't mean to say he hadn't tumbled—after all Mona'd spilled—!"

"I gave you long ago my reasons for believing he would hesitate to jeopardize his present irresponsibility. June got her information through the Remington Detective Agency, and only to-day."

A CLOUD was forming in the gray eyes. "Who put the Remingtons wise?"

"My advices were not so complete. It was enough to know they were satisfied they had found their man in 'Tabor Drew.' So I sent you that wire, and caught the first train."

"For my sake. You did all that, Tabby, for me!"

"For both of us," he corrected, and smiled an odd smile, at once wry and pleading. "The older we grow, the more selfish, Jenny: I had my own peace of mind to consider too."

"You selfish!"—she flouted that slander—"you don't know what the word means. Tabby, you've got to chuck it, I'm afraid"—the fingers tightened on his, the girl bent nearer—"being so good to me."

"I don't—"

"It's getting to be more than I can bear." She wouldn't hear him. "It's not fair, when there's no way for me to get even."

"Please, Jenny!" Tabor expostulated, acutely ill at ease. "It would be different if I'd done anything material for you. But nothing I could ever do would cancel half my obligations—"

"You don't understand; or else you choose to let on you don't." Jennifer brooded briefly but darkly on his difficult way with her, and was reminded of another trouble. "Tabby, I wish you'd tell me something. . . ."

"If I can—"

"You won't mind my asking? It's pretty"—she stammered—"pretty personal, I'm afraid. It's about your going back there to-day. Was it very hard, Tabor?"

"You mean painful? In a way, yes, rather. When a life as deeply bedded in one spot as mine was gets torn up by its roots—"

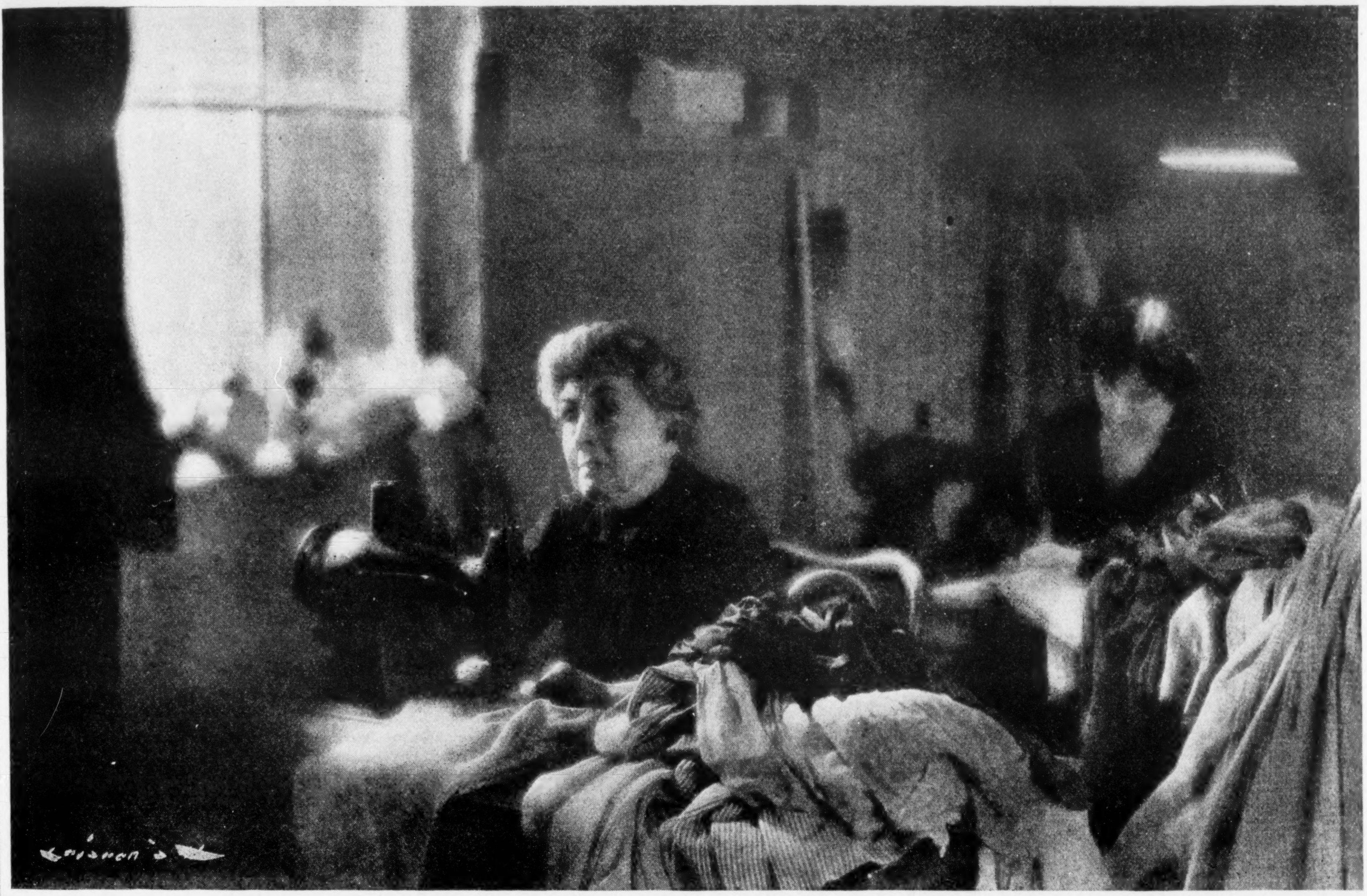
"I know. Just seeing your home again must have been hell," Jennifer quite simply considered. "But I wasn't thinking about only that. . . ."

"What you have in mind is something I myself don't understand," Tabor confessed. "It wasn't easy, but it was uncomfortable, more than downright distressing. I would not have believed I could feel so little real pain."

"I think I understand." Jennifer took her hand away and got up. "There's nothing so dead as a love that's been killed—I know! But, you see, I don't know you very well, Tabby—I don't expect I ever will. . . . I daresay it must sound silly to you"—a stumbling tongue pursued—"but that's just what has been bothering me all day, ever since your telegram. You didn't say where you were going or what you were going to do; so I couldn't help guessing, I thought maybe you. . . . Oh, I don't know! I was just afraid maybe something would happen and you wouldn't come back; and it came over me all of a sudden I wouldn't know what to do without you."

"Jenny!" Tabor remonstrated. "Do

(*Continued on page 34*)



The little grey lady

Toil—toil—a merciless cycle of toil is all she knows. Daily the lines on that pitifully beautiful old face grow deeper. Daily those slender, needle-scarred fingers tremble more and more.

Someone is responsible for this—glaringly responsible. A husband, a brother, a son has failed in his imperative duty.

Because life insurance provides a way to give to old age the comforts and consideration it so richly deserves, this forlorn spectacle is less general today than in bygone days. May the time soon come when it will be completely obliterated!

THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY *of* AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

A pipe-smoker over in Paris grows desperate

He finds his favorite tobacco "worth its weight in gold" there

Our sister republic excels in many fields of production, but Americans in France seem to retain their preference for their native smoking tobaccos.

In fact, with some of them who run out of their favorite home brand it gets to be a desperate case of "tobacco, tobacco, ev'rywhere—but not an ounce to smoke."

That seems to be the case with Mr. Parkhurst. He just happens to be in one of the few sections of the globe where Edgeworth isn't. In France, tobacco selling is controlled by government monopoly.

With the exception of a few countries, of which France is one, Edgeworth is sold all over the world. And so the chances of getting it wherever you go are about ten to one.

We print Mr. Parkhurst's letter partly as a warning to Paris-bound members of the Edgeworth Club and partly because it contains so original and so gratifying a tribute to the contents of "the little blue can."

Paris, France

Larus & Brother Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

My last pipeful of Edgeworth went the way of all good tobacco some two weeks ago and since then I have vainly spent most of my spare time searching Paris for a further supply.

If Edgeworth can be obtained here please let me know where, and I can assure you I will "publish the glad tidings," as the little blue can has occasioned many a covetous glance, and more than once some envious American has said to me, "For the love of Heaven, where did you get that Edgeworth? It's worth its weight in gold over here. I haven't had any since the supply I brought over ran out."

I have been told that I cannot buy pipe tobacco from the States without having a special permit from the French government, so before I'm through I may have to pay 200 or 300 per cent duty and perhaps face prison, but it's worth the risk to get Edgeworth—and after all the only way to find out about this is to try.

Sincerely yours,
S. C. R. Parkhurst.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
READY-RUBBED
EDGEWORTH
EXTRA
HIGH GRADE
PLUG SLICE
EDGEWORTH

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Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

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White Fire

Continued from page 32

you realize it's after two o'clock already? You must be tired out."

"Oh, I know what I'm saying!" The girl rounded on him in shy challenge. "You don't appreciate what you've made yourself mean to me, Tabby—I don't, myself, hardly. It's all been so strange, with us, so queer and—romantic. You've got so much influence over me already."

"Oh, come now!"

"But you have. How do you know what's been going on inside me all this while? Being with you has made me see things so differently. I don't feel like the same woman—I'm not the same woman, Tabby; I'm changed in a way I can't describe. But it's a terribly real way, and you're responsible—it's your influence did it. You see, I've never known anybody like you before." Impulsively she moved a step nearer. "You're so thoughtful and generous and—and—sweet—I don't know how else to put it, Tabby—you make me want to be good." Misted eyes and tremulous lips in a face softly incarnadined implored his charity. "I suppose I must sound like a hysterical little fool; all the same, I mean every word I say; it's all true."

"Nothing of the sort." Tabor with a gesture of paternal indulgence captured those fluttering hands. "But you do sound like a tired-out girl. What you really want is a night's sleep. . . ."

"I don't!" Jennifer all but violently contradicted. "I just want you to understand, and can't seem to think how to make you. . . ."

HER words failed as if for want of breath, and for a moment Tabor saw, in some dismay, that she was swaying toward him. But then, in a jiffy, she reined herself up with a hard curb. "Forgive me, Tabby. I didn't mean to emote all over the place. Only. . . . Well! I expect you're right. I am a bit overwrought—I have been worrying such a lot to-day. Now," she entreated with her flickering smile, "smack me, if you think that's what I need, and send me to bed."

A wag of a dense head denied that. The undercurrent of this sudden shift to levity was hardly to be ignored. But Tabor was either stupid or stubborn—or perhaps afraid to be intelligent. And he was disturbed as well by having to resist an impulse—one of purely paternal feeling, as he reckoned—to take the girl into his arms and comfort her. But that sort of thing would never do—was too open to misconstruction. . . .

"Good night, then," he said—and avoided seeing her. "We'll both be better, I suspect, for a good sleep. Good night, Jenny."

The "Good night, Tabby," that answered had a curiously abashed and at the same time almost sullen pitch. The girl swung away with a movement so sharp it seemed impatient. The dusk that lurked beyond the light of the shaded lamp blurred out all but the gracious stir her body made in the room.

"Oh! I almost forgot. . . ."

Tabor slightly started; Jennifer was looking back from a pause by her bedchamber door.

"A man from Dreicer's was asking for you to-day. He had a valuable package, he said, to deliver, and wouldn't leave it unless somebody responsible signed for it. I told him to come back to-morrow."

"Why didn't you sign for it?" Tabor inquired. "As Mrs. Drew—"

"I didn't have the nerve"—Jennifer consciously laughed—"and that's the truth. I can't seem to get accustomed to being missus'd. I thought I would, after a while; but it's funny, the longer this goes on the more self-conscious, somehow, it makes me feel."

"You'll get used to it," Tabor absently mumbled. He was wondering if she had been moved to speculate on the nature of that undelivered parcel for "Tabor Drew" from a Fifth Avenue jeweler of the first rank. Hardly reasonable to credit her with such lack of curiosity, and Christmas due day after to-morrow. . . .

"And my father was here this afternoon."

"Was he?" Tabor politely pronounced.

"Yes. . . ."

It was borne in upon Tabor that Jennifer was putting a question more than imparting an item of neighborly news. He blinked across the glow of lamplight, to find that the girl had drawn back from the door.

"He said he was calling by appointment, and seemed very cross about not finding you here. Tabor, what does he want of you?"

"I'm afraid," Tabor evaded with the most innocent face he could muster, "you'll have to ask him."

"Because I won't have him sponging on you—please, Tabor! promise not to lend him money simply because—"

"Yes?"

"Oh, well, because he always was a shameless cadger, and he thinks you've got money to lend. He'd always rather borrow than work."

Tabor took a half sigh of relief. That pretentious old blackguard, then, had communicated nothing of his mind to Jenny.

"Tabor . . . you don't suppose he's wise, do you?"

(Confound the girl! Why wouldn't she get along to bed?)

"I imagine," Tabor contrived to say with a mild chuckle, "he's got very little to learn."

"I mean, about us—about our not being married."

"Why? Has he been asking pointed questions?"

"That's just what's puzzling me; he hasn't. It isn't like him not to be nosey. He hasn't said another word since that night about when and where we got married. And the way he stuck around here this afternoon and piled on the agony about a father's love that never had a real show before, and kept smiling down his nose, any fool could have told he thought he was being damn' smart about something or other. Tabor—" An arresting hand fell upon his sleeve, a suppliant countenance sought his. "If he ever tried anything rotten on you, because of me—"

"There!" Tabor patiently patted the detaining hand. "That's a wild fear, surely."

"I don't think I could stand it," the girl passionately cried. "You've done enough for me as it is, more than I ever deserved."

"But I am sure you are alarming yourself needlessly."

"I'm not. He's capable of anything. See here, Tabor"—Jennifer got herself in hand again—"I won't have you paying him hush money on my account. If I find out you're doing that, I—I won't be able to stay here any longer."

"THAT'S all you needed to say to make me promise faithfully to respect your wishes."

"Of course." She shook her head in self-reproach. "And there I go, thinking only of myself, as if my reputation, my feelings, were the only ones to be considered!"

"Don't you think you can trust me to consider mine?"

"I don't know; you're so. . . ." Either she couldn't or wouldn't name the fault in him that proved Tabor in her rating incompetent to fend for himself in any such delicate extremity as, say, attempted blackmail by her father. "I think I ought to go, anyway, don't you?"

"Go where?"

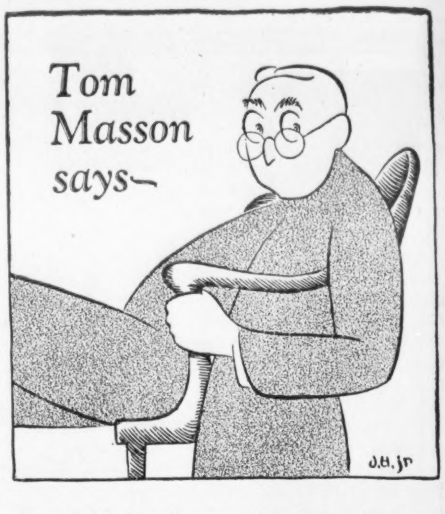
"To live by myself. Tabor! You know I ought to go."

She meant it. Impossible to see her as she was then and still doubt her honesty. For a moment Tabor could only stare in consternation. She meant it!

"Don't be angry with me, Tabor. Only say you think as I do."

"But I don't."

She gave a worried little cry, inarticulate, and dropped back, catching her hands together. He pursued, worried and remonstrating. "You frighten me, Jenny. I should be left cruelly alone. And for what good reason? Un-



LABOR DAY *comes as fitting ceremonial for all the hard labor spent on vacations.*

* * *

"Our ideal for the future," said the house cat, "is a seven-passenger mouse trap."

* * *

When we get those flying machines going, it will then be a question of having the roof under our feet.

* * *

"It's a cold day when I get left," said the ice cream cone.

* * *

The white man's burden: the white man.

* * *

Some drivers would skid if they drove a steam roller.

* * *

France is discovering that, whether it is only a scrap of paper or bound in Morocco, warfare comes high.

* * *

The trouble with jaywalking is it scatters the pedestrians too much. You can get at them better and do more real execution when they are all bunched in one place.

* * *

It now requires 174 different operations to make a shoe. If it happens to be too tight these can be matched by 174 different swear words.

* * *

The President of Mexico says America is on trial before the world. Maybe he wants to get on the list of next year's commencement speakers.

* * *

Is the New England conscience still alive? asks a friend. Friend, you haven't seen the poetry the governor of Massachusetts has written about President Coolidge.

* * *

We hope that France's withdrawal from the Ruhr, where she has been since 1923, will not encourage any more week-end visitors to overstay their time.

* * *

Acting Secretary Davis says our system of defense isn't any good for making war on outsiders. It never has been. Perhaps that is the reason why we've won all the wars we've had so far.

* * *

The coal mine operators have set aside $500,000 for publicity to convince everybody that the miners are all overpaid. Why not make it a million and try to convince us that we are not paying three or four dollars a coal too much?

* * *

In this country everything seems to be standardized but virtue.

* * *

Well, after all is said and done, nobody can now complain that Jack Dempsey didn't get overseas.

less, of course, it's that I'm too old a fogy, make everything too tedious—"

"Oh, Tabor!"—he was bitterly reproached—"you're not so stupid; you know it isn't that!"

"What else," the helpless creature argued, "can I think?"

The girl offered to reply, caught her tongue in time, and in something very like panic edged around the end of the table and once more out of the lamplight that might betray too much.

"Don't ask me to-night, Tabor. I can't tell you. Maybe to-morrow I'll be better able to explain."

"But, Jenny, listen to me—"

He was following round the table when the slight jar of her door as it closed between them brought him up standing, and irrational resentment shook a cry out of him, peremptory: "Jennifer!"

The door was unmoved by that. And Tabor found himself with his hand on its knob before he knew what he was doing.

He started back, shocked profoundly with anger. That she should lightly threaten all he had left to prize, and leave him without a hearing! . . .

All he had left to prize? More than that: all in life that mattered!

He drew a trembling hand across his eyes and stared again at the door that was suddenly become as a wall of brass between him and all in life that mattered.

He knew it now.

Purblind not to have known before. . . .

She had known. Of course! That was what she had meant and in the pity of her heart had been unable to bring herself to tell him.

Infinitely more wise than he, she had foreseen and forewarned against this impossible conjuncture. He could hear her now, saying what she had said back there in the Maison Benelli: "Well, suppose it worked out so that one of us learned to care too much for the other? . . ."

And his infatuated dismissal of the suggestion: "I hardly think there's much danger, taking into account the disparity of our years."

As if the increase of his years had ever brought any man immunity to love!

As would to God it had to Tabor Wynne! . . .

IN TIME he remembered the hour and his fatigue, and, putting out the light, took a gray face to his own room, a gray mood to bed; and in confident anticipation of racking his wits till daylight for ways and means to satisfy Jennifer that she had been mistaken in her diagnosis of his case—and he would have to satisfy or lose her, that he knew—went to sleep like a shot.

A determined knuckling on the door woke him from dreamless slumber late the next morning. He roused unwillingly, oppressed by despair like a black mist in his mind. In response to his call, the maid opened the door half an inch and communicated the tidings that the man from Dreicer's was waiting to get Tabor's signature for a package. He got up, found his dressing gown and slippers and, going out into the living-room, signed for the delivery. Not till then did it occur to him to be curious about the hour.

Half past ten, and no sign of Jennifer.

Tabor had to remind himself that she had been up as late, after a day no doubt in its way as wearing.

The morning paper, brought in by the maid with the milk, lay on the table in the living-room, and upon it a square white envelope rested with the name "Tabor" scrawled across its face.

TABOR was still standing motionless over the note when, after several minutes, the maid came from the kitchen to answer the door. It needed the roll of a loud and unctuous voice behind him to shatter that spell. He turned to greet Mr. Franklyn Blaine with the mien of a hanging judge.

"Well?" he harshly demanded, cutting short a "Tabor, me lad!" that dripped rancid fellowship—"what do you want?"

The face that swam before his vision, in the likeness of a mask modeled in caricature of hypocritical heartiness, underwent a strange but in Tabor's sight entirely immaterial change—turned into an equally repulsive mask of amazement.

But the trained voice held still its false flattery.

"Have I called too early, Tabor, my boy? Hard night last night—eh? I can't think you mean to welcome your father-in-law in that tone."

"Then you are mistaken," Tabor curtly replied. "See here, Blaine; I've got no time to waste. You don't get a cent. Good morning."

"But . . . What's that? Do you know who you're talking to?"

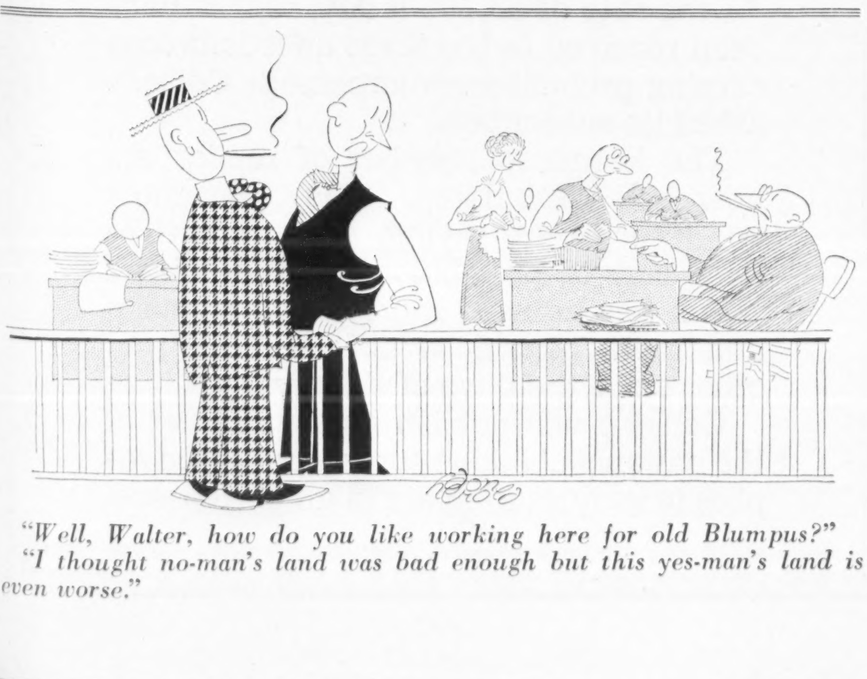
"Perfectly; and you have yourself to thank for that. The man you met in the public library, that day you went there to refresh your memory by looking up my picture in the papers—the man who scraped acquaintance with you and got you tight—happened to be a Remington detective, working for the agency employed by my wife. The result is, I have revisited my home, Mrs. Wynne is starting suit for a divorce, Jennifer has gone elsewhere to live, and I am no longer fair game for a petty blackmailer. Now—clear out."

There were more words from the mask of fury that registered but vaguely. Tabor was before long alone again, free to return all his mind to those penciled lines of haste:

"Tabor dear, please don't be angry, and don't think I'm ungrateful. You must know I've got to go; you must know why. It was all right until what I had been afraid of all along happened. Then it was impossible. But I didn't know till yesterday—I mean, I didn't know for sure. I won't ever forget you, but please try to forget me as quickly as you can because I'm not worth remembering. Really, I am not— JENNIFER.

"P. S.—And don't worry about me. I've got a job, a regular one."

(*To be continued next week*)



"*Well, Walter, how do you like working here for old Blumpus?*"
"*I thought no-man's land was bad enough but this yes-man's land is even worse.*"

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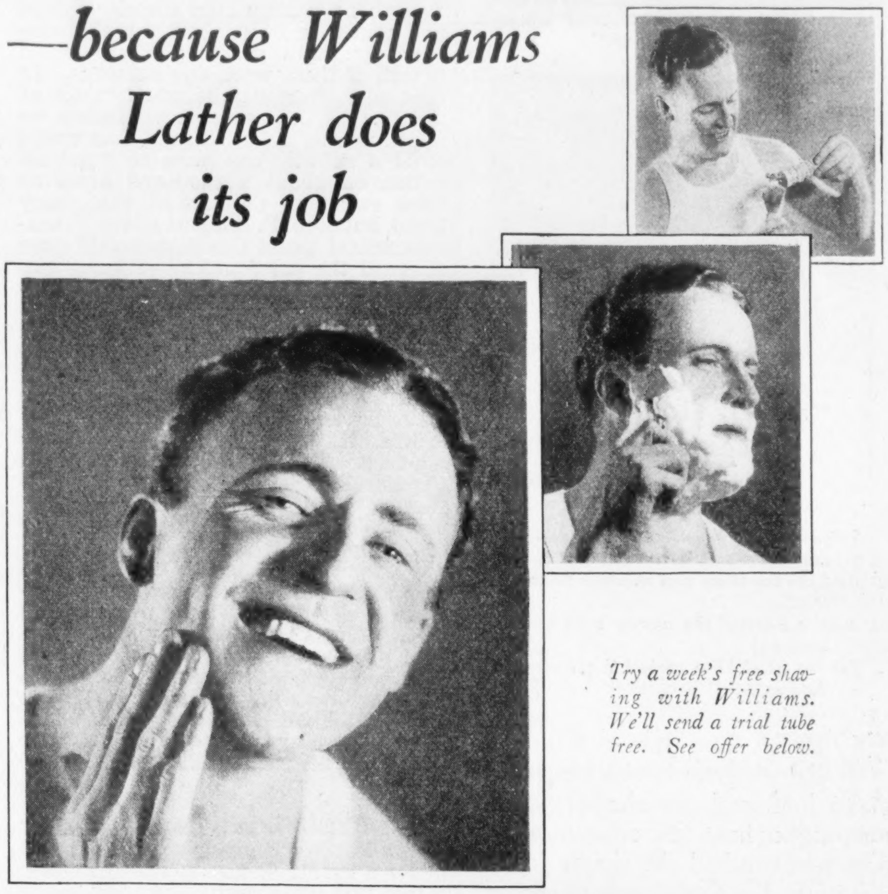

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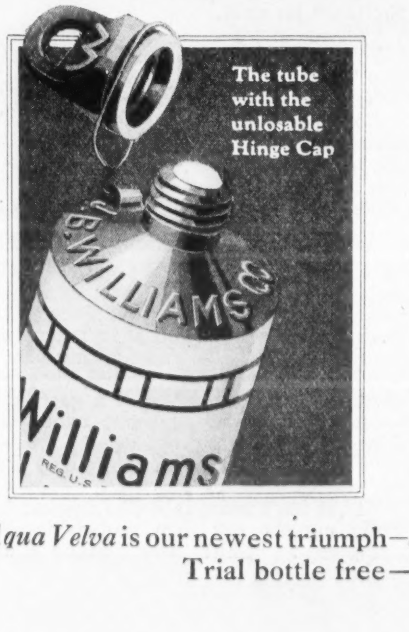

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"Thare the bullrushes growed, and the cattails so tall,
And the sunshine and shadder fell over it all;
And it mottled the worter with amber and gold
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These People Are the Class

Continued from page 14

"This isn't about a woman," I said. "Only a reminiscence of the real estate business. This deplorable landscape over there is all within the city limits, and would be only about twenty minutes by subway from Forty-second Street, if there were any subways. In that case, it would be worth a lot of money. Well, a year or so before we were married it looked as if they would build a subway out here, so I got an option on about a thousand acres of these swamps. Cost me all the money I had, but old J. P. Emmott of the Transcontinental Trust Company would have financed the development—I knew him pretty well in those days. Eden Estates, we were going to call it—a high-class residential suburb. If that had gone through, you and I would have as much money as the Skillinghams."

"But what happened?" she asked, for I'd never told her this sad story.

"Oh, it flopped, like most of my schemes. The mayor and the Transit Commission got into one of their customary fights, so the subway was never built. There's a great chance for somebody to get rich there, and some day somebody will, but not us. But that explains why we spent our honeymoon modestly at Atlantic City, instead of at Palm Beach with great éclat."

"I don't care," said Polly, "it was a nice honeymoon, anyway. And who would want to have as much money as the Skillinghams if these are Skillinghams we see around us? . . . But they just can't be. Wait till we get to the church."

SEA BREEZE was too far out for comfortable commuting and too far in for a country-house colony; in short, it was just plain town, inhabited chiefly by persons who had had the misfortune to be born there and lacked the energy to move away. Still, some of the Skillinghams lived there; and though the church looked like any small-town church, the mob of arriving guests and taxi drivers and curious rustics created quite an impression of excitement. As Polly and I got out of our car and went up the steps I thought maybe Aunt Tabby had judged this wedding rightly after all.

But in a moment we were caught in the throng, right among the arriving guests. I looked around in desperation and saw no other fur coat like Ellen Motley's; my silk hat shone like a mirror in the lights of the vestibule, but it shone alone. These people looked like residents of Sea Breeze, old friends and neighbors of the bride. It might be, of course, that the Skillinghams were already seated, but I was cold with apprehension. I was thinking of four hundred vainly spent dollars, gone beyond recall.

An usher noticed us at last; he might have done it sooner if our costume hadn't given the impression that we had come to the wrong address.

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith," I told him, and he looked at his card.

"There are quite a number of Smiths," he said.

"There always are," I admitted. "We're the Sam Smiths, if that helps any."

"Oh, yes. You're assigned to Pew 84."

So Polly took his arm and I trailed along behind them, trying to identify the aristocracy as we marched down the aisle. But all this audience looked alike; if I'd worn my blue serge, I'd have found plenty of company.

All at once we brought up standing in the very front of the church, with lights blazing bright all around us and everybody looking our way, since as the guests were seated and the proceedings hadn't begun there was nothing else to look at. Anyway, I reflected, they had given us a front seat with a good view—and then I saw that our usher was fidgeting and wiggling.

"There doesn't seem to be any Pew 84," he said.

"That isn't reasonable," I began; but Polly caught my arm and whispered nervously: "Shh! Don't make a disturbance."

"Some mistake," he repeated, looking as if he would like to walk off and leave us there. Everybody was looking at us and a lot of people were talking about us, in whispers; for there we stood at the head of the center aisle, with the pews on each side of us shut off by white ribbons and crowded with Skillinghams, while the organist jabbed his instrument with ill-concealed impatience. We were holding up the ceremony.

"We can't stand here," said the usher dolefully.

"Certainly not," I agreed. "It seems to me that anybody who's traveled thirty miles on a day like this deserves a place to sit down."

His eyes were ranging wildly, and just then they lit up with a happy idea.

"See?" he said, catching my arm. "Over there under the balcony. A pew with two vacant seats. If you hurry, you'll be just in time."

He gave us a gentle shove down the side aisle and retreated at high speed to join the wedding party that was forming by the door. We went where he told us, since there was nowhere else to go; and at least it was some relief to hide our shame under the balcony.

"It's all right," Polly whispered comfortingly. "Those seats will do."

But as she said it a large, puffing woman who had got in just before the doors closed came steaming down the aisle and slid into both of them. I stopped, and leaned against the wall.

"Possibly one of these gentlemen will let you have his seat, Polly," I observed in a stage whisper that was meant to reach their ears, and did. But nobody stirred.

"If you stand, I'll stand," she said. "We'll have to stick to each other, for it seems that nobody else is going to stick to us. Besides, standing up we can get a better view of the audience, and whatever they may look like these people *are* the class."

Then the organist abandoned his random meditations and made a furious assault on Lohengrin.

The wedding went off in good order, and before long the official party was parading toward the door to the sound of gleeful music while the families of the participants prepared to follow.

In the vestibule and in the midst of considerable commotion one of the Brooklyn aunts dashed up to Polly.

"Tabitha has been having hysterics," she said, "and we are all taking her home on the 4:57. Mr. Skillingham is making up some excuse to give Dudley."

"Then," I said, "Polly and I had better go home too."

"Oh, no. Tabitha's last words were that you two must be sure to go to the reception and represent the family."

"That was part of the hysterics," I tried to tell her. "They often take people like that." But she talked to Polly, and the women had their way.

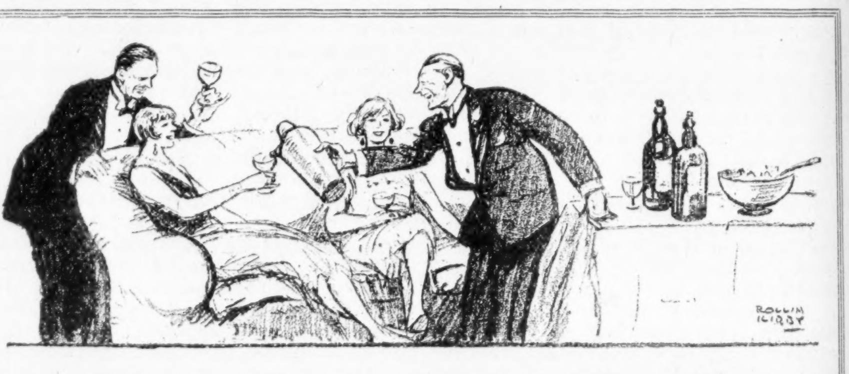
THE Skillinghams lived in an ugly old gray brick house with a cupola, but Polly refused to be discouraged.

"These people have money," she said, "and when you have money you don't have to show it. But people like us who haven't any must show it even if we haven't any to show."

"We are showing it all right," I conceded as I parked my silk hat along with a collection of soft felts and derbies in the cloakroom, and prepared to display my clothes to the assemblage. We were passed out into a crowded reception room and up to a receiving line. Nobody in it knew us but Dudley, and he was so excited that he kissed Polly but forgot to tell the bride who she was before we were pushed out of the way to make room for the next congratulator. I don't know how he squared himself, for in a moment we were dropped off the end of the line and found ourselves in the middle of the room, entirely surrounded by a large crowd of people who were talking to each other and paying no attention to us.

"Now that we have done our duty," I suggested, "we might as well go home."

"Oh, we can't do that yet. As the only representatives of Dudley's family



Folks Are Saying What They Think

FROM every section of the nation, at the rate of 15,000 a day, replies have been received to the three questions concerning prohibition enforcement Collier's asked its subscribers.

The immense number of replies are now being tabulated. They still show what people are saying, after more than five years of prohibition, on the subject which has aroused more bitter criticism and more convinced defense than any other since the days of slavery.

Collier's will publish its first report of the national opinion represented in the replies to its questionnaire in an early issue.

we'll have to wait for the bride's people to exchange compliments with us. I know this has been a disappointment, Sam, but we will get something out of this wedding yet."

So we waited, while all Sea Breeze and our companions of the train buzzed around us. The reception line broke up; the ushers talked to the bridesmaids and the guests talked to the family and the family talked to each other, but nobody talked to us. Dudley might have broken the ice, but he and the bride had been dragged off to sign the record in the family Bible. At last we saw people trailing off toward the dining room, and Polly discovered she was hungry.

"I'm afraid to eat here," I told her, "for fear some usher will come up and tell me to go to the lunch room down the street. But if you're hungry I'll take you to the dining room, and then come back here while you stay your stomach. Seeing us together, with all our clothes, these people probably think we are aloof and haughty; but if we separate maybe somebody will gather up courage to speak to one of us."

So I left her among the macaroons and sandwiches and started back toward the reception room, and in the hall I ran into an excited young man whom I recognized as our usher.

"Oh, Mr. Jones!" he began.

"The name is Smith," I sighed, for this was an old story.

"Oh, yes, yes; of course. Can't ever keep those names apart. I made a terrible mistake. Pew 84 was the one Mrs. Wilgus was in."

"I know that," I said.

"Frightfully sorry I didn't know who you were. We weren't sure you were coming, and I—somehow I didn't take you for a member of the family—"

I knew why he hadn't. I was attired in what the well-dressed man will wear.

"Never mind," I said. "The ceremony was valid, anyway."

HE SEEMED to want to cultivate my acquaintance, but as the desire was entirely one-sided I went on into the reception room and lounged in front of the fireplace. Some of the guests had gone to eat, some had gone to look at the presents, and some had gone home; but off in a corner were a couple of elderly gentlemen, talking in undertones and looking at me. And in a moment one of them came over and held out his hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?"

"Smith," I corrected him wearily.

"Oh, certainly, certainly. I always get those names confused."

"It's a common failing," I told him. "Any Jones or Smith has to be ready to answer to either."

"Very stupid of me, none the less. I'm Mr. Edward Skillingham—uncle of the bride."

All I could think of was that he looked like his reputation, and as that remark might not have promoted the needful harmony between the families I merely nodded.

"Awfully good of you to come so far for the ceremony," he said.

"Sea Breeze is pretty remote," I agreed.

"But then Dudley is a very brilliant young man and I'm sure you're as proud of him as we are. Of course a teacher can't be expected to make a large income, but that will be arranged."

"No doubt."

"So I thought, Mr. Jones—Smith, Smith, I beg your pardon—that we might seize this moment of comparative calm to discuss our respective contributions to the young couple."

"What?" I said. "Didn't my contribution arrive?"

"Oh, yes, if you mean the set of George Eliot. But—"

He paused, and I could only say "Yes, yes." With my cutaway and silk hat and gray hair, I'd been mistaken for Cousin Jehiel Jones from Denver.

But since the Skillinghams were evidently not going to cultivate the acquaintance of plain Sam Smith of Washington Heights, I thought I might as well let him go on believing anything that would make him happy.

"My brother and I," he resumed, "mean to do something quite handsome for Mary Caroline. And I presume you wish to do the same for Dudley. Of course the relationship is somewhat remote, but his mother intimated—"

AUNT TABBY! Why, that little gray-haired woman I'd always thought of as the most prosaic person on earth was the best romancer since Dumas! She hadn't had much to work on, but she had certainly built a beautiful fairy tale around the one piece of money in the family. I could guess what the real Jehiel would have said to this proposal; but until Polly came back and cracked the illusion I might as well give him a good reputation he didn't deserve.

"Such a brilliant young scholar as Dudley," I said solemnly, "should be freed from all sordid cares. But I hadn't quite made up my mind what to do for him. What provision does the bride's family intend to make?"

Octavus Roy Cohen
Zona Gale

The greatest innovation in short story publishing since the work of O. Henry appeared begins in next week's Collier's

Rupert Hughes
Sophie Kerr

"We'd thought of giving them some real estate," said Uncle Edward.

"Nothing like a home of their own," I said dryly, for it would be like the Skillinghams to load them up with a home they couldn't afford and let Cousin Jehiel cover the overhead. "I suppose you've picked a place on Long Island, near the family."

"On Long Island, yes. But—in fact we had thought of some unimproved real estate."

"Wild land?" I gasped, for this was worse and worse. "Even if the taxes didn't eat it up before they could realize on it, Dudley has no gift for real-estate deals."

UNCLE EDWARD'S eyes got a little nearer together, and a grin crept up his cheeks from the corners of his mouth.

"We Skillinghams," he observed thoughtfully, "are a conservative family. It is against all our principles to reduce our present income-producing assets to provide for a new household. It is our way to keep what we have intact and enable the young people to make a competence for themselves."

"But they can't!" I protested with real earnestness, for it looked as if the Skillinghams were going to discharge their obligation by giving the young people some tract of land they hadn't been able to sell. "If you've got some land that promises profit, develop it yourself and give Mary Caroline some tax-exempt bonds."

"No," he said, "that is not our way. And they can't help making money out of what I propose to give them. It's some land in the Borough of Queens, below Flushing. There was a project

(*Continued on page 38*)

The Walrus and the electric motor

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—'

The Walrus in "Alice through the Looking Glass" must have had in mind the wide service that an electric light and power company renders.

Electric power operates motors that make shoes quickly and economically.

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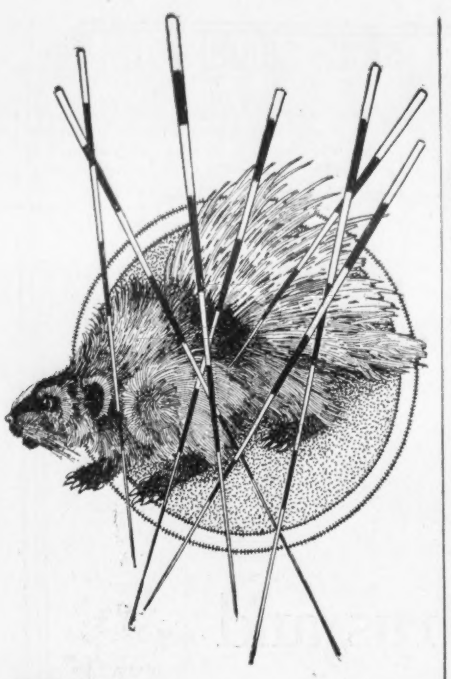

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These People Are the Class

Continued from page 37

to develop it a few years ago, when it looked as if a subway would be built out there; but the subway plan fell through, so it's still on the hands of the original owners. It could be bought cheap."

"But could it be sold?" I asked, wondering if the old rascal knew me and was having a little joke. He was certainly talking about the land that had been meant for Eden Estates—but Dudley, the only person in the house who knew me, was out of sight.

"If it had transportation," said Uncle Edward with a grin. "And I'd tell a man from Denver what mighty few people know in New York—"

At that moment Polly appeared in the door.

Also at that moment, however, Uncle Edward turned aside to sneeze. I sent Polly a frown by radio; and like a clever partner and a trusting wife she dodged out of sight.

"Yes?" I suggested, trying to sound slightly bored.

"Known to very few people in New York," he resumed. "The mayor has at last got together with the Transit Commission, and that subway is going to be started right away."

I heaved a sigh of resignation. I'd always known somebody would get rich out of that land, and it might as well be Dudley.

"I presume you have an option on this property, Mr. Skillingham?"

"Oh, there's plenty of time for that. This thing won't be announced till the Board of Estimate meeting on Friday, and of the few people who know nobody else is in a position to act."

WELL, I was in a position to act, of course; what was left of the five thousand Lainhart had paid me would buy an option. Old Edward was such a shark himself that I'd have had no scruples about beating him to it, at any other time; but to trim him while he was doing a good deed to Dudley and Mary Caroline was a little too much like shooting a man while he was saying his prayers. Besides, this would be the only generous act of Uncle Edward's life, and he would need the credit with the Recording Angel.

"I'd advise you to get that option right away," I told him.

Uncle Edward rubbed his hands.

"Well, I didn't want to do anything till I'd conferred with you. You see, the actual purchase of the property would require a good deal of money. A couple of hundred thousand at least."

"That would be no strain on your credit," I observed. "If you're prepared to invest that much, it would be kinder to the young people to let them have it in bonds, and then go into this real-estate deal for yourself."

"That is not our way," said Uncle Edward. "Of course the development of this tract will take time, and money; and in the meantime the young people will have to live in suitable style. What I had in mind, Mr. Jones—Smith, Smith, I beg your pardon—was that if you would take care of that by settling, say, a hundred thousand in bonds on Dudley, we would invest a hundred thousand in real estate for Mary Caroline."

"I thought you said the property would cost two hundred thousand."

"Well," said Uncle Edward, "it seems only fair that I and the young couple should go fifty-fifty in this venture."

"But if I don't go into this, you'd have to take care of them, anyway?"

"Yes," he admitted with a look of anguish, "we'd have to take care of them, anyway. But you mistake my purpose."

"It doesn't look quite so philanthropic as I thought," I said coldly. "I am to save you half of what you're prepared to invest for them, so that you can invest it for yourself."

"Oh, not at all, not at all. Your gift enables them to live modestly for the first year or two; my investment will make them rich for life." And since I still looked cold, he went on reluctantly: "If you insist, Mr. J—Smith, your gift to the young couple might be protected by a second mortgage on the land I'm going to buy. It seems only fair that what I invest for purchase money and development should remain as a first mortgage. The young people will be able to carry it and get rich, anyway."

Yes, they would, of course; there was a fortune in that land, when it had transportation. And while they were waiting for it they would be living on Cousin Jehiel, who might be protected by a second mortgage if he insisted; while every cent Uncle Edward invested in this work of philanthropy, as well as what he invested for himself, would be covered by a first mortgage drawing six per cent interest.

And I had thought the old rascal was doing the only generous act of his life! Why, it would be a favor to him to keep this deal off the Recording Angel's blotter; and he had admitted that whatever happened they'd have to take care of Mary Caroline.

"I'll think it over," I said. "I must catch the 6:10."

"Sorry you must go so early. If we'd known you were coming we'd have included you in the supper party, but I'm afraid it would be impossible to disturb the caterer's arrangements now. You—you're not leaving New York, are you?"

"No," I said, "I'll think this over to-night; and if you'll call me at the Waldorf to-morrow—"

I got out, with a pleasant anticipation of Uncle Edward knocking about among all the Smiths and Joneses in the Waldorf, and found Polly waiting in the hall.

"Hurry up and get your coat on," I told her. "We're catching the 6:10."

"What? Just after we've at last been spoken to by the Skillinghams? Who was he? And why did you shoo me away?"

"I'll tell you that outdoors," I said, "while we're walking to the station. It isn't far, and I don't want a chauffeur to overhear us."

"I wonder if there will be a diner on that train. I'm awfully hungry, and those refreshments didn't help at all."

"Diners on the Long Island Railroad are as scarce as acts of charity among the Skillinghams," I said as we hurried down the street. "You stop and get your dinner downtown, after we've got in. But as for me, I'll be too busy to eat. I've got to go up and see old J. P. Emmott of the Transcontinental Trust Company, and then I'm going out to Flushing to buy another option on that real estate."

Most women would have called it throwing good money after bad, but Polly was a sport, so in due time I was ringing the bell at old Emmott's apartment on Park Avenue. He was getting ready to take his family to the theatre, but I spoke the one word "money" and he told the family to go on without him.

"Where is this money?" he asked as he led me back to the library.

"Right where it was before, in Eden Estates."

I could see the icicles sprouting out all over him. He'd lost more than I had in Eden Estates, and while what I lost was all I had and what he lost was only cigar money, it hurt.

"Eden Estates?" he snorted; and then he noticed my clothes. "Why, Smith, you're all dressed up. Didn't know you went out in society."

"Oh, this was only a wedding," I said languidly. "My wife's cousin just married one of the Skillinghams."

The icicles thawed in a moment. Polly had been right—a cutaway and silk hat are always useful; any connection with money, however remote, is better than no connection at all.

THE Skillinghams never spoke to us after that, but we were not depressed, as they had never spoken to us before that either. There was also a dark period in which Dudley's mother and the Brooklyn aunts refused to speak to us, for the Skillinghams had welched shamefully when Emmott and I got the real estate and turned Mary Caroline off with seventy-five thousand in bonds. Dudley's family held that against us, and perhaps they were right. But when we bought a limousine to maintain the dignity that was required of the president of Eden Estates, Inc., and moved down to the St. Regis till our new house on Emmott Boulevard was ready, the family forgave us all.

During that era of bad feeling the only household in the whole clan with which we were on speaking terms was that of Dudley and Mary Caroline. They knew what we had done and what the family thought of it; but they never mentioned it when they dined with us on Washington Heights, or we dined with them on Washington Square. For however it might be with the other Skillinghams, Mary Caroline was the class—really.

Still, my conscience hurt me, and it hurt still more when I learned that they were house-hunting in the suburbs because Mary Caroline was going to have a baby. So I hunted up Dudley and told him that I was thoroughly ashamed of myself for having beat him out of that real estate.

"I would have done as Uncle Edward meant to do and carried half of it for you," I said, "but I didn't have any money and old Emmott is naturally not in this for his health. Anyway, I am ashamed—"

"Ashamed?" he broke in. "Good Lord, Sam, do you really mean you didn't do it as an act of kindness? We took it that way."

"Act of kindness?" I gasped. "Why, you might have made a million dollars."

"Exactly. And Mary Caroline and I both have quiet tastes; a million would drive us crazy. Whereas seventy-five thousand is just about right."

"It won't be for long. Besides, you'll have to knock quite a hole in it to buy a house."

"I suppose so, but you can't bring up a child in a studio apartment."

"True," I said. "And Polly and I have always been ashamed that we only gave you a pair of book ends for a wedding present, now that you and Mary Caroline have become the best friends we have. So if you can wait till it's finished we'd like to build you a house next door to ours in Eden Estates."

"They Always Get Their Man"

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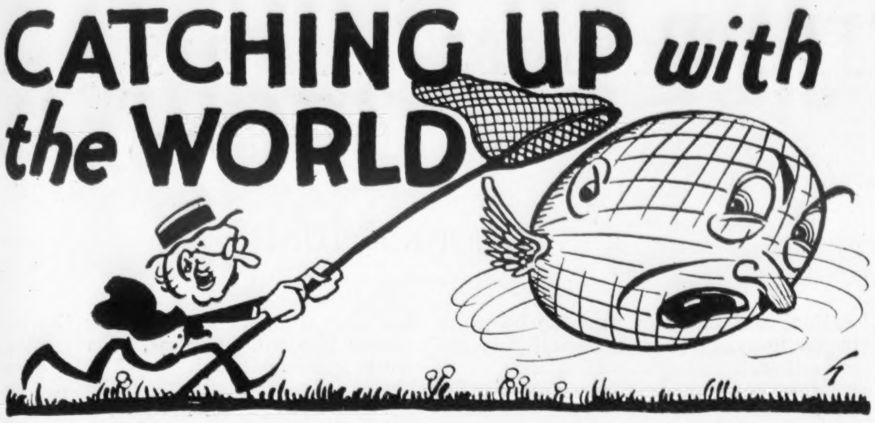
In Next Week's COLLIER'S

CATCHING UP *with* the WORLD



By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

WHEN man gets tired playing with a toy he sets it to work. The steam engine was a toy in ancient Alexandria but some seventeen hundred years later Watt made a machine out of it.

For more than two thousand years electricity remained a pretty trick. You rubbed amber and it would pick up straws. The Chinese used gunpowder for amusement many centuries before the Europeans put it to what we consider its proper purpose, killing people.

Dress for adornment takes priority over dress for decency or comfort. Even to-day dress is rarely comfortable and not always decent. There are savage tribes that wear no clothing but none that are without ornaments.

Pliny says that soap was invented by the Gauls as a hair bleach and the fashion was adopted by the Roman women in order to imitate the fair hair of the German women which they—or their menfolks—admired. Nowadays, soap, relieved of its excess alkali, becomes a humble detergent, and chlorine takes its place in the beauty parlor.

It seems curious when you think of it that we owe all of our domesticated animals to prehistoric man. But it seems less curious when you think of it a second time, for primitive people had more time for taming them than we have. The colt or calf, the wolf whelp or wild cat cub, was taken into the family and grew up as the children's pet.

No mercenary motive entered into the arrangement at first, but later it was found that the grown-up colt could be ridden and the grown-up calf could be eaten and the dog could help in hunting and the cat—but the cat is still in the plaything stage. Man has not yet found out how to make it useful.

Perhaps fire was at first merely an amusement; it was fireworks before it was fire at work.

We can find plenty of instances of this historic progress from pleasure to profit within the range of our own memories.

Bicycling began as a sport but now is a prosaic method of getting about. Automobiles are still more employed for pleasure than for business. The radio and the movies are yet among the amusements.

Aviation would normally have remained for a generation or so in the class of amateur sports but the war forced it into maturity, possibly not to the advantage of its development.

Which of our present pastimes and toys are likely to be industrial in the future? I should be glad to hear from readers their ideas about this.

I NEVER took much stock in Freud's theories, and of course I take less than ever, now that they have gone out of fashion. But there is something in his notion that dreams take symbolic form, though he is wrong in supposing that this is because they are painful or shameful reminiscences.

Once I sat up late, preparing an address that was to be delivered before a national educational association on internal conditions in colleges. I thought it would create something of a sensation for I made very frank criticisms and comments based upon actual instances. After I went to bed I naturally dreamed of delivering the address.

I took my manuscript to the platform in a package, though later it seemed to have become a bag. When called upon I opened the bag and a cat jumped out and dashed wildly through the audience. This was a perfectly serious performance. I had simply "let the cat out of the bag."

Another case occurred soon after I had been to Australia. I dreamed that I was in the room of a professor in Sydney University, and while he was busy at his desk I looked over his books and pictures. This was actual reminiscence.

The pictures on the wall were mostly of Australian scenery and life, such as eucalyptus trees and flowers. Among them was a brilliantly colored painting of a cock's neck. I inquired what this was and the professor looked up and answered that it was a picture of wattles. This was obvious, though not enlightening, but I thought no more about it for this was unimportant.

When I awoke and thought over the dream I wondered what such a picture had to do in such a collection, but I promptly perceived that it had reference to the national flower of Australia, the wattle, about which I had talked to the professor.

A picture of the golden sweet-scented acacia flowers would naturally appropriately find a place among these Australian views. Probably I had seen it there, but I had stored it in my mind as a name rather than as a picture—since I have a verbal and not a visual memory—and when I took it out again it was accidentally attached to the wrong object.

Have you ever had an experience of dream symbolism or pictorial punning? If so, I hope you will send in a brief account.

WHEN it was first proposed to build railroads in Germany the Royal Bavarian faculty of medicine opposed them on the ground that they would be a danger to public health.

Such high speed (I presume it reached 20 miles an hour when everything worked well) would surely shatter the brains of the passengers and bring attacks of dizziness to all who watched the train go by.

They did not foresee that the yokels of the next generation would gather daily on the depot platform to watch the limited go by. Nor that twentieth century girls would yell to the chauffeur to step on the gas when the car slowed down to 50 miles an hour. Nor that men would then be flying through the air at 278 miles an hour and scheming to build an airplane capable of 400.

Now the doctors tell us that the race is being ruined by speed and that we can stand no more. Perhaps they are right—this time. But human nature has often surprised the doctors.

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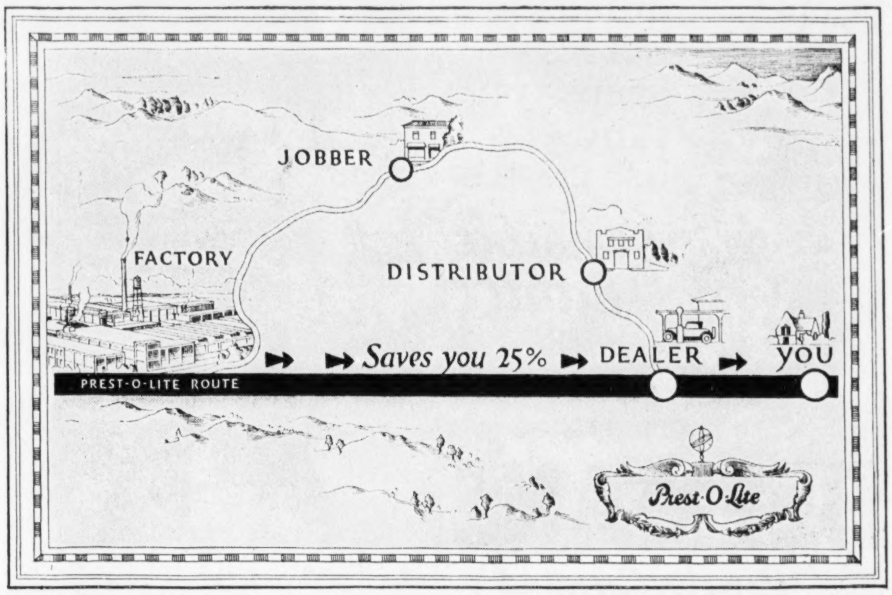

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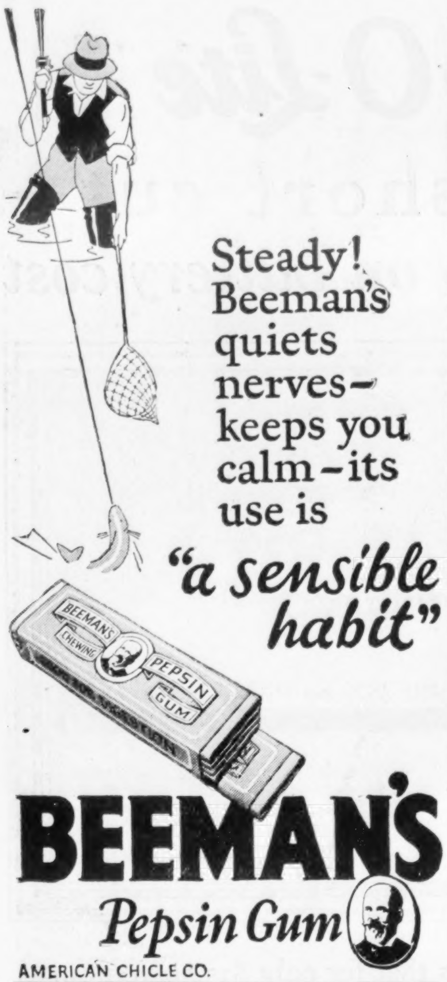
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He Prefers Tennis to Money

By JOHN R. TUNIS

René Lacoste is looking for new worlds to conquer

A REMARKABLE kid, this boy Lacoste, the twenty-year-old French youth who has won all that Europe has to offer in the way of tennis titles and is now in this country looking for new worlds to conquer. Remarkable in many ways; but chiefly because he has achieved the end he set out to attain. Four short years ago he decided he wanted to be a tennis champion. Thanks to his determination, concentration, and fixity of purpose he woke up one morning to find himself just exactly that.

Four years ago he was on the threshold of a career. His father, the director of the great Huispano-Suiza automobile factory, had planned that his son should work into the business. The boy had already shown talent as an engineer. He worked, studied, took examinations, and was at last ready to enter the Polytechnique, the great engineering school of France, and the most difficult of all their institutions. Then on the eve of the most promising sort of future he abandoned the making of money to devote himself to the game he loved.

When I say he devoted himself to sport I mean just that. Every morning he worked upon the indoor courts of Paris with Darsonval, the French professional. Afternoons he studied the game.

Perhaps you think tennis can't be studied. René Lacoste studied it just as he would have studied engineering. He studied books on the game in all sorts of languages by all sorts of authors. He learnt the theories of ballistics, of dynamics. He worked out possible angles on a court by geometry and trigonometry, and then noted them down in books. I know this is so; first, because he told me; second, because I have seen the books.

In a word, he applied himself to sport with the same earnestness and application that a young American gives to learning a business. And as the one makes good in business, so the other made good in sport. In 1922 he advanced about twenty places in his national ranking. In 1923 he won tournament after tournament, and was ranked third in French tennis. Last year he advanced still further, and so far this year he is unbeaten. In June he won the championships of France; in July he beat Europe's best at Wimbledon.

Persistence, sedulous perseverance, tireless and remorseless attention to detail; these are not supposedly French qualities. They are René Lacoste's. Coolness, tranquillity, imperturbability under fire; these are not usually found in the French. They are found in René Lacoste. Perfect self-control, utter self-possession in critical moments; these, too, are attributes to René Lacoste.

"Didn't you mind that terrific heat at Forest Hills last summer?" I asked him recently.

"Not a bit," he answered. "Give me three days in a strange country and climate, diet, and the bounce balls—nothing affects me."

Nothing affects him. Nothing breaks down his concentration, conquers his will power. That's one great reason for his success—one reason why he is a famous figure in the world of sport although he is only twenty years old, and why he will go a long ways further in the years to come.

If I Were a Doctor

Continued from page 15

reputable surgeons will not admit him into their surgical societies. They know that he is a fee splitter, that he performs many unnecessary operations, that he will give part of his high fee to any physician sending him a case.

The doctors know about him, but they do not tell the public—you and me—about him and his methods. It would not be ethical for any doctor to reveal what he knows about this man.

It's part of their silly old creed, too, that if a doctor makes a mistake all the other doctors must keep quiet about it.

There's one case recorded in a book of protest by a physician, a case so flagrant that it is worth repeating here. A distinguished surgeon, about to operate on a woman for what he had diagnosed as an abdominal tumor, invited two other physicians to witness the operation. They disagreed with him in his diagnosis, but he persisted in going ahead with the operation. Too late he discovered that the other surgeons had been right and that it had been merely a case of normal approaching motherhood. The woman and child both died, but the hospital walls hide the secret and, according to the book from which I have quoted, the woman's family never suspected the tragedy.

Granted that there are honest doctors, intelligent doctors, doctors who do great good in the world—and many there undoubtedly are—the fact remains that even the best of them permit themselves and their work to be hampered, and the rights of their patients to be interfered with, by a code so out of date that it needs something radical done to it.

If I were a doctor—

There really are so many things I would do differently, it is hard to know where to begin. Suppose I had just finished my medical course and my hospital work and was setting up an office.

My office would be decidedly different. Did you ever see a doctor's waiting-room that wasn't dismal enough to drive patients away? They all have battered mission furniture, a faded rug, the inevitable Landseer chromo on the wall, and those huge piles of year before last's magazines.

Some day a progressive, forward-looking young doctor is going to test the psychological effect of having a well-lighted, cheerfully decorated office, with plenty of good reading to entertain his callers.

There's only one place worse than the average doctor's office, and that's the average hospital's private rooms. Probably you've often wondered what became of those tiny lights you had on last year's Christmas tree. They all find their way into the hospitals to be used in lighting the private rooms.

To return to the progressive young doctor. If I were in his place, I would be more businesslike in my charges. Most doctors regulate their charges haphazardly. I know one surgeon, called one night to the suburbs for an emergency operation, who said to his chauffeur as he entered the house:

"See how many cars there are in the garage."

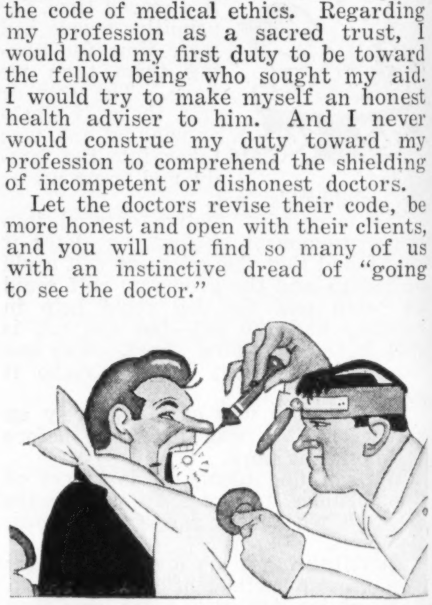
The chauffeur reported that there were four, so the surgeon sent in a bill for $4,000. It was paid under protest. It seems an odd way of a doctor estimating the value of his services, yet it has its merits. Payment for medical service ought to have some basis. If I were a doctor, I would try to follow the Mayo plan of regulating my fees "according to the patient's income."

If I were a doctor, I would be much more frank with my patients. I would explain each treatment, each medicine, and tell them the theory on which I was applying it.

The doctor wise enough to enlist the patient's intelligence toward aiding his efforts is much more likely to achieve a record of success.

But most of all, were I a doctor, I would make a conscientious study of the code of medical ethics. Regarding my profession as a sacred trust, I would hold my first duty to be toward the fellow being who sought my aid. I would try to make myself an honest health adviser to him. And I never would construe my duty toward my profession to comprehend the shielding of incompetent or dishonest doctors.

Let the doctors revise their code, be more honest and open with their clients, and you will not find so many of us with an instinctive dread of "going to see the doctor."



What Do You Think About YOUR *Doctor?*

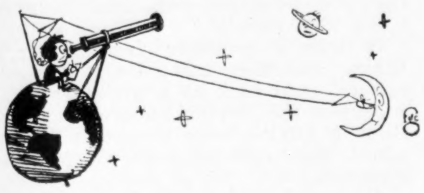
WHETHER you agree or disagree with William Johnston, tell us what you think. For the best three letters—best in their reasoned criticism or commendation of the M. D.'s—Collier's will pay $25, $15 and $10. Address your letters to Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

"Cold" Tube Found!

MILTON SLEEPER in his interesting "Radio Engineering" reports that a "cold" vacuum tube has been invented by Samuel Wein and is called the Actinion. It is really a three-element selenium cell, and employs the photo-electric properties of selenium. The tube looks very promising, but undoubtedly there is a tremendous amount of research and development work to be done before it is at all practical for ordinary use.



Better Than Telescopes

THE international free balloon race in Belgium brought to the front the fact that radio is eliminating some of the uncertainty from that sport. Previously a contestant never knew what happened to his opponents the moment after the race began. It was a case of hanging on to the last desperate minute in the hope a favoring wind would carry him to a new distance record. Now, with lightweight receiving sets and the cooperation of broadcast stations, each contestant is kept advised of the position of his competitors, and also the exact time and place they land.

Habeas Corpus

RALPH DICKASON of Council Bluffs, Ia., says the following announcement was recently broadcast locally: "If party who took Ford brass radiator and hood from yard at 1523 Avenue E will call any evening this week after six o'clock I'll give him the body too. Signed H. W. Brewer."

The Giftie Gien Him

"A FEW weeks ago the first church services were broadcast in our city," writes W. K. Richardson of Tampa, Fla. "I listened in over the radio in my residence about one and a half miles from the church. Turning on the current of the recording machine of my dictaphone, I thus recorded the whole thing on two wax cylinders, and the next day these were sent to the pastor of the church. He put them on the transcribing machine of his dictaphone, and had the opportunity of 'hearing himself as others heard him.'"

Pocket Money

BE SURE to keep a copy of all radio stories and suggestions which you send us, as we find it impossible to return any of them.

All stories must be brief, to the point and original radio experiences or suggestions. We pay $10 for all stories we print, sent in from our readers.

Was This Telepathy?

"OUR radio set is in the living-room on the east side, and the other day, while in my room on the opposite side, I heard a man talking in Buffalo," writes F. G. Munger of Geneva, Ohio. "I stepped to the top of the stairs and asked if the radio was turned on, and a member of the family said, 'No!' I heard this talk from the wire outside of the house, which is near my window, but the windows on that side were closed at the time. We thought that a very remarkable thing. You may be able to explain it."

Can't say I can, F. G. My sphere has been limited to radio, flying, writing, newspapering and a few other odd jobs.

The Acme of Sensitivity

A MACHINE that accurately counts the number of blood corpuscles has been devised by O. G. Peters and B. Page of the Bureau of Standards. The device employs a principle based on the phenomena of light wave interferences under a microscope. Also, it permits the count to be made more rapidly. It is undoubtedly one of the most important advances made for medical purposes, and is as wonderful as the sensitive recording apparatus which measures the radiant heat received from a candle two miles away.

A Good Buy

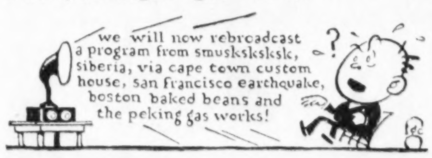
TWENTY-FIVE cents in stamps will get for you a copy of our radio map. It shows all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and it also gives a distance finder. Send your order to Collier's, Radio Map Department, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

If, after you have studied the map, you can think of any valuable suggestions that might improve it, send them in. We pay $10 for suggestions which prove valuable enough to use.

He Might Get Stuck

LUTHER BLAKE of San Francisco works in a shop where seven out of every eight have developed radioitis. One man, however, has contracted "without-itis" in addition to his other ills. "Without an aërial," continues Luther, "he heard KFI, a station five hundred miles away. Later, his batteries being weak, he disconnected them and, still without batteries, he 'got' local stations on the loud speaker. That yarn was too much.

"'Say,' a five-tube owner growled, 'if I was you I'd throw away everything but the loud speaker, and I'd go hock that. With your line there's no telling what you might "get" on it!'"


we will now rebroadcast a program from smusksksksk, siberia, via cape town custom house, san francisco earthquake, boston baked beans and the peking gas works!
?

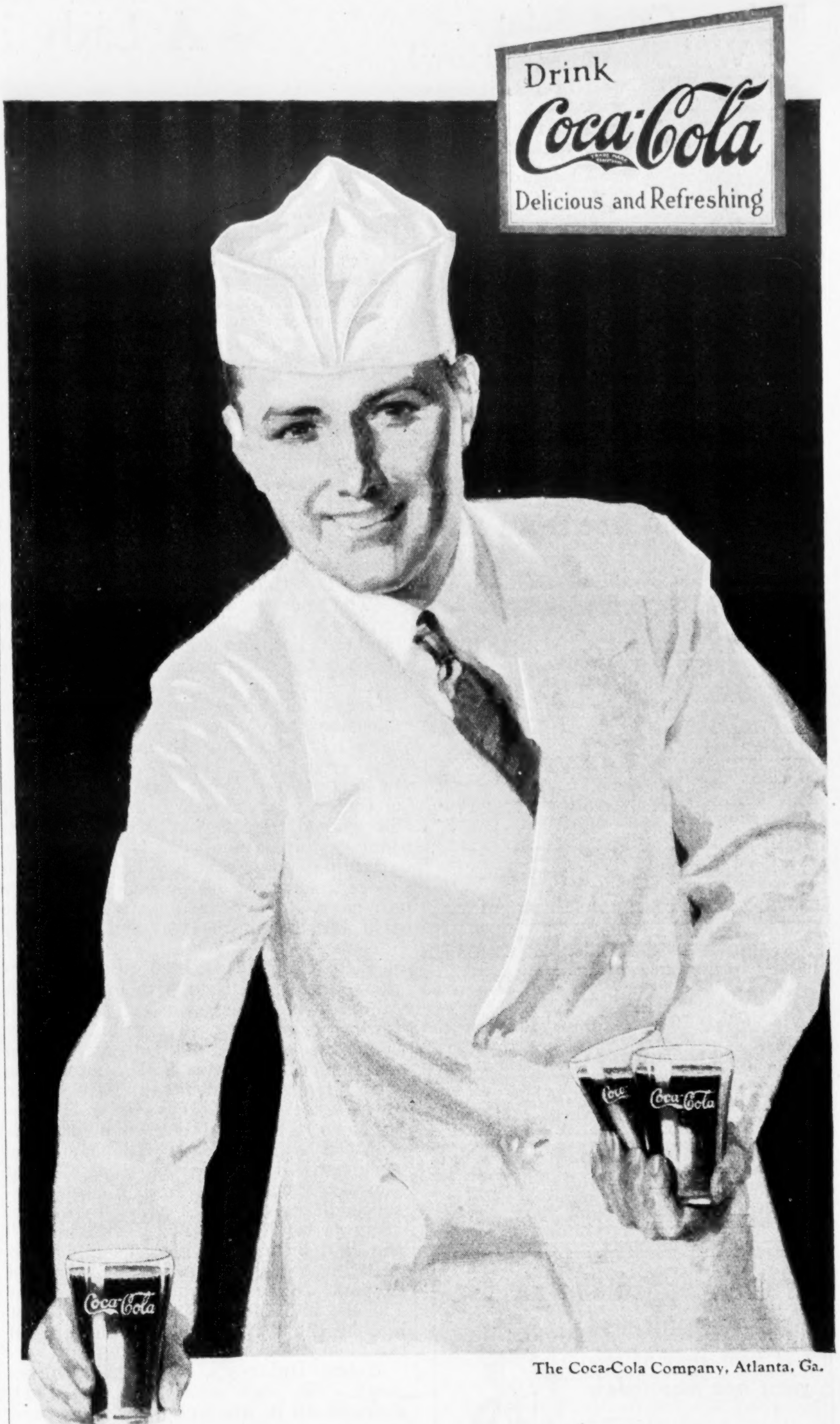
Wanted! A Lingual Landis

THE development of radio broadcasting in Europe is proceeding along the same lines as in this country. The number of broadcast stations in operation is increasing so rapidly that the League of Nations has been requested to take a hand in regulation to prevent ultimate confusion. What is probably needed as much is a linguist of nations to regulate the bedlam now burdening the European ether.

Putty Good for It

HERE is an interesting suggestion from J. Valotta of Pittsburgh, who writes: "I lined the inside of my loud speaker horn with putty, five pounds of it, and thereby reduced the mechanical vibrations and greatly improved the tonal qualities."

'Salright, J. V., 'slong as you don't get any on the diaphragm.



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

IT TAKES BOTH HANDS TO DO THIS JOB~

Three at a time ~ Still they come ~ It takes both hands, and I could use more ~ For this is the drink full of life and flavor.

RE~FRESH YOURSELF! FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

**Make a Good Salary—
I Will Show You How!**

YOU can do it in your spare time—evenings. Lay the foundation for a permanent, profitable business of your own. Give it all your time when you've proven the big opportunities it holds for you. Sell what the public wants—

Sell Radio In Spare Time!

Demonstrate the Ozarka in your own home or in your prospect's home. Sales experience not necessary—we teach you! Ozarka instruments priced right, with sales helps, national and local advertising, make your selling easy.

J. Matheson Bell
Pres., Ozarka Inc.

12 Selling Lessons FREE!

The Ozarka plan of selling radio is entirely different. Most practical—easier to explain. Sales are made quicker and easier. Knowledge of radio not necessary—we teach you every detail without charge! Our success with 8,100 men proves the merit of our teaching.

3,100 Men Are Doing It!

The Ozarka organization today consists of 3,100 men. In territory not now covered the right man is wanted. $100 weekly in spare time is not unusual. Many Ozarka men are making far more—some have been with us for three years.

FREE Book Tells How—

Write me personally—tell me about yourself, and I'll see that my 64 page book, Ozarka Plan No. 100, is sent you without cost. Please mention the name of your county. To be sure of my personal attention, attach coupon below, to your letter.

J. Matheson Bell, Pres.

OZARKA INCORPORATED
120 Austin Avenue B, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: 9-25-120B

I am greatly interested in the FREE BOOK "The Ozarka Plan" whereby I can sell your radio instruments.

Name...

Address...................................City...................

County.......................................State...................

PURE WOOL $23.50 UNION MADE Suits and Overcoats

District Salesmen Wanted Experienced men can easily earn **$100.00** a week at start. Our union made suits and overcoats at **$23.50** (none higher) are America's biggest values. We show latest nifty colors and styles for men and young men. Only **pure wool** fabrics. The overcoats are satin lined. Protected territory. Can use spare time men in some towns. Write today for application blank and free sample of the world's greatest clothing values. Address **E. B. HARVEY, Box 00, CHICAGO**

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Amazing new method teaches men or women to earn after first lesson. OIL PAINT photos—portraits, landscapes or art subjects. Earn $18 to $50 and more a week. OIL PAINT OUTFIT GIVEN. Send now for free, illustrated book. PICTORIAL ART STUDIOS, Inc., Dept. J-02, 2731 No. Clark St., Chicago.

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THERE'S a lot of satisfaction in radio exploring with this great new map. And it costs only a quarter.

Collier's up-to-date radio map of the United States shows all broadcasting stations, call signals, wave length, power, and kind of service. Also shows standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and provides a distance finder. Printed in three colors. Size 28x34 inches, folded to 4½x9½ inches.

Get your copy at your newsstand, bookstore or radio dealer's *tonight*. Or just mail 25 cents in coin or stamps with your name and address to us direct.

P. F. Collier & Son Company
240 Park Avenue - - New York

A Lady in Jeopardy

Continued from page 9

get no new shoes an' goes around wit' a hole in the ones he has an'—well, there y'are—"

Of course this conclusion put an obligation upon Pickett to which he was not blind. The very next time those impressive uppers with the telltale soles passed his window he slid up the back steps and met Mr. Hobbs Dulaney in the entrance hall. He was especially glad he had when he saw the young man's face, all drawn up and sort of vague looking. "There's a bird come here fer that big front apartment, Mr. Dulaney, says he's from Murphysboro, Ill., name of Brown, an' I figured you might know him."

"Brown?" Hobbs Dulaney leaned against the stair railing weakly. "No, I don't. I'm from Geneva, same state."

"Yes, I knew you was, sir, an' what gets me is how anybody can stay in this here hard town when they got a grand place like that to go back to."

The young man grinned. "Do I look as bad as that, Pickett? On your down-and-out list, am I? Well, I feel—at least down. I wonder if you'd get me some aspirin at the drug store? Here—" his hand went into his pocket absently and then came out. "H'm, short of change. Just tell them to charge it to me."

Pickett didn't get aspirin. He got a doctor who diagnosed flu the instant he opened the door of Mr. Hobbs Dulaney's apartment and found him stretched on the rug. They put him to bed, and the doctor remained there an hour. "Ought to have a nurse," he told Pickett on the way out. "Pretty serious."

Pickett added trained nursing, forgery, and philanthropy to his long list of deeds and misdeeds during the following fortnight. The philanthropy consisted of meals and medicine and the forgery of a wire and a note. The wire demanded railroad fare home from some dim Dulaneys in a Middle-Western town, and caused consternation. The note read: "Kindly come over here to my apartment, as I need you very desperately," and it caused resentment as an insult added to injury. "Since I wouldn't go away with him—" she said bitterly. Then she had wept a little over dead dreams, many dead dreams. She was going home. That Pickett had offered to get her ticket and berth, and she had given him all the money she had.

Hobbs Dulaney's flu wasn't so serious. He was sitting in the dark propped up in his main chair now and staring across that courtyard to where light escaped around the edges of a drawn shade on the other side. It represented something to him, that light. "She's a success," he said. "She belongs here, and I don't. Naturally she didn't want to drag a failure—"

BUT the rankling part of it was that he didn't understand why he'd failed. Blair & Blaine, Brokers, ought to have patted him on the back for saving a fortune to their biggest account. He knew they had hired him as a "customers' man" because he knew the patter and was important-looking. He knew he was supposed to stand by the ticker and make noncommittal remarks calculated to stimulate trading on the part of the row of iron faces who sat there watching their inconsequential fate.

The particular incident was the Black Mountain raid. "That stock is going back up, gentlemen," he'd said emphatically, "and it's going quick." Hobbs had made a study of Black Mountain. It was just unfortunate that Blair & Blaine's head stock trader had advised old Morton Bancroft to sell his holdings and that old Bancroft preferred the judgment of a customers' man to that of a stock trader. So there was one fewer customers' man that night.

Of course old Pickett was no bungler. His arrangements were precise and adroit, and the chances were that they would be just about leaving Philadelphia when they made the amazing discovery that they were in the same Pullman car. After that Pickett was willing to let the most perverse of human nature take its course. He'd done all that could be reasonably expected of a janitor. There is an end to service somewhere.

But all that was too complicated for an impatient fate which had had its mind made up from the beginning, anyway.

Hobbs was standing surrounded by his luggage in the colossal vault of the Pennsylvania Station when someone touched his sleeve. A very faint voice said, "Hobbs"—between queer little catches in her throat. "What's the matter, Hobbs?"

He laughed. "Hello, what are you doing here? I've had a little of the old flu, and it completed a grand little failure. Going back home now to Geneva—Illinois."

"Geneva?" she repeated, as though she hadn't understood. "You're not a rich New Yorker?" Perhaps some intuition told her more and told it more quickly than Pickett's reasoning from the ground up, so to speak; for Susan's sense of jeopardy changed by the one poignant stroke to remorse and understanding and the sort of joy that finds expression only in tears and kisses. "Because I'm such a failure too," she sobbed, "and I'm going home too, to Sainte Genevieve—Missouri."

Penn Station is blasé about scenes. A grinning red cap followed with their baggage while Hobbs summoned strength to lead her back into the waiting-room. "Failure? You? When your pictures sell for three hundred dollars?"

"What do you mean?" Susan looked up.

"You see, I took it to be framed," he said. "Then I couldn't pay for it, and the fellow sold it to a dealer. It's in a window at a place on Fifty-seventh Street now. I pawned all my personal stuff, but I couldn't raise the three hundred that dealer demanded. He said you'd soon be famous."

So Susan just kept on weeping while Hobbs went to the desk to return their tickets. It netted quite a sum. They took a taxicab and went to the Plaza for luncheon. "I can beat this place if you can, Susan," said Hobbs Dulaney. "It's pretty wonderful, old Manhattan, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's a wonderful city in the spring," said Susan.

They went to many places that afternoon, official places, where they had to give age, color, and previous condition of servitude, and then to solemn places where Susan Meadows disappeared as such. It was a pity to spoil that name.

ABOUT midnight they appeared radiantly at an over-shop apartment house on Madison Avenue and were stared at as ghosts might be by two little red-rimmed eyes. "It's no use," said Pickett dejectedly. "I got you both outer this here hard town, an' here ye are back, like cats. Well, here's a wire for yeh, Mr. Dulaney. Came this evenin'."

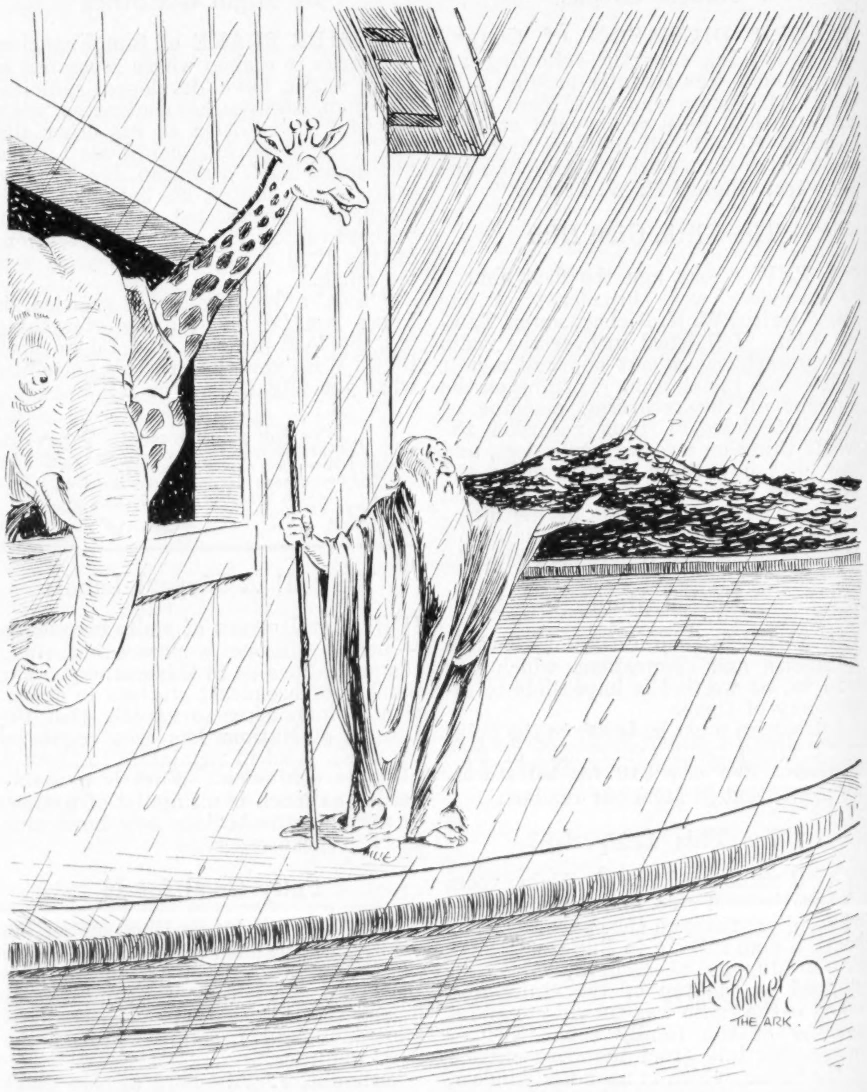
It was a message from Blair & Blaine and they wanted their ex-customers' man back as a stock trader to supervise the Morton Bancroft account. Blair & Blaine were honest enough to admit that otherwise they'd lose old Bancroft.

"Pickett," said Hobbs Dulaney, "this isn't a hard town. It's the safest place we ever struck."

Pickett growled. "Well, yer outer luck about yer apartment, Mr. Dulaney. "I rented it this morning—"

"Oh, that's all right, Pickett," said Susan quickly. And then she was game enough to finish. "You see, my apartment will do—for us both."

But it takes the press to add a final touch of comedy. The Sainte Genevieve Star reported the marriage pompously of Miss Susan Meadows of our city to Mr. Hobbs Dulaney of New York. And the Geneva Packet, not to be outdone, said: "Well-known Geneva man weds Miss Susan Meadows of New York."



Noah: Oh well, we need rain.

The Battle-Axe

Continued from page 21

told her that and every other detail of the wedding a dozen times in our hearing, but Abbie always rose to the least of them with the vigor and alacrity of a waiting trout rising to a fly. The tremendous enthusiasm did not abate, the strong spirit never let down.

Again and again Abbie made plans for calling a taxi and taking her mother out to dinner at some of the places they used to frequent.

"Why don't we go to the Waldorf any more?"

"We *are* going, dear. We'll go to-morrow!"

But they didn't. And they didn't buy the new dresses the old woman kept talking about, nor go to the hair-dresser's, where once they had been regular customers, nor drive in the afternoon, as they used to do, in the park.

But the daughter got railroad and steamship folders and prospectuses of travel bureaus, and planned trips in all directions, mentioning the best hotels in America and Europe, where they'd been in the habit of staying.

HER mother talked constantly of Florida. "It would be so nice down there now. When are we going?"

"Just as soon as Mr. Middleton puts through that deal. It takes a little time, you know, to fix up things like that."

And over and over she said that she wasn't worried about money; had plenty of it.

But every day she called Middleton over the telephone in the hall and learned that he couldn't sell her securities; that a bad market had grown worse, but that he was doing the best he could.

We were trying to write stories there in our room. It was the only workshop we had. We made our living out of stories. But our little make-believe stories failed for breath in the uprush of the reality next door.

"Do you think," said one of us, "that he'd really kiss her the first time he met her?"

"Lord! I don't know! What's the difference? I can't think of anything but that old woman beyond the door. What do you suppose she was like when she was young? . . ."

We went to the country for a week-end. We returned to The Ariel to meet our neighbor's trunks on the way out. When we went into the dining-room for lunch she and her mother were seated at their little table. They wore new dresses. Their hair had been marcelled. Their hands had been manicured. They were spruce-looking—braced and ready as if for a new start. But the old woman seemed older, iller, more vacant-eyed, even in those few days.

We heard them when we went up to our room. They were leaving that afternoon for Palm Beach.

"You'll feel like another person the minute you get there. In that lovely suite in The Breakers. It's on the same floor where we were before and the same side of the house. Maybe it's the very same rooms. Won't that be nice?"

"Yes," the old woman murmured happily, "that's very nice. I like it there."

"And you'll be so comfortable in your stateroom on the Florida Special. We can have all our meals brought to us there, you know, and you needn't see a soul unless you want to. And there's going to be a wheeled chair to meet you at the Pennsylvania Station, and—well, you're just going to be so happy you won't know yourself!"

"You're sure you can afford it? You're sure you've got the money?"

"Why, here's just one check alone from Mr. Middleton. Look at it. Six thousand dollars! I can afford anything on earth you want! . . ."

The buzzer on the wall in her room sounded, to summon her to the telephone. She went.

"Hello, Mr. Middleton. . . . No, no, I'm perfectly satisfied. Nobody else could have got me any more. You were right: it was no time to sell; but I had to, you see. . . . I know it, but the doctor says she can't live more than three months now. I've been putting her off and putting her off; now she's got to have everything she wants, no matter what it costs. . . . Yes, it was all right to put the whole amount in one check. No, six thousand isn't much for everything I had, but it's more than enough for three months, and after that I don't care. . . . Yes, you are right, I do care, but I'm not thinking about that yet. I'll manage somehow. God knows! My address will be—" She broke off with a short laugh. "I forgot. It'll be the first time I've ever made a move without giving it to you, but you won't need it any more. Good-by."

They called from below that the taxi had come. She lumbered back into the room.

"The Lone Lion of Idaho"

The life story of William E. Borah, one of the most courageous men in American politics, is in next week's Collier's,

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

"Here we are!" she shouted cheerily. "Not a common old taxi, but a big, comfortable limousine. You won't even know the wind is blowing. And the wheeled chair will be right by the curb at the station, and your bed will be ready and waiting in the stateroom, and there'll be a special maid just for you in the hotel suite if you want her, and everything's going to be just the way you want it now always! . . ."

WE WENT into the hall to see the two granite women descend the steps and then to the hall window for our last sight of them—one almost numb with death, the other so acutely alive. Clumsily and ungainly daughter helped her mother into the car and clumsily climbed after her, and quietly the big, comfortable limousine rolled them away to their stateroom, their suite and their special maid.

We stood there silent, staring after the swirl of traffic that sucked them in. We could feel the clutch of those pudgy hands on the slender six thousand dollars that stood between its owner and the limbo that waits for stiff-brained, fat, unattractive, middle-aged women, without homes or earning capacity or money: the place they fall to when the world scraps them. And the splendid gallantry of that going away tingled the flesh on the backs of our necks and humbled our hearts.

We stopped beside the open door and looked into her empty room. . . . "The glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another." There was a kind of glory over the shabby place.

There's no substitute for experience in Bumper Building

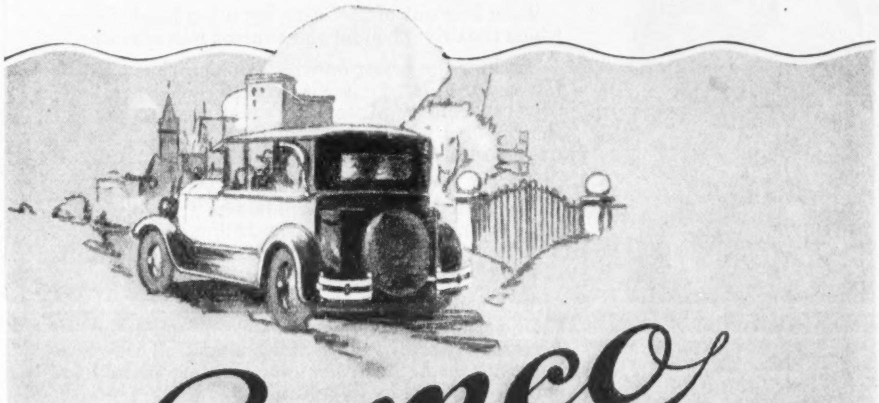
Where is experience so essential as in building a product that safeguards human lives?

The safety built into Gemco bumpers—their great strength, resiliency and beauty—is an outgrowth of experience in bumper manufacture that extends back to the first bumper made. It is an experience both broad and long. For Gemco builds bumpers from the ground up—from the raw material to the final finishing process.

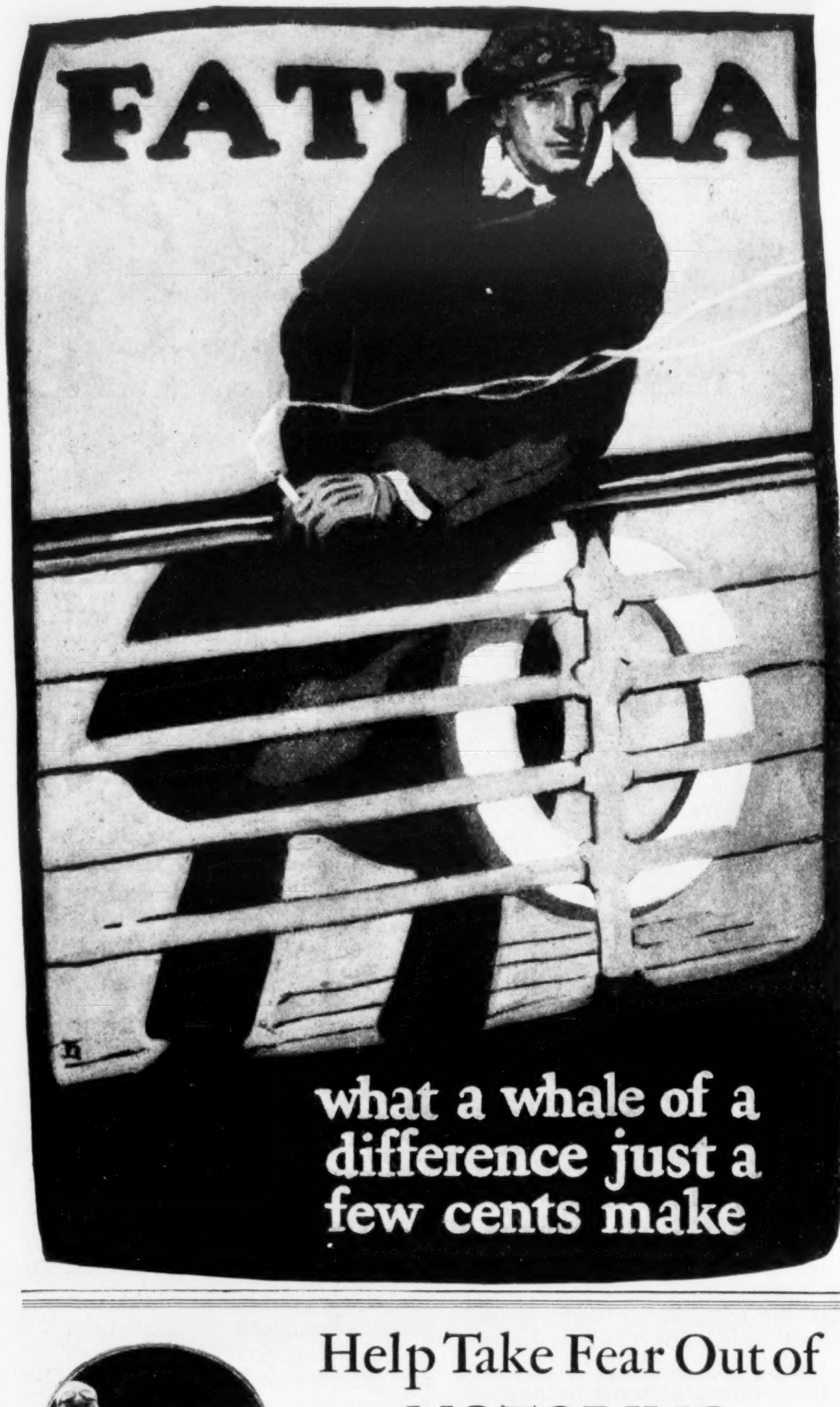
This is significant in the light of common practice of buying "ready-made" bars and clamps and assembling the bumper. Gemco Bumpers are a wide departure from this practice. They are built completely in the Gemco plant. We analyze every batch of steel. We temper it by our own exclusive process, shape it into bumpers, put it through a sand blasting process and many grinding operations to provide a smooth surface for the nickel plating. And finally the bars are polished and buffed by automatic machines and given a beautiful high lustre that stays beautiful. Gemco bumpers are noted for their non-rusting finish.

You get many definite advantages—the advantages of an unparalleled experience—when you buy Gemco Bumpers. Look for the Gemco trade-mark.

GEMCO MANUFACTURING CO., *Milwaukee, Wisconsin*



Gemco BUMPERS

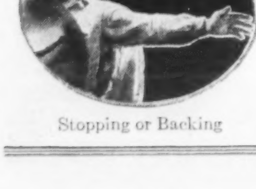

FATIMA
what a whale of a difference just a few cents make

Help Take Fear Out of MOTORING

Turning Left Corner

Turning Right Corner

"Pass Me"



Stopping or Backing

"IT ISN'T speed so much as carelessness that kills," said Tommy Milton, the world's fastest driver, in Collier's a few weeks ago.

Driving carelessness kills 22,600 persons and causes 678,000 injuries in America in a year. Nothing is more typical of that carelessness than faulty and misleading hand signals

Take fear out of motoring by using hand signals which the driver behind you **cannot** misunderstand.

Send for the poster on which Collier's has printed the code of hand signals worked out by expert drivers. Tommy Milton, the great racer, posed for the pictures which illustrate them. Thousands of drivers have adopted these signals—they are foolproof.

The poster (small size) will be sent free to motorists; dealers, garages, service and filling stations may have free a limited number of the large size (14"x22") in two colors.

Automobile Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Traffic Departments, Automobile Manufacturers, Accessory Stores, Filling Stations and all who are interested in better, safer motoring are invited to participate in the distribution of these posters. Write Collier's for details and state your requirements. Address:

Editorial Extension Department

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
250 PARK AVE. NEW YORK CITY

The Book of Picnic Etiquette

Continued from page 19

appearance. They should be ignored as long as possible and then dispersed with the minimum effort. Custom decrees this should be done by clapping the hands together, making faces and shouting "Shoo!" until the last ant has left the lunch and fled down the back of Aunt Emma's neck.

Wasps and bees require more subtle treatment. The best results are obtained by waiting until one lights on Father's head, and then swatting it with a plate, stone or vacuum bottle. In the case of a snake, good form requires that the gentleman rise quietly, take the ladies by the arm and say, "I think this is our dance." A snake has the right of way over all other players under the rules.

In leading a lady away from a snake the gentleman should keep on the lady's right, but it makes no difference on which side he keeps the snake.

At the conclusion of the dance the lady should smile and say, "It was very thoughtful of you to ask me to dance." To which the gentleman, looking to make sure the snake has disappeared, should answer, "Lady, you don't know the half of it."

First Aid to the Injured. No picnic is complete without one or more accidents. If the party arrives at the beach or lakeside around noon little Jennie aged twelve, should be nearly drowned by 2:15.

When Jennie has been rescued from a watery grave very prompt action is necessary to get her back into presentable condition, and it behooves all present to act with gusto. Someone should at once yell, "Get a barrel!" No barrel will be found. Now is the moment for all hands to express extreme indignation at the American barrel shortage, the failure of the supply to meet the demand, etc.

Proper exclamations under the circumstances are:

(1) "Fancy a picnic ground with no barrel to roll anybody on!"

(2) "Wouldn't you think that out of all these people here somebody would have a barrel!"

(3) "That's whatcher get for electing a Democratic mayor!"

The victim should be watched carefully during this chatter for any signs of a sharp decline and when the decline comes she should be placed on her back and given immediate resuscitating treatment. Popper should hit the soles of her feet sharply with a flat board; Mother should rub her chest with liniment; Mrs. Whooziss should hold smelling salts to the child's nose; Mr. Whooziss should pull her arms back and forth over her head, and somebody else should pour hot milk down her throat. There should be results one way or another inside of a half hour.

Picnic Sports. It occasionally happens that picnickers spending a day in the woods or on the beach find they have a little time not consumed by eating or responding to accident calls. This may be spent playing games, sleeping, arguing, trying to get Fort Worth on the portable radio, destroying beautiful shrubbery, setting fire to forest land and littering up the landscape by any means at command. Cutting branches off flowering bushes is a favorite pastime and is considered a great treat by the same people who like to chip their initials in the marble walls of the Memorial Library or carve "Ella Loves Willis" on monuments to the soldier dead.

Disposing of the Débris. At the conclusion of the picnic all the old bottles, sardine cans, newspapers, napkins, plates, crumbs, cores, eggshells, boxes, etc., should be cleared away. This is done by putting them in a pile and then kicking them for distance. This is called scattering the litter and is very popular. It has been carried to such extremes that there is hardly a bush left in America that is not full of paper napkins or a tree that is not more or less covered at the roots with buttered newspapers.

Breaking up the Party. Ending the picnic frequently requires delicacy and tact. The first clue that the party is about over comes when Father gets grumpy and begins complaining that he will be too sunburnt to work to-morrow and when the baby crawls out of a shrub with a handful of poison ivy.

Mother should scream and say, "I knew we couldn't get through the day without sumpin awful happening. Look! She's all blotched up already."

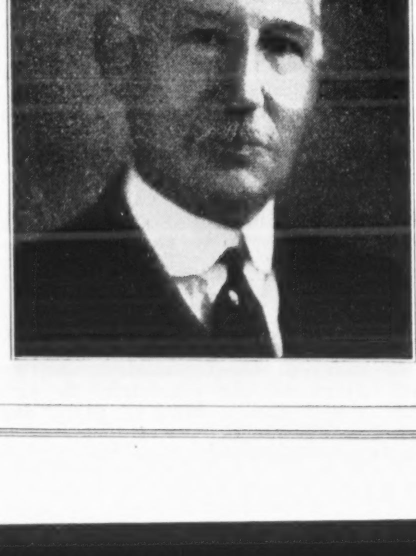
The next-door neighbor should emit a thin squeak and yell, "That's how Mrs. Jenks lost her baby two summers ago at Lake Mudhole. Hold it upside down at once and put peanut butter on its neck."

Popper should insist he has read in a How-to-Keep-Well column that in all cases of ivy poisining the victim's arms should be bound with tourniquets and the victim forced to eat the white of an egg.

The question of how to get an egg then arises, Popper becoming so excited and denunciatory that he is finally advised to go lay one.

The baby should then begin to cry for a lollipop. This should be taken as a sign it is dying. Everybody should then hop into the flivver and hurry home so Dr. Quish can be summoned, despite the fact he hasn't been paid for the last two previous visits.

You'll find another one by Mr. Phillips—"The Book of Etiquette for Motorists"—in an early issue

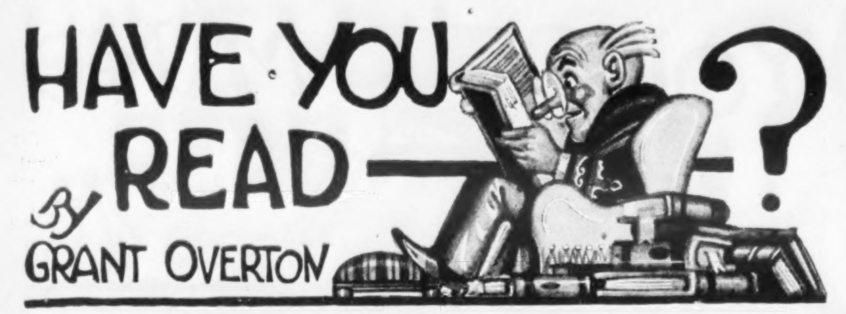


"Getting the Most Out of Life"

The last article Walter Camp ever wrote, appears

in next week's

Collier's



HAVE YOU READ ?

By GRANT OVERTON

I SEE no reason why anybody who looks at this should read a book. In fact, I don't advise him to read a book, unless it's an automobile blue book.

The roads and the weather for the next month or two are the best of the year. Take the car and go!

Of course it might so happen that you would be like folks I know, who made a special trip in New York State, taking in the Cooperstown of James Fenimore Cooper and certain places in and around the Mohawk Valley. They were anxious to see the scenes of Robert W. Chambers' Revolutionary stories—"Cardigan" and "The Maid at Arms" particularly. They saw some lovely countryside and got considerably more out of the trip than if they had merely looked at movies based on the books.

Lots of people have gone to Cape Cod simply from reading Joseph C. Lincoln's novels, and it would be worth going to New Mexico to see the blue mesa described in Willa Cather's new novel, "The Professor's House."

The new books I have to tell about are highly unlike.

I got excited and rushed into print several months ago with news of William Beebe's "Jungle Days." The book was not ready then, but has now been out for some weeks. It is just as good as I said it was, or maybe somewhat better. After all, only Don Marquis and William Beebe can make a cockroach fascinating. Those of you who read "Thrills in the Jungle" in Collier's for July 4th have already sampled the book, for this article, under the title "Old-Time People," is a chapter in "Jungle Days."

Bill Beebe is a believer in evolution, of course—not that it enters much into the vivid account of animal life in "Jungle Days." If you want a book on evolution, you might try a new one, "Man's Life on Earth," by Samuel Christian Schmucker.

Only a Distant Cousin

IN AN introduction, Dr. Schmucker speaks with respect and with no underestimation of Mr. Bryan, and then goes on to say:

"I am in the position of many other teachers of biology. I have taught sciences for forty years. . . . I have taught evolution all that time. . . . I have taught it to many thousands of people. In all that time I believed myself most solicitous for the spiritual, yes, the religious, welfare of my pupils. To be told now that all of this has been destructive of character and subversive of religion hurts, even though I believe those who say so are mistaken."

Most of "Man's Life on Earth" is devoted to the outline, in simple words, of what we surmise, with our reasons for surmising it.

Possibly half a million years ago there was a creature whom we call the Java half man and whom we infer from two teeth, a thigh bone and a skull cap found in Java in 1891.

It was probably about then that the ice sheet came down from the north.

It receded, but came on again perhaps 125,000 years later.

Maybe 100,000 years after the second ice wave, there lived a creature whose jawbone was dug up in 1907 at Heidelberg, Germany. Most anatomists think this creature was not the ancestor of man of to-day.

Another 100,000 years and more ice.

About 50,000 years after the third ice wave we come to a fellow who apparently had a human skull but an apelike jaw. Parts of the skull were found at Piltdown, Sussex, England, in 1911.

The fourth ice wave may have been 85,000 years after the Piltdown beggar and 40,000 years ago. Of course I don't guarantee these dates, never could remember dates, anyway.

The Neanderthal person comes in here. We have several specimens. Scientists call him man, but not our ancestor.

The whole point seems to be, *not* that we are descended (or ascended) from monkeys, but that the monkey and ourselves had a common ancestor whose tribes were sometimes wiped out, sometimes isolated by the ice waves. The monkey, at best, is only an 125,000th cousin of ours, or thereabouts.

"Man's Life on Earth" will fascinate you.

Plenty to Choose From

TWO novels—a new one by Curwood and "Glorious Apollo" by E. Barrington—ought to have a word.

Curwood has moved his scene to Quebec in "The Ancient Highway," but I can detect no other changes in what has proved to be a very popular formula.

E. Barrington (a lady) wrote a novel about the life of Lady Hamilton which was a best seller last year. "The Divine Lady" is well worth your while now if you have missed it. The new novel, "Glorious Apollo," written around Byron, will be popular, I have no doubt. It is as palatable as Byron can be made, but you may wish to be careful into whose hands you put it.

Here are some of the books that will be out this autumn and are worth keeping in mind until they come along. A couple of them are sure to be out when you read this:

"Calvin Coolidge," by William Allen White, contains considerably more than appeared in Collier's.

"The Son of His Father," being by Harold Bell Wright, will be the only new book read this year by a considerable number of people.

"Suspense" is the novel Joseph Conrad left unfinished.

"Little Ships," by Kathleen Norris, is written around a San Francisco family, but whether it is on the order of "Certain People of Importance," or her more usual stuff, I can't yet tell. Her more usual stuff is a sort of transmuted autobiography with such sharp contrast of poverty and wealth as her own life has witnessed. And terrible popular, too.

"Christina Alberta's Father" is the title selected for H. G. Wells' "Sargon, King of Kings," as a book.

Gertrude Atherton for some time contemplated calling her new novel, "The Crystal Cup," by the title "The Frigid Woman"—which seems sufficiently descriptive.

"One Increasing Purpose," by A. S. M. Hutchinson, is much more in the vein of "If Winter Comes" than of "This Freedom." I should say it was fully as good as "If Winter Comes." But I didn't like "If Winter Comes." I thought Mabel Sabre was grossly caricatured. I thought Mark Sabre was put on a pedestal. However, I respect "If Winter Comes" as compared with "This Freedom," which seems to me simply maudlin.

If you are male and sing and can read music at all (or know someone who can), have a look at "Barber Shop Ballads." It contains "Sweet Adeline" and half a dozen of the other inevitables, with a lot of verbal coaching on how to be the neighborhood Caruso.

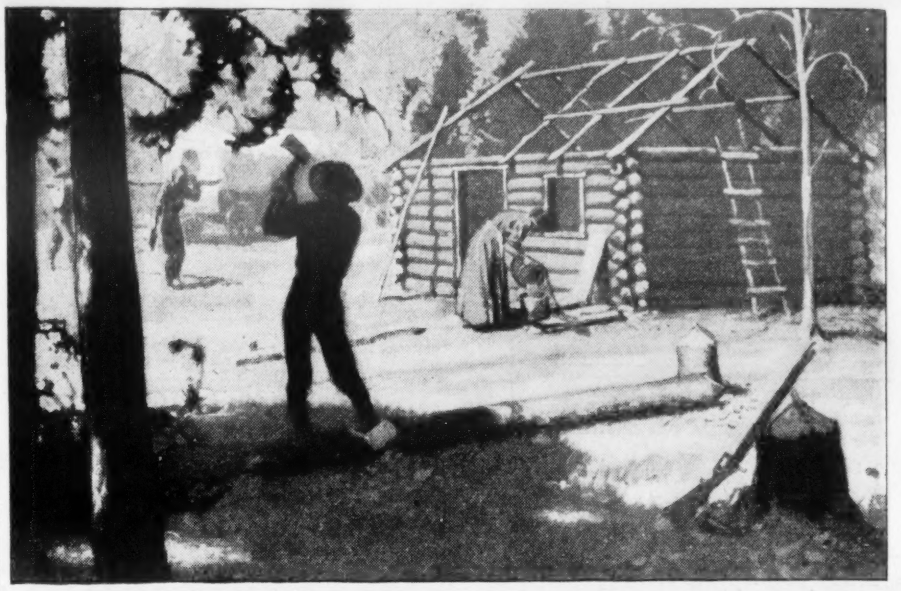
"Jungle Days." By William Beebe. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Man's Life on Earth." By Samuel Christian Schmucker. The Macmillan Company.

"The Ancient Highway." By James Oliver Curwood. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

"Glorious Apollo." By E. Barrington. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Barber Shop Ballads." Edited by Sigmund Spaeth. Simon & Schuster.



Building for America's growth

The early builders of America made their houses of rough hewn logs or of stone or adobe lifted from the earth. Settlements grew to towns, towns to cities. Small stores and shops were built, and these in turn were torn down to make room for bigger ones. Roads, bridges and railways were constructed. Factories and skyscrapers were erected. And so, swiftly, the America of today appeared, still growing.

In the midst of the development came the telephone. No one can tell how much of the marvelous later growth is due to it—how much it has helped the cities, farms and industries to build. We do know that the telephone became a part of the whole of American life and that it not only grew with the country, but contributed to the country's growth.

Communication by telephone has now become so important that every American activity not only places dependence upon the telephone service of today, but demands even greater service for the growth of tomorrow.

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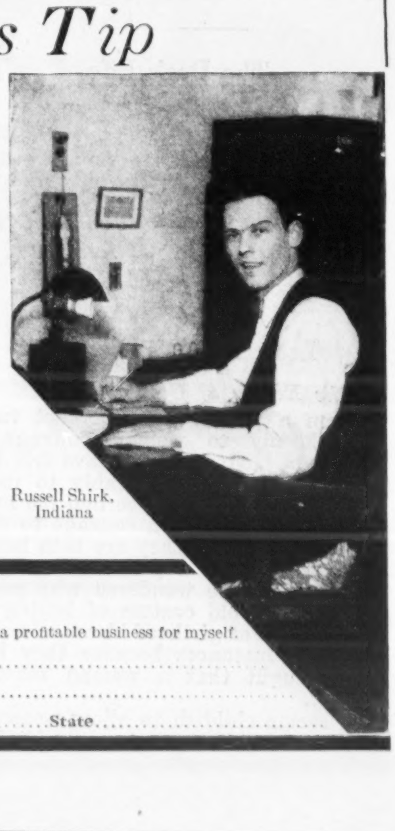

Russell Shirk,
Indiana

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

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In Defense of Atlanta

To the Editor of Collier's:

MR. KNOWLES recently commented on the effect of the Ku Klux Klan in Atlanta. Now I want to say something:

Many people have left Atlanta to get some of the big money being made in Florida, but the Klan has had no more to do with this departure than the solar eclipse or the price of shark fins in Shanghai. Folks have left Atlanta for Florida for the same reason they are leaving Indianapolis, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Kalamazoo and The Bronx.

As to the Negro exodus and claimed labor shortage: The exodus was due to Mr. Boll Weevil, who is now licked, not to mistreatment.

The state of Georgia is more prosperous to-day than at any time since 1919. Peaches, melons and tobacco have been bumper crops at good prices—cotton looks fine, with the weevil beaten and ample labor to harvest crops.

WM. L. PLUMMER, Atlanta, Ga

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have had the records of the city of Atlanta searched, and Mr. Knowles' name does not appear on the same for the past five years; so if he has ever been a resident of Atlanta he was not a sustaining member of our happy and patriotic people.

About the 32,000 forwarding addresses, I quote from a letter dated July 13, 1925, from Mr. E. K. Large, postmaster of the Atlanta post office: "I find that we have less than 2,200 change of address cards for patrons who have gone to Florida during the past four years."

The statement which he makes relative to seventy-five leading men openly blaming the Klan for business depression is not true, and this statement has on numerous occasions been successfully refuted by those who were present.

WALTER A. SIMS, Mayor,
City of Atlanta.

The Dog's Life

To the Editor of Collier's:

As to why men don't marry: To-day there were four or five women sitting talking; one of them said, "Has she a husband?" Doesn't that "point the moral?" Just as if she had said, "Has she a dog?"

B. L. HOUTZ,
Norfolk, Va.

Leap Year Every Year

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am a parson who has not taken very keenly to woman suffrage or women in business, as I have felt that both contribute considerably to moral delinquencies, but I have had too much sense and not enough courage to fight either, for I know they are both here—here to stay. So, accepting those changes, I have wondered why people cling to the old custom of letting the fair flowers of girlhood bloom unseen in so many instances because they have been taught that a woman must be sought.

It seems childish to allow women to take our places in business and government; to let her wear trousers and play our games; go auto riding alone with men she knows but little; go bathing with a suit about as big as a pocket handkerchief, and then force her by an old custom to deny a normal impulse, that of admiration, till some man, probably a jellybean, tells her she may speak.

I. K. FLOYD, Dallas, Texas.

Is Bill Hart Your Hero?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Deliver me from the "perfect gentleman" in fiction! I know a few of them in real life, and of all the namby-pamby, unutterably tedious creatures on earth, they are the dullest. To meet them again in fiction would be deadly.

Let "Purist" go to the public library, if she must, and resurrect "The Rollo Books," "The Wide, Wide World," and others of that sweet ilk. In these—and there are enough of them to keep her busy for a lifetime—she will find the vanilla ice cream hero who never, never would be so wicked as to smoke a cigarette, in *public* (I use the Purist's own nice distinction).

But leave to the rest of us (who, I believe, outnumber "Purist's" kind) our modern magazine wherein live the straightforward, clean and lovable HE-MAN!

MRS. R. C. M.,
Bakersfield, Cal.

There's Something in Environment

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have read with considerable interest Major Darwin's article on heredity, "You Can't Make a Silk Purse Out of a Sow's Ear."

To prove his case for heredity, Major Darwin contrasts the descendants of the Juke family with those of the Tuttle family.

Such a comparison is obviously unfair. Laying aside the difference of heredity all together, the difference of environment is sufficient to account for a vast difference in the characters of the descendants of these two families. The Juke children were born in vile surroundings, ill-nourished during their early years, raised in poverty and filth, deprived of all chance of education.

On the other hand, the Tuttle (Edwards) children were born into an excellent environment, tended with the greatest care, educated in the best schools, associated with intelligent and cultured companions, and, at last, entered the world in some congenial occupation, suited to their talents and wherein they would have no difficulty in maintaining themselves.

If a farmer wishes to improve the quality of his pigs, he does not trust to heredity alone, but he considers it necessary to feed his pigs well and to house them in clean sties; in other words, he also improves their environment.

WILLIAM F. ELLIS, Houston, Tex.

No Monkeyshines for Kentucky

To the Editor of Collier's:

With reference to your editorial in the August 1st issue justly excoriating a Kentucky school superintendent for demanding the resignation of a sister of Mr. Scopes for her convictions on evolution, you will be pleased to hear that the Kentucky press throughout the state deplored the act; and that the board of education of Louisville, Ky., promptly invited Miss Scopes to present her application for a position.

GROVER G. SALES, Louisville, Ky.

Everything But Talk

To the Editor of Collier's:

My neighbor's dog, Sport, a very intelligent collie, has the habit of using our front porch as a perpetual loafing place, much to the disgust of the "boss of the house."

While I am on the porch the collie feels as much at home as I. When I'm not at home a word from my wife, and Mister Dog leaves that porch instanter. It takes a switch and the high-pitched voice of an irate woman to drive that canine from our domicile when he happens to be enjoying a visit with Friend Husband.

There's nothing unusual in this story so far, but when I say that Sport removes those switches as soon as Dame Wife's back is turned—that gives the story a different slant. Now the point is this: Does Sport carry off those whips in the spirit of playfulness, as any young dog would a bone, or does he do it to save his hide from a whipping? If he does this for his own protection, then Dr. Johnson and his likes are all wrong—unless self-preservation is another term for instinct.

W. G. COX, Burlington, N. C.

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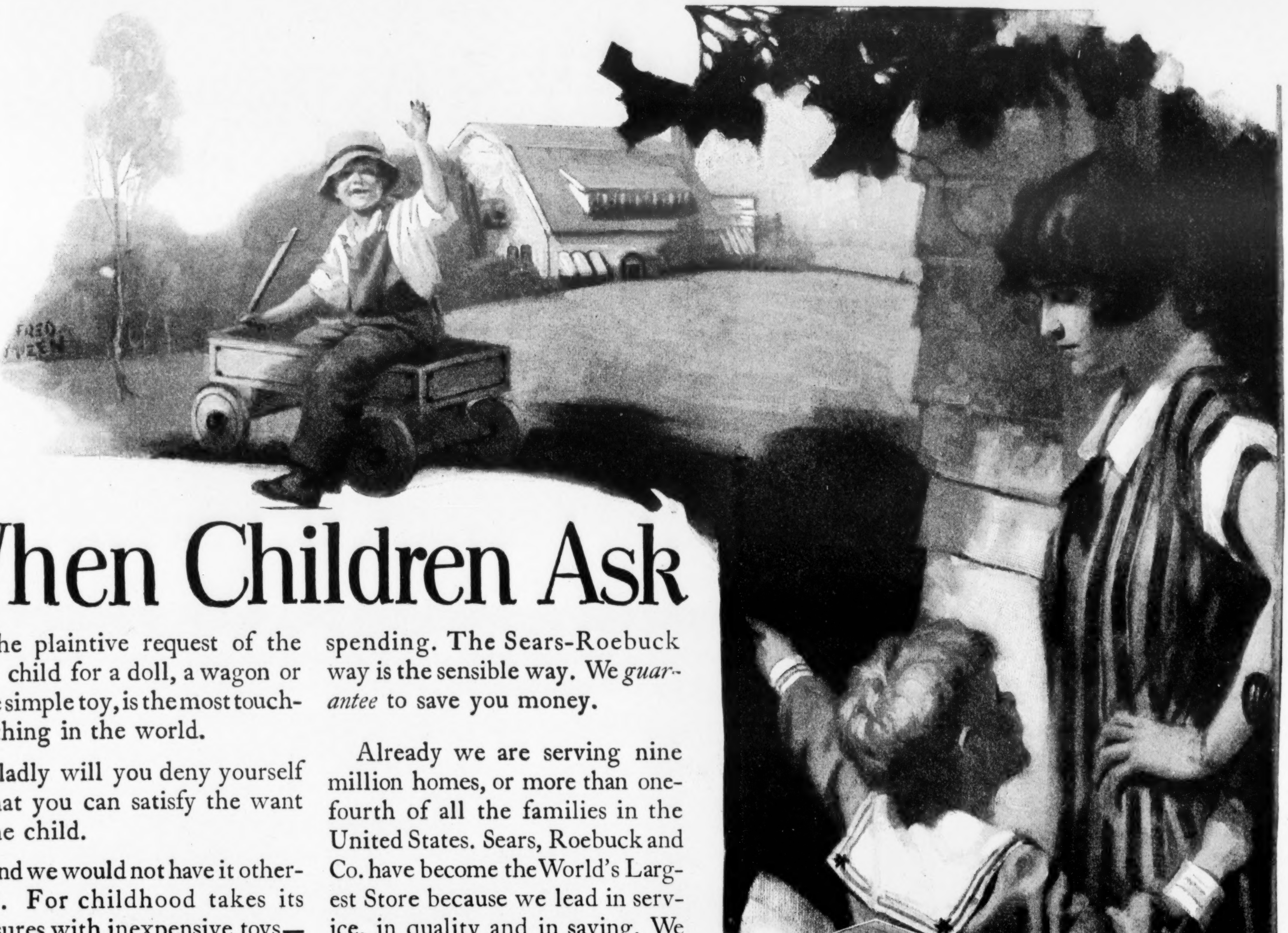

When Children Ask

The plaintive request of the little child for a doll, a wagon or some simple toy, is the most touching thing in the world.

Gladly will you deny yourself so that you can satisfy the want of the child.

And we would not have it otherwise. For childhood takes its pleasures with inexpensive toys—things that we should be able to give them.

The message we would like to impress is that you can have the things you need and give your children the things they would like. The way is easy.

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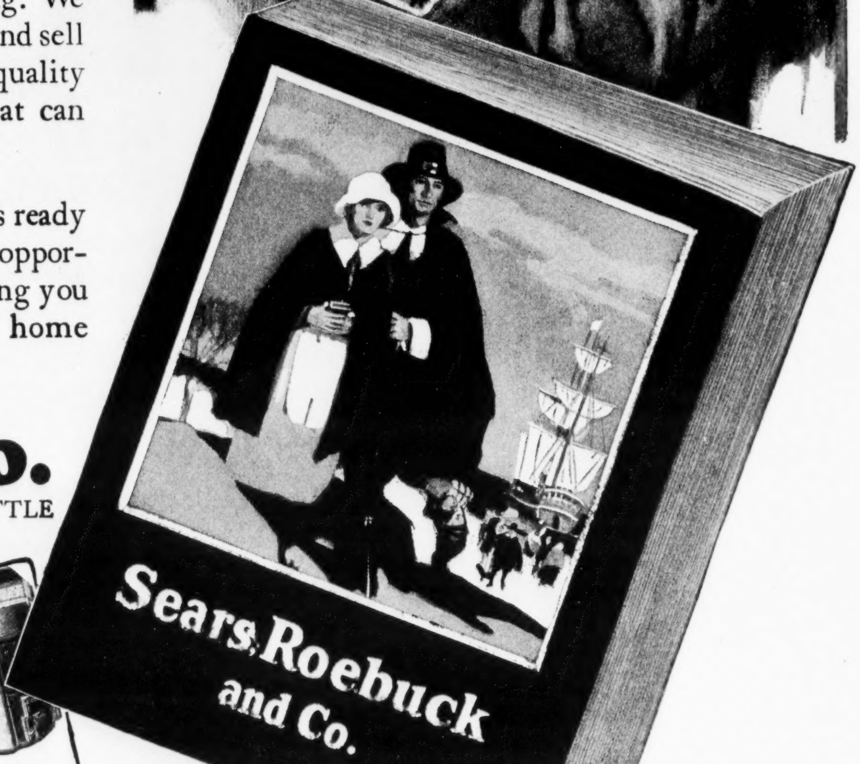
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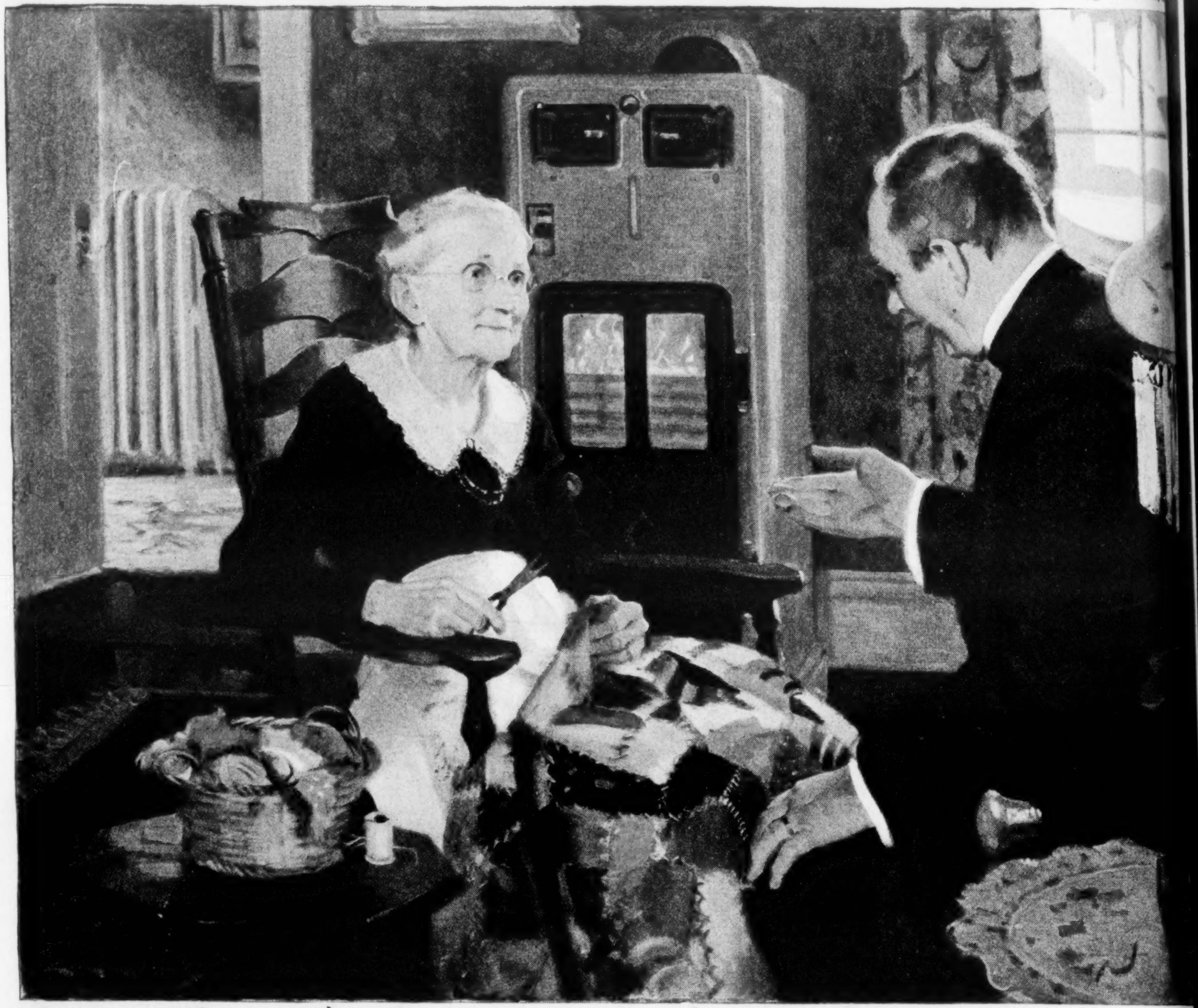

An ornament in any room

The new ARCOLA, with its glistening porcelain enameled jacket and transparent door panels, is an ornament in any room. And, by its scientific construction, automatic damper control and tight-fitting door, it saves a surprising amount of fuel. Send for the book that gives the full facts.

through radiator warmth in every room

IT WOULD hardly be fair to tell you her name; but she lives in a little town in Iowa, and she has to be very careful, for her means are exceedingly limited.

So careful, indeed, that when her house was heated with an old-fashioned stove, she allowed herself only two scuttles of coal a day. She had to wear her shawl most of the time and on very cold days, as she frankly said, "I just went to bed."

The heating dealer who installed her ARCOLA glanced at the thermometer in the living room while he was at work. Outside the temperature was zero; inside it was only 45°!

The next day ARCOLA was warming the living room and three American Radiators had transformed the three other rooms. The dealer, stopping in to see the results of his work, found the temperature at 70° throughout the house.

The crowning element in the little old lady's happiness was the discovery that ARCOLA actually burned less than the two scuttles of coal which she had been allowing to the *dusty, inefficient* old stove.

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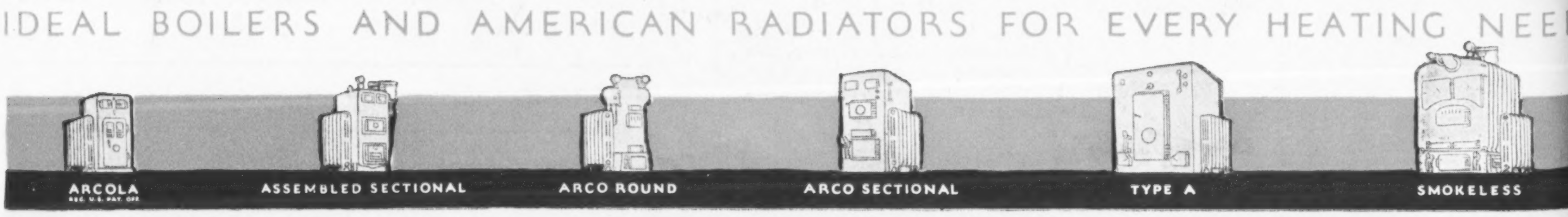IDEAL BOILERS AND AMERICAN RADIATORS FOR EVERY HEATING NEE